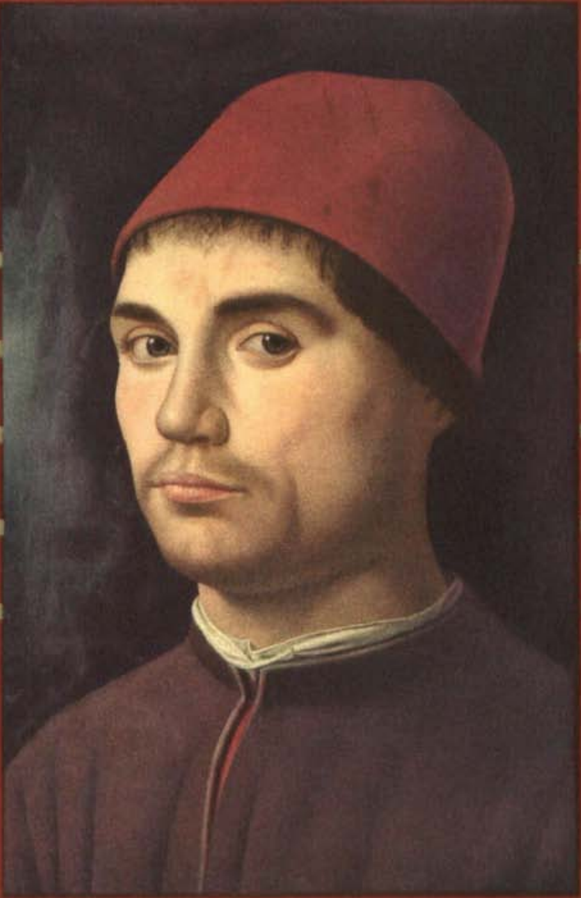
CORONET

"INFINITE RICHES IN A LITTLE ROOM"



JUNE, 1938

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

IN GREAT BRITAIN 2/6

FACTUAL

Streamlined Atrocities 3
Ashes to Ashes 9
Multum in Parvo 43
Stamped with Blood 85

FICTIONAL

Runaway 13
The Invincible Armada 31
The Augerino Oil Company 53
Slow Death 75

UNUSUAL

Seeing through Time 50

SATIRICAL

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Dear Mikado 27
Tattle-Tale Titles 67

PERSONAL

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REGIONAL

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CORONET
for
JUNE
1938

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Ashes to Ashes Richard H. Parke 9
Multum in Parvo Edw. Brecher and Philip Dunaway 43
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DAVID A. SMART
PUBLISHER

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June 1, 1938

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Vol. 4, No. 2
Whole No. 20

STREAMLINED ATROCITIES

A FEVER CHART OF THE NEWEST AND MOST APPALLING DISEASE OF A HATE-SICK WORLD

A FOREIGN correspondent who tended his flock not far from a village used to increase his newspaper's circulation by crying out, "Atrocity! Atrocity!" Repeatedly his trick succeeded. The whole village came running out to hear his despatches, when all the return they got was to be exposed to ridicule as dupes. At last one day the Atrocity really happened. The foreign correspondent cried out in earnest. But his readers, supposing him to be at his old sport, paid no heed to his cries, and the atrocities were continued unchecked. So the foreign correspondent learned, when it was too late, that liars are not believed, even when they tell the truth.

I

Our newspapers are full of atrocity stories nowadays. The slaughter of 5,000 Haitians by Dominicans. Rape and pillage in China by the Japanese in the traditions of a Genghis Khan. Indiscriminate brutality in Spain. Scientific pogroms in Germany, Poland and Rumania. "Liquidation" in the U. S. S. R.

Yet, although a fraction of any one of these would have aroused us to our marrow in 1914, wholesale massacres now leave us cold. In the era of debunking that followed the Armistice, atrocities went the way of so much in which we had believed. We all learned that war corpses weren't cooked by the Germans to extract vital fats for ammunitions, and that atrocities were the bunk. They were fakes.

Yet, in spite of all this, here they are again filling our newspapers. Are we supposed to make the complete circle, and go back to our original credulity? The whole lot of it sounds like propaganda to involve us in foreign quarrels that aren't any business of ours. I'd probably be persuaded, too, except for one obstacle. It's impossible to rid your eyes of the memory of what you've seen or experienced yourself.

The first atrocity story I cabled was from Manchuria some months after the Japanese invasion. It concerned a little Chinese boy and his father, both bayoneted to death by a Japanese sentry at a Mukden railway station. The Japanese delegates at Geneva calmly referred to this incident as proof of the crudity of Chinese propaganda.

Everybody knew that such a scandal was impossible in the rigidly disciplined Japanese Army, they pointed out, and therefore such an accusation only could reflect against the Chinese who had made it, and the foreign correspondents who had put it on the wires.

This sounded logical, except that the story hadn't come from Chinese sources, and I myself had seen what a bayonet could do to a little boy. I also had learned that the Japanese Army refused to take any notice of such affairs, as if they were considered quite normal.

The details are still vivid in my mind. I had visited the railway that morning to see the British General Manager. A Chinese peasant woman was in his office, rocking from side to side, letting flow a stream of sobs.

"It's a bloody shame," growled the Britisher. "Poor soul, her son and husband are lying dead at the end of the station. They didn't understand Japanese, or else they got scared when the sentry told them to halt, and so he used them for bayonet practice. I can't see why it should have been necessarv to disembowel the child, too."

"Why don't you get in touch with a Japanese officer?" I asked.

"They only grin at you," he replied. "I've already had my full share of humiliating experiences. What's a few Chinese more or less to them?"

Shielded abroad by British diplomacy, this ruthlessness progressed to such an extent that a year later I was able to visit a group of Manchurian villages around Fushun, the greatest open-pit coal mine region in the world, where every living creature, mankind to poultry, had been massacred as methodically as Japanese trains operate, and every house burned down. The Japanese General Staff had decided that it wasn't strategic to permit Chinese villages to exist so close to the Japanese-owned coal mines.

That an army of a great Power could engage in so ruthless a reprisal for a wholly tactical reason was ominous in this machine age. Yet, the public was unimpressed. It sounded too much like the drum-beating that had heralded us into war in 1917. Atrocities still didn't happen. Especially when 5,000 miles away.

II

What type of person committed these atrocities, anyway? One would expect it to be ignorant, uncouth individuals, the products of a slum environment, who had been brutalized by the intensity of their struggle for a bare existence. That was contrary to my personal experiences, such as my acquaintance with that very cultured and very typical Italian Count whom I met at the front in Ethiopia. He was in high spirits, and told us of the fun he was having.

"We've been rounding up natives

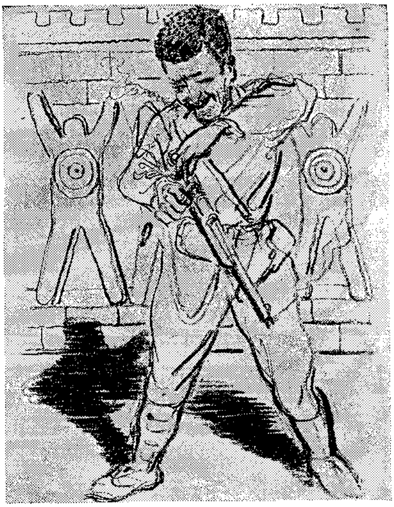
in the hills," he began. "It's great sport!"

"What do you do with them?" I asked.

"Oh, line them up somewhere and shoot them. We can't be bothered with prisoners."

Just like that! Thus might an Englishman of title blandly refer to his fox-hunting exploits. A fox in the glen or an Ethiopian on the hills, both were equally distant from the manner of life or outlook of this cultured European Count.

The Count was immeasurably more genteel than that Japanese sentry at Mukden. But did he commit any less of an atrocity? Certainly his case was no more isolated than the other.



DRAWINGS BY GEORGE GROSZ

I went to Spain at the start of the present Civil War. Anti-Insurgent newspapers all around the world were full of Loyalist atrocities. Pro-Loyalist newspapers were full of Insurgent atrocities. Each side pointed the finger of accusation at the other, and I tried to find out which was right.

I was beginning to notice that there was a marked difference between the atrocities of the past, and those of today. Like everything else, atrocities had become streamlined, more thorough, with less of the hit and miss about them.

While traveling in the Aragon sector, I learned of the terrible fate of a village that had been virtually depopulated. First, it had fallen into the hands of the Fascists, who killed everyone suspected of Leftist sympathies. Then it fell into the hands of the Leftists, who slew the remainder, on the assumption that if they weren't Fascists, the Insurgents would have killed them!

Always, so long as atrocities were committed in the name of some mystic nationalistic movement, they were regarded as cleansing, as containing the purifying ingredients of a Spartan life. That is why it is possible for them to be committed by cultured, even timid individuals who ordinarily wouldn't harm a fly, and who can philosophize so learnedly on the abstract qualities of mercy.

I remember strolling through Pina,

in front of Saragossa, with the local commander of that Anarchist sector, a laughing, slim lad who might have been a Grecian Pan, but who became a professional revolutionist instead.

"Come and see the executions tonight," he invited me. "We're shooting seven."

I tried not to reveal that I found this any more unusual than being asked for tea.

"I'd like to so very much," I replied, "but I'm afraid I won't be able. By the way, whom are you shooting?" I added in a sort of offhand way, as I might inquire the name of a play scheduled for that evening.

"Only Fascists," he responded depreciatively. "We rounded them up in the village."

"Who ordered their arrests?"

"Me," he said brightly.

"Who judged them?"

"I did," he retorted in the same tone of voice.

"Who's going to put your decision into effect?"

"Oh, I'll do that, too," he responded enthusiastically. "I'll be in charge of the firing squad. You ought to come," he went on eagerly, trying to tempt me by a description of their recent executions. I had to blink to realize that this was reality. He sounded so much like a college student trying to persuade me to go to the movies with him.

As is customary when excesses are committed in the name of a religion or a political ideology, the perpetrators are capable of the deepest, sincerest indignation over similar atrocities inflicted against their own numbers.

I recall the baffled indignation of an American missionary in Manchuria who had just returned from the battlefield at Tsitsihar. The American had gathered evidence on the wholesale slaughter by the Japanese of all the wounded who had been left on the field after the Chinese retreat. Then he had set out for Harbin, which was then in Chinese hands, to reveal those atrocities to the world.

But when I met him again he was undecided. "I don't know what to do now," he confided to me. "On the train I met a group of Chinese officers who had come from the battle. I told them how indignant I was over the cruelties that the Japanese were inflicting on their people.

"They were just as furious as I, but mistook my interest for partisanship. 'We're revenging ourselves,' they told me. 'Each Japanese we catch we're tying to the house pillar of a Chinese hut, then setting it afire.' "

III

So atrocities do happen, even though so many still are faked in the best tradition of 1914-18. The atrocities with which I came into contact around the world, however, seemed to divide themselves into two broad divisions. These were the atrocities that either were organized or winked at by the authorities, and the atrocities that resulted from sporadic outbursts or a breakdown in authority.

That was the decisive dividing line. The only way to judge the significance of an atrocity, I became convinced, was according to whether it could be traced to pressure or strategy from above, or arose from lack of authority over the atrocity-fiends. If the latter, I've always noticed that security returned as soon as the authorities got the upper hand. If the former, irrespective of how few the atrocities numbered in the beginning, or even if only one, it nevertheless indicated an official policy.

War itself is an atrocity, and to expect that its details be not atrocious is to make a grab at the moon. But I found that wherever political controversies were regarded as another form of war, as in the ideological conflicts that beset so many countries, we have the same kind of atrocities as in a real war. Both sides in that sort of fight commit atrocities as indiscriminately as was done in the religious conflicts of the past. It is the spread of this which is so portentous for the future. Thus, in Germany, I recall how admirers of that regime in the foreign newspaper corps took me about to show me the "peace and order" that prevailed in that country. They were loud in their praise. Atrocities? They shook their heads. There weren't any. Not any to speak of, anyway. What about the Jews and the Communists? Oh, that was a different matter.

"Those people come under a different heading," they told me in a matter-of-fact tone. "You mustn't judge all Germany by them. You must remember that the Nazi-Socialists are fighting the Jews and the Communists. It's open season for Reds. They're fair game."

The fearful aspect of this, so far as the future was concerned, is that these excesses are organized as government policy, instead of being the work of individuals or mobs who eventually would be suppressed by the authorities. This is the difference that makes it a world menace, for a condition of that sort cannot remain quiescent. Either it has to spread or be cured. That difference was well marked in Spain. There, the evidence I gathered convinced me that the excesses were encouraged on the Insurgent side as part of its strategy, and it was only logical that if they won the war, they wouldn't hesitate to keep power by the same atrocities that had put them in the saddle. Thus it had been, in fact, in all dictatorships.

The excesses on the Loyalist side, however, impressed me as being contrary to the wishes and the policy of the central government. The revolt had deprived it of an army of its own. Atrocities came to an end in Loyalist Spain with the creation of a centralized army that owed its allegiance to the Republic, and not to any one political party.

It is the callousness that is fed by totalitarian theories that I found responsible for the excesses now being reported from all around the world. These "isms" create a fanatical state of mind that is wholly without feeling or compassion for those outside the pale of one's own political doctrine. That is what enables such "nice, cultured people" to commit atrocities.

That is, "nice, cultured people" on the surface, kindly and even tolerant so long as their ideology, their blind spot, isn't crossed. The old-fashioned atrocity, indeed, is a thing of the past, if it ever did exist to any extent outside of the heated imaginations of novelists and reporters.

Instead, it is mass atrocities, in keeping with the machine age, that have come into favor. Its perpetrators exercise their terror with eyes that shine of fanaticism, for the sake of some high-sounding ideal for which they have been taught to be ruthless.

Everywhere, I have found this modern atrocity born of the political fanaticism that we know as totalitarian ideology. That is the most important phase of the ideological war. Totalitarian teachings brutalize its citizens.

That's why we have the coincidence of a revival of atrocities simultaneously with the spread of dictatorship. It is not without significance that the airplane bomb that killed 158 children in a Barcelona refuge fell from a Fascist airplane as a reply to the appeal by the Loyalist Central Government that an agreement be made not to bomb civilians.

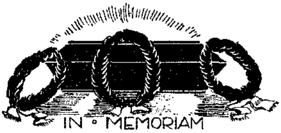
No longer are individuals burned at the stake. That has been superseded by the slow torture that puts entire races and creeds to the stake. I have found it a libel to accuse any one race, nation or religion of the guilt for these excesses. They accompany a state of mind, and are wholly impartial to blood, climate or soil.

It is time we understood what is ahead of us if this totalitarian philosophy of life continues to spread. Whatever tends to encourage that state of mind aids in the revival of atrocities. Atrocities themselves are an effect, not a cause, and can be tackled only at their root, which is sunk in the intellectual ruthlessness and the callousness that is totalitarian in outlook.

—Edward Hunter

ASHES TO ASHES

YOU CAN JUDGE A MAN'S STATURE BY THE COLUMNS OF NEWSPAPER TYPE THAT WAIT FOR HIS DEATH



Burying the dead on a newspaper is accomplished with none of the pious mumbo-jumbo practiced by the undertaking fraternity. No need for emphasizing the longevity of plush-lined caskets of Philippine mahogany or the necessity of providing three dozen solid-bottomed camp chairs for the comfort of the mourners. Telephone voices seldom hit low G or assume the doleful quality of an English horn in a Brahms symphony.

No, reporters assigned to the obituary desk are apostates in the field of professional wailing—they bury their dead inch-deep in type and the caliber of their subjects determines the depth of the grave. Out of their Underwoods and Remingtons flow the life stories that will share an hour with today's carnival and tomorrow's convention. The final words are written quickly, dispassionately, and the ping of the typewriter bell sounds the only knell.

The obit page of a newspaper has a peculiar fascination for its readers, particularly those well-advanced in years. Their contemporaries are dying about them and death so chastely engraved is as disturbing as a passing hearse, and twice as prophetic.

When Lucius P. Coupon, President of the First National Bank & Trust Company, is interred under a two-column cut, countless boyhood friends shake their heads gravely over their morning farina and wonder who will be next.

"Only sixty-nine, too," they mutter, glancing apprehensively to learn what ailment carried their old pal away. "Why," they exclaim, "I was talking with Luke only yesterday! He looked fit as a fiddle. . . ."

Well, Luke may have appeared fit as a fiddle to his friends but the local newspapers had been laying no bets on his life span since those years when he no longer had to pay every debt over five dollars on the installment plan. They had measured Mr. Coupon in type for a good column-and-a-half and had laid his "coffin" on the galleys for that day—that fateful day—when death might catch him and the newspaper unaware.

All of which brings us to Lesson Number One in this macabre monograph—the advance obit. Nearly every newspaper with nerve enough to apply for second-class mailing privileges has a stack of these past-tense biographies tucked away in its files. And admittance to the Valhallas of the press is restricted to those who, like Brother Coupon, have attained real prominence in their communities.

Newspapers in cities like New York and Chicago extend the range of "standing" obits to persons prominent in every field of activity the world over, with the majority of the sketches in type and the rest in manuscript ready for the compositor. In most big newspaper shops the advance obit of President Roosevelt will run anywhere from ten to twenty columns. Charles A. Lindbergh rates an even dozen, while Henry Ford, Pope Pius XI and John D. Rockefeller, Jr., are in the eight-column, or full-page, class.

Movie stars may share top billing with zoölogists and financiers can march in the same procession with the war lords of Europe. A column for this one, two columns for that—all are evaluated solely on the interest they have evoked in the public mind by reason of their attainments.

Of course, most of the subjects are not aware that they have been thus pegged. Sometimes they're very mad when they find it out. A friend of mine was assigned one night to cover the death of a well-known stock broker. He discovered an advance obit had been prepared some years before and he knew there was nothing more to do except to write a few paragraphs of "lead," or introduction, on the circumstances of the death. His phone rang and the caller identified himself as the deceased's brother, also a broker.

"I wish you'd let me know what you have there," said the brother. "I'm sure I could help you out."

"Suppose," suggested my friend, "that I read you an obituary story we had prepared in advance. You can check the information and—"

"What!" interrupted the brother. "Why, you vultures! Do you mean to say you prepare obituaries in *advance?*"

My friend patiently explained the newspaper's practice and finally succeeded in persuading the brother to agree to a reading of the sketch. But after a few paragraphs there was another interruption, more violent than the first. "Wait a minute, wait a minute. Damn it, that's not my brother you're reading about—that's me!"

Instances of premature publication of obituaries are rare, the Mark Twain tale to the contrary. One exception is the case of the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle* vs. H. V. Kaltenborn, the radio commentator. In his younger days, Mr. Kaltenborn had delighted the *Eagle's* subscribers with his scribblings of life's little dramas in the borough of churches. He quit the paper to enter Harvard and, after graduation, was engaged by John Jacob Astor to tutor young Vincent while Astor *père* and *fils* cruised the Caribbean on the *Nourmahal.*

Came a storm and the party was forced to put in at an out-of-the-way port. When no word was heard for some days the report spread that all hands had perished. The *Eagle* did its part by appending to its account of the disaster a few somber lines on the life and career of young Kaltenborn. Readers were reminded that Mr. K. had shown much promise as a journalist and that his untimely death had cut short a brilliant career.

Kaltenborn later returned to Brooklyn to find his reputation made. What was more, he went back to his job on the *Eagle's* news staff after demanding—and getting—a salary increase of $15 a week.

Let a press association paragraph hint of an impending operation on a chorus beauty or a Congressman and alert city editors will be snapping their fingers in the direction of their mortuary departments. If a prepared obit is on ice it will be brought up to date to "await orders"; if not, some poor wretch will be assigned to cut a swath through a forest of clippings while his fingers play the funeral march on his typewriter.

A reporter engaged in just such a task a few years ago conceived the idea of affording himself and his fellow workers a chance to cash in on this gruesome little practice. He went to the advance obit files and selected the names of one hundred prominent men and women who were sixty-five years old or more. He wrote each name on a separate slip of paper, tossed the collection, folded, into a hat and invited his confreres to take their pick at one dollar a slip. The boys called it the "ghoul pool," for the man holding the name of the first person on the list to die received the one-hundred-dollar kitty. The scheme was a huge success and was operated for months. Each time the sum was won, the names were reshuffled, necessary additions were made and the drawing was held all over again.

The public figures who cling to life for days on end are a pain in the expense accounts of the publishers. A corps of reporters must be delegated to the "death watch"—a twenty-four-hour vigil as near as possible to the bedside of the expiring bigwig. Newspapers count as precious those minutes between the last breath and the bulletin which announces it.

In the winter of 1922, scores of reporters shivered for days in the street outside the Philadelphia town house of John Wanamaker while the department store owner lay dying of heart disease. The family had refused to cooperate with the press and the Philadelphia papers were too awed by the size of the Wanamaker advertising budget to apply any "pressure." The frost-bitten newsmen paced up and down impatiently in front of the silent, shade-drawn mansion.

On the morning of December 12 the siege was well into its third week and the same group was still on sentry-go. A little after 8 o'clock several reporters who heretofore had not appeared on the scene came running up Walnut Street. The watchers greeted them and learned—for the first time—that Wanamaker had succumbed a few minutes before. Instead of informing the waiting scribes, the family had phoned the news directly to the papers.

Invaluable aids to the obit writer are *Who's Who* and the half-dozen other similar reference works, coupled, of course, with the clippings from the newspaper's "morgue." These compendia are useful in "recreating" careers long since forgotten. Like all biographers, reporters have the power to shift the pieces in the jig-saw of remembrance so that the most colorful will work their way to the top of the heap. Obits of retired stage folk are made to read as if they had died in the footlights' glare and old soldiers are laid to rest in an atmosphere of bugle calls and gun smoke.

All obit men have to match wits at one time or another with the loving friends and relatives who attempt to "build up" the deceased's career to proportions he never enjoyed in life. Apparently on the theory that nothing too good can be said of the dead, they endow him with gifts he never possessed, create titles and ranks he never held and list clubs and societies to which he never belonged. They place him in the front pew of the local church, give him the Number One spot in the roster of contributors to the community chest and point to his home life as an example for generations yet to come. It's pretty embarrassing.

Cases of suicide occasionally are reported to the papers in the guise of straight obituaries. It's the obit man's job to detect the hoax and sidetrack the story to another section of the paper. Editors instruct their staffs to inquire the cause of death—an evasive answer means a phone call to the police or medical examiner for the lowdown.

Although the law in most states reads specifically that there is no libel for the dead, few newspapers take advantage of this protection. Obit editors blue-pencil references to unsavory incidents in a man's past and discourage attempts to cast discredit on any dead. All the more reason, therefore, why the following from an "obituary" story published in 1929 by Bob Quillen's *Fountain Inn Tribune*, a South Carolina weekly, hit the funnybone of every newsman in the country:

"The surviving son and daughter have the congratulations of the community. They at last have their hands on the property for which they have so impatiently waited. The community deserves some congratulations also. It is rid of a greedy, penny-pinching old hog who never in his life did anything to benefit anybody.

"The attending physician attributes his death to some heart trouble, but he attended a church picnic the day before he was stricken and it is probable that the opportunity to get so much free food after having starved himself for years caused him to founder. May he rest in peace. His death, like that of the martyrs, benefits mankind." —Richard H. Parke

RUNAWAY

MRS. GARLEY KNEW HER RIGHTS—SHE WAS NO SLAVE TO THE GIRL'S SILLY WHIMS

MRS. GARLEY was seated at the head of the table drinking coffee and reading the paper after breakfast when she heard a plate fall and break on the kitchen floor. The boarders had eaten and left, and she was alone in the room. Garley had left the house, too.

When she ran to the kitchen door, threw it open, and looked inside at Lessie, the small Negro girl was cringing in the corner behind the range.

"So you broke another one of my dishes, did you?" Mrs. Garley said evenly. Her anger was slowly rising; the longer she stood and looked at Lessie, the madder she could become. "That makes two you've broken this month, Lessie. And that's two too many for me to stand for."

The nine-year-old colored girl moved inch by inch further into the corner. She never knew what Mrs. Garley might do to her next.

"You come out here in the middle of this floor, Lessie," the woman said. "Come this minute when I speak to you!"

The girl came several steps, watching Mrs. Garley and trembling all over. When she was halfway to the center of the room, Mrs. Garley ran to her and slapped her on both sides of her face. The blows made her so dizzy she did not know where she was or what she was doing. She threw her arms around her head protectingly.

"You stinking *little* nigger!" Mrs. Garley shouted at her.

Before Lessie could run back to the corner behind the stove, Mrs. Garley snatched up the broom and began beating her with it, striking her as hard as she could over the head, shoulders, and on her back. The girl began to cry, and fell on the floor. Mrs. Garley struck her while she lay there screaming and writhing.

"Now, you get up from there and get to work cleaning this house," she told Lessie, putting the broom away. "I want every room in this house as clean as a pin by twelve o'clock."

She left the kitchen and went into the front of the house.

II

Lessie had complained about the work. She had complained about washing so many dishes and cleaning so many rooms in the boarding-house. She said she was too tired to finish them every day. Mrs. Garley had slapped her for every word she uttered.

"If that nigger has run away," she told her husband, "I'll whip her until there's nothing left of her."

"You can't expect too much of her," Garley said. "She's not big enough to do much heavy work."

"You talk like you're taking up for her," his wife said. "I feed her, give her clothes, and keep her. If she won't be grateful of her own accord, I'll make her be grateful."

Lessie had run away, and Mrs. Garley knew she had. Mrs. Garley had been expecting it to happen for some time, but she believed she had frightened the girl enough to keep her there. Lessie had been brought into town from the country when she was four years old, and for the past three years she had done all the housework.

"It's about time to let her go, anyway," Garley said. "You wouldn't be able to keep her much longer without paying her something."

"Well, I want Lessie back, and I want you to bring her back," his wife said. "I want her back by tomorrow morning at breakfast time."

Garley looked at his wife but said nothing. He depended upon her for his living. Without her and the boarding-house, he did not know what he could do. He got up and went slowly through the house to the back porch.

There was a small room behind the kitchen. There never had been much in the room, except a cot, and now there was nothing else there. Garley looked under the cot, and found nothing there. Lessie had run away, and had taken all she possessed.

When Garley saw his wife half an hour later, she stopped him in the hall, hands on hips.

"Well?" she said. "Do you expect to find her hiding under a chair somewhere in the house?"

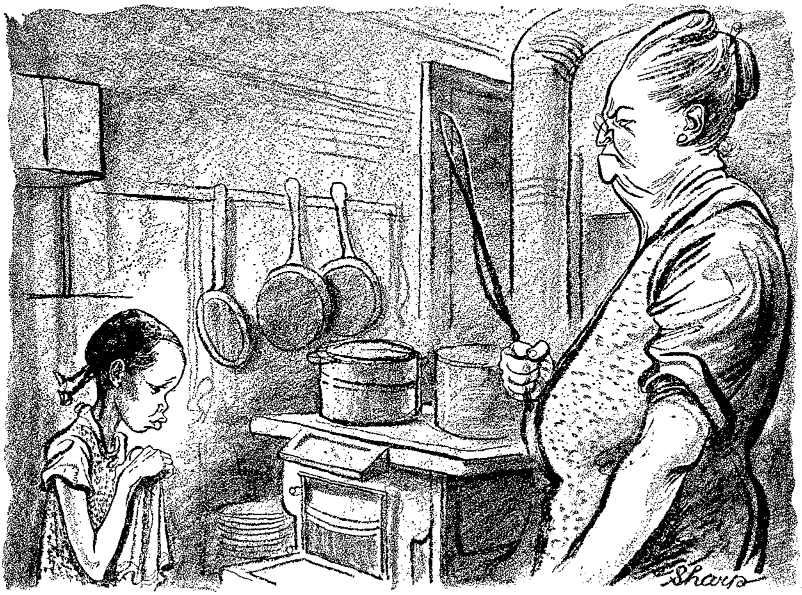
"Where can I look?" he asked. "How do I know which way she went?"

"How do I know?" Mrs. Garley said. "If I knew, I'd go there and find her myself. You find Lessie and bring her back here by breakfast time tomorrow morning, if you know what's good for you. If you don't— If you don't—"

Garley found his hat and went out the front door. He turned down the street in the direction of the Negro quarter of town. That was the only likely place for Lessie to be hiding, unless she had gone to the country.

III

As soon as he passed the first Negro house in the quarter, Garley had a feeling that everybody in the neighborhood was watching him from behind doors, windows, and corners of buildings. He turned, jerking his head around quickly, and tried to catch somebody looking at him. There was nobody to be seen anywhere. The



place looked completely deserted.

He walked on, trying to think where he could look for her. He decided she would not have gone to the country, because she would have been too afraid to do that. The only other place for her to be hiding after all was in the quarter. If he did find her, he believed he would come across her hiding behind some Negro woman who had taken her in.

Turning down an alley, he picked out a house at random. The door and the windows were open; but there was no sign of anyone's being there. There was not even smoke in the chimney.

Garley hesitated for a moment, and then went to the house next door. He knocked and listened. There was no sound anywhere. He stepped into the doorway and looked inside. In the corner of the room sat a large Negro woman, rocking unconcernedly to and fro in a chair. On her lap, all but hidden in the folds of her breasts, sat Lessie. The girl was clinging to the woman and burying her head deeper and deeper under the woman's arms.

"Hello, Aunt Gracie," Garley said, staring at them.

"What do you want down here, Mr. Garley?" Aunt Gracie asked stiffly.

"Just looking around," Garley said.

"Just looking around for what?" the woman asked, rocking steadily.

"Well, Lessie, I guess," he said.

"It won't do you a bit of good," Aunt Gracie said. "You'll just be wasting your time talking about it."

"I didn't know where she was, to tell the truth," he said.

"And it won't do you no good to know where she is, either," Aunt Gracie said, "because you can go tell your wife of yours that she's going to stay where she is at."

Garley sat down in a chair by the door. The Negro woman hugged Lessie all the tighter and rocked her back and forth. Lessie had not looked at him.

"To tell the truth," Garley said, "my wife has been pretty hard on Lessie for the past three or four years. She's been a little harder than she ought to have been, I guess."

"She won't be again," Aunt Gracie said. "Because the child's going to stay right here with me from now on. You white people ought to be ashamed of yourselves for treating darkies like you do. You know good and well it couldn't be right to make Lessie work for you all the time and not give her something more than a few old rags and what scraps get left over from the kitchen."

Garley hoped Aunt Gracie would not begin next about the way his wife had slapped and beat Lessie with the broom. He hoped nobody knew about that.

"When you get home," Aunt Gracie said, "tell your wife I've got Lessie, and that I'm going to keep her. Tell her to come down here after her, if she dares to, but I don't reckon she will, because she knows what I'll say to her will make her ears burn red."

Garley got up, taking one more look at Lessie. He had never known she was so small before. Even though she was nine years old, she looked no larger than a six- or seven-year-old girl. He backed to the door, not saying a word.

Outside in the alley again he turned towards home. It would soon be time for supper, and meals were served on time. He looked at his watch as he hurried up the street through the quarter. On the way he cut across a vacant lot, to make certain that he got there in plenty of time.

His wife was standing on the front porch.

"Well, did you find Lessie?" she demanded,

"She'll be back by breakfast time," Garley said. "You told me that was when she had to be back, didn't you?"

"That's what I said, and if she's not here then, you can get ready to do some stirring around for yourself."

She turned and went into the house.

"I'll do the best I can," he said, hurrying through the hall behind her to the dining room where the boarders had already sat down at the table.

Garley slipped into the room and got into his seat unnoticed. He was just in time to get a helping from the first dish that was passed down his side of the table.

—Erskine Caldwell

FUTILITY OF REVOLUTIONS

THROUGH BLOOD WADE THE SONS OF REVOLT—AND COME OUT THE SAME DOOR WHERE IN THEY WENT

Some days ago I met a Spanish writer whose opinions had once appeared very advanced to me. I found him sad and discouraged. "I had no idea," said he, "what the violence and cruelty of mobs could be. Oppression and intolerance remain odious to me, but I have learned that a revolution is the most intolerant and oppressive thing in the world."

In the agreements between revolutionaries and intellectuals, there is often a misunderstanding which has been defined with a great deal of clear-sightedness by Denis de Rougemont. "It is very easy," he writes, "to hate and to condemn a certain order of things which vexes us. And it is very tempting to call this hate love for the people." But he goes on to show that the intellectual knows nothing of this class he thinks he loves.

Again we find the same idea in Gide: "As long as man is repressed, it is common to hope for much from him. There is the illusion that the people is composed of better men than the rest of deceitful humanity. I simply believe that it has been less spoiled, but that money could rot it like the rest. And see what is happening in the U.S.S.R.: this new bourgeoisie which is forming has all the defects of our own. It is no sooner come out of misery than it despises the miserable."

Laws do not follow customs quickly enough. "All revolutions," says Valéry, "come from the slowness of evolution." Finally a revolution breaks. It is what it must be, what all revolutions are: bloody, vigorous, absurd and in vain. The intellectuals are inevitable victims, and say when dying that the old regime was the best. Then, the crisis past, men reconstruct slowly, painfully, a society where the same hierarchies and the same abuses are reborn under other names.

Mr. Herbert Morrison once began a lecture about like this: "We English Laborites are not a revolutionary party, because history teaches us that after a revolution one must begin by reconstructing what was destroyed. It is time lost. We prefer to accept the line of march such as it is today; we will try to go beyond it." This seems reasonable. But, alas, the first lesson of history is that the lessons of history have few hearers. —André Maurois

ABOUT WILLIAM CAINE

WHOSE ARTLESS BURLESQUES ARE A TREASURE TROVE OF NATURAL HUMOR

William Caine, who drew the sketches on the following pages, never studied art. It was just as well, for technical virtuosity might have impeded, and surely could not have augmented, the flow of extravaganza that poured from his burlesque mind. And that, in the opinion of all who recognize the rare gift of comic genius when they see it, would indeed have been a pity.

Caine was a Bohemian of a sort, but of a perfectly respectable and even diffident sort. He dabbled in fiction, in satire and in caricature, and knew by heart the nooks and crannies of the London literary half-world; but he had too much character to be an egoist. He loved people, and he loved to amuse them. You can see it in his work—in his sketches and in the marvelously human commentary that he wrote to go with them.

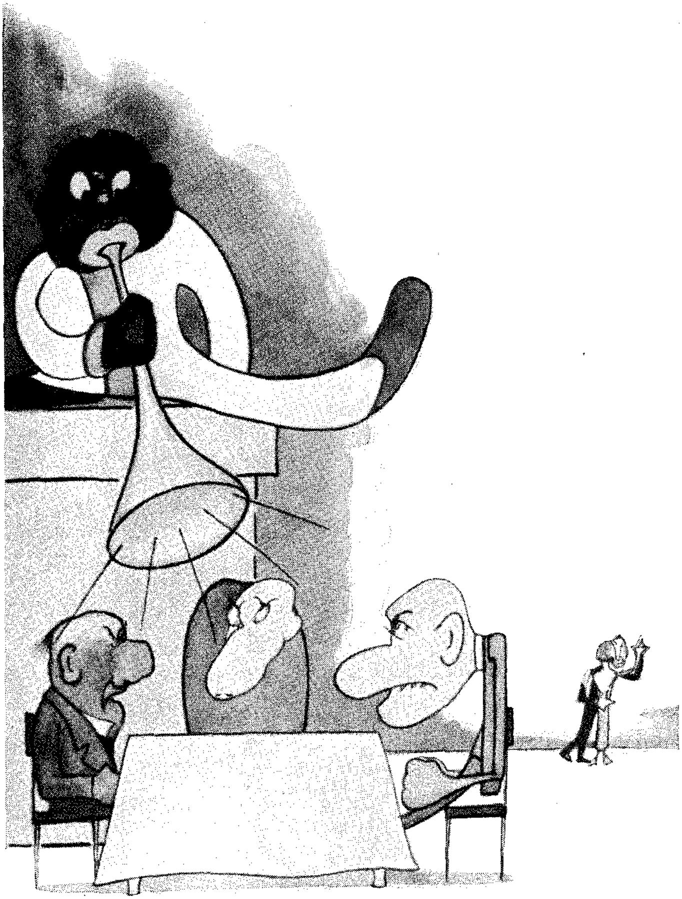
In a preface to one of Caine's books, Guy C. Pollock pointed out: "He could write about anything. That was his quality and his defect. His genius was too diverse and he was not the man to discipline and restrain his waywardness." It was only too true. Caine was versatile to a fault, and yet had he schooled his talents it would have spoiled half the fun—of himself in creating, and of his admirers in enjoying, the disordered series of works that tumbled from his brain.

Caine fans tend to be a bit esoteric. Some of his written works, it is true, are too ironic to be fully appreciated by most. But even in these instances there is always enough residue of broad wit to go down at the first gulp. And for the most part, especially in his sketches, he is as common as Shakespeare.

He died in 1925. Never fully appreciated during his lifetime, it is inevitable that his posthumous fame will continue to mount. His were not the forced monkeyshines of the public performer but the natural impressions of a humorous mentality. They will live.

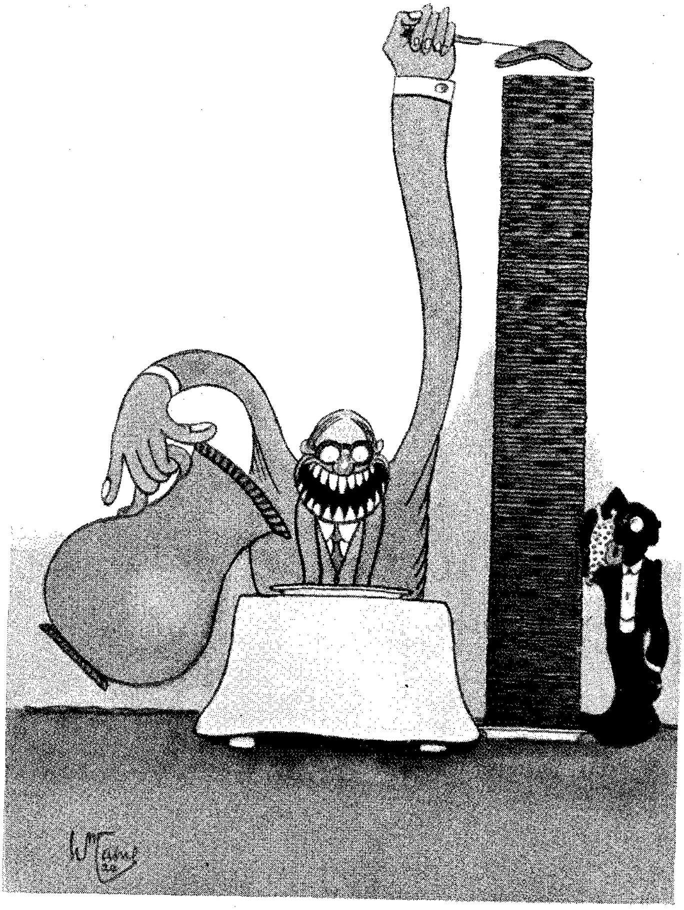
"A cocktail," William Caine once wrote, "should be a harbinger of good tidings in dark places. It should cry, 'Cheer up, lads. There's a good time coming.'"

By that definition, Caine's own humor is a cocktail of exceptional potency.



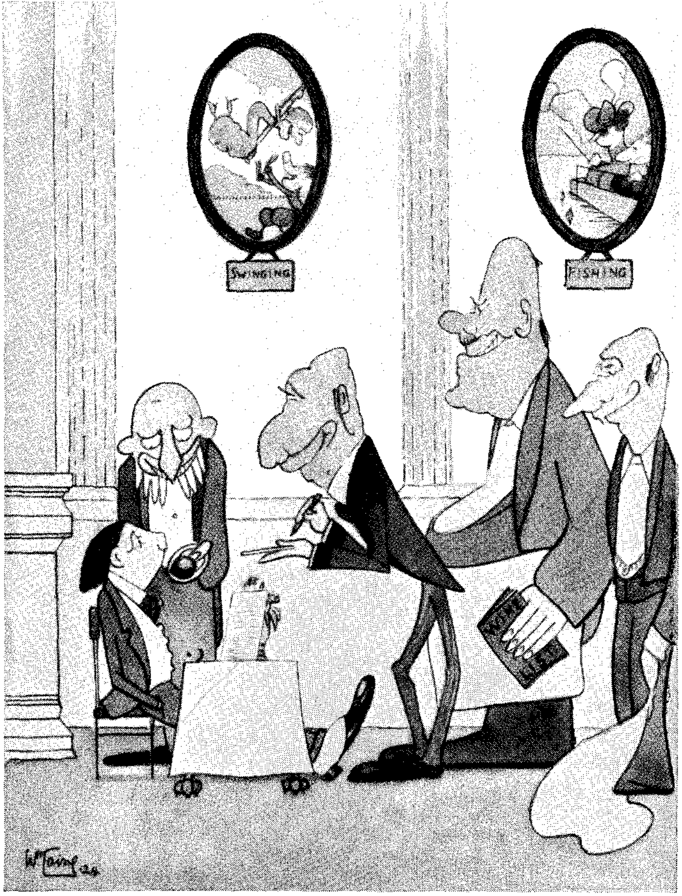
THE MUSIC

"It is impossible to taste food properly if any of your other senses are being stimulated. That is why Music is played in restaurants. It marks for certain diners the rhythm of their chewing; but not all music goes well with all food. If you drink soup to a Funeral March it will get cold on you. For soup-drinking a dreamy waltz is best. With horseradish sauce the *Sonata Pathétique* is indicated. Then, when people see you wiping your eyes, they will believe that you have a beautiful soul."



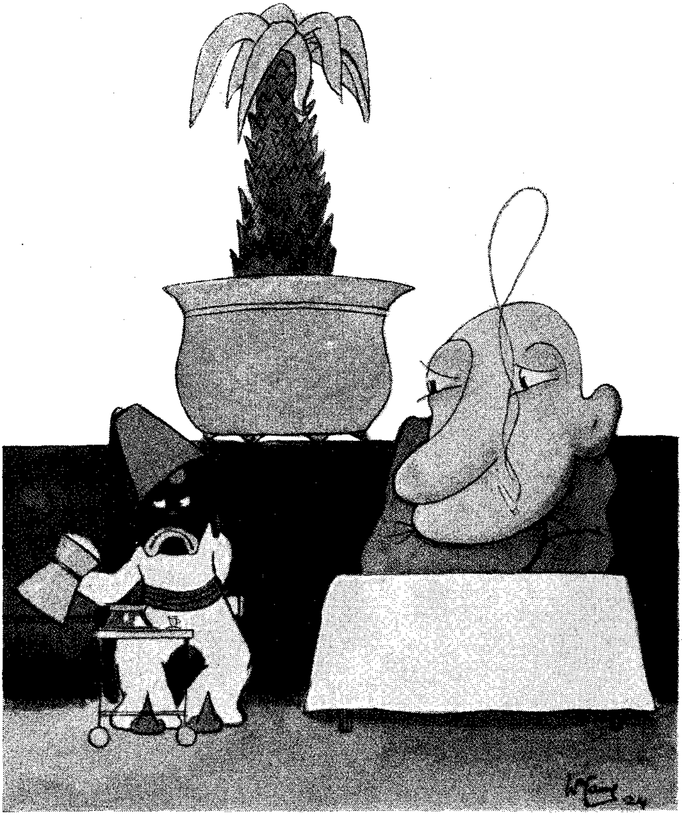
BUCKWHEAT CAKES

"This is an American business man finishing his breakfast. He has just eaten a grapefruit, two pounds of Vitamoats, planked blue fish, ham-and-eggs Maryland Style, a porterhouse steak, a golden-back terrapin, a canvas-back duck and a dozen hot dogs. He is now winding it all up with his plate of buckwheat cakes. The jug is full of maple syrup. The Negro who has just carried in the cakes probably will not be eaten. But take fair warning: Beware of the man who eats a good breakfast."



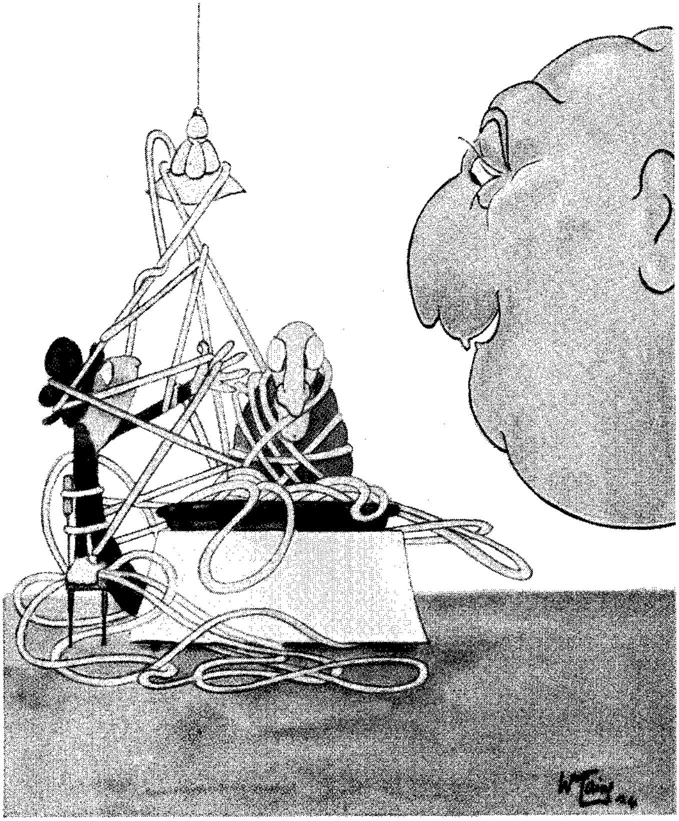
THE VULTURES

"It is no use for you to look for birds in this picture. The title is metaphorical. Every explorer who has died in the desert will tell you that without the vultures he simply wouldn't have known how to dispose of his body. The meaning of my picture is that to a waiter a customer is not a human being, but a repast. It's your money he wants, not your love, not your reverence, not your admiration. This picture is a sad one, I know—pessimistic, if you like—but the decorations are to blame."



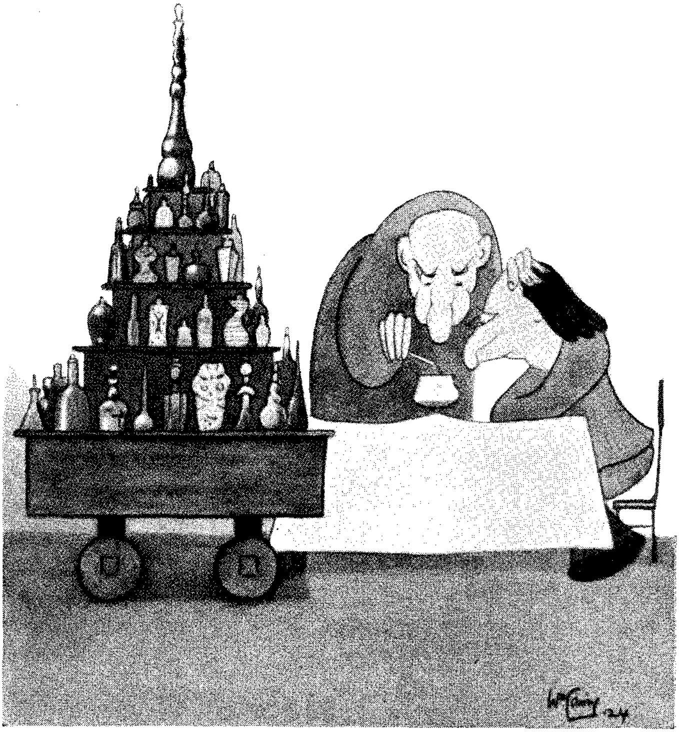
BLACK COFFEE

"Turkish coffee can be properly prepared only by persons of dark complexions. That is why I have painted the boy jet black. I want the coffee to be very good because I am sorry for the gentleman who is about to drink it. I feel that he has Missed Something in Life. I feel that, somehow, he has never had a chance of developing the good in him. He seems to me (somewhere) to have married the wrong girl and always and everywhere to have backed the wrong horses. I should say that he is a thoroughly disillusioned man. If he would only look just behind him at the palm I am sure he would feel happier, for it is a lovely thing, is it not? But restaurant palms are always lovely, aren't they?"



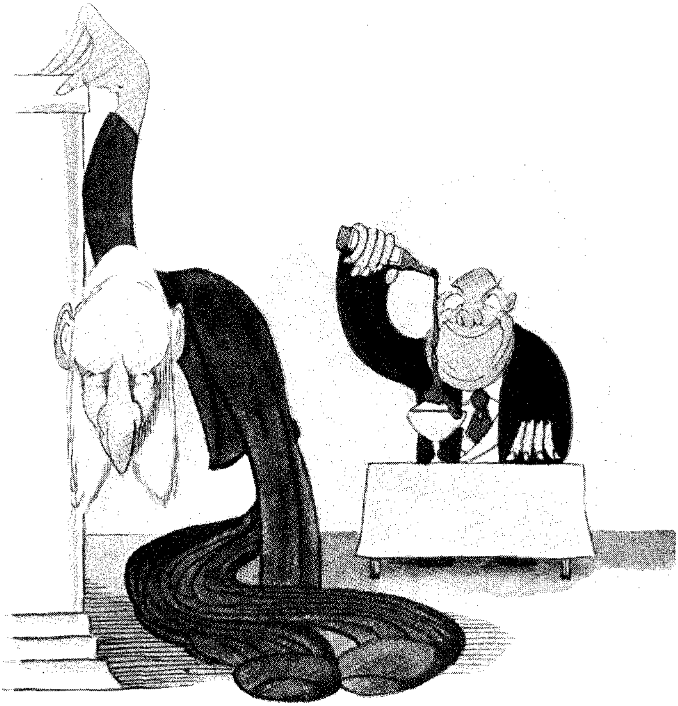
SPAGHETTI

"This is the way English people eat spaghetti. Italians do it more cleverly, but they have the advantage of knowing the language. Spaghetti is a fine appetizer; the exercise is so stimulating. Quite the best artistic representation of spaghetti-eating is an antique statue-group of an old man named Laocoön and two boys trying to get away with a yard or two of it. Spaghetti is made of water, flour and india-rubber in equal parts. The holes down the middle of it are made first to provide a foundation and then the paste is built up round them. Vermicelli is young spaghetti. It doesn't strangle. It chokes. Macaroni is old spaghetti. It gets inside you and stays there, laughing, till you die."



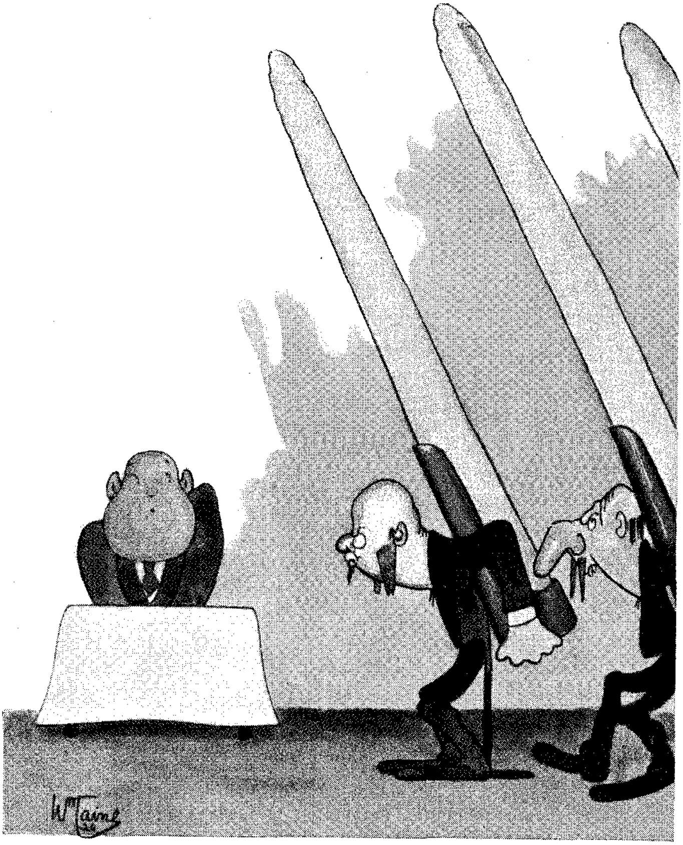
NAPOLEON BRANDY

"This is a very precious beverage. It is called Napoleon Brandy because, during the Third Empire, it used to cost one Napoleon per glass. Its price is now five Fishers per drop. You have to be very rich to drink this stuff regularly. It should never be diluted with anything but lemonade out of a dark blue syphon. Real connoozers don't drink it at all. They inhale it, either direct from the glass or from their handkerchiefs. In this way you get the full benefit of the bouquet, which is the French for smell, and the *bouquet* is the really important feature of Napoleon Brandy. Real connoozers find that if they drink it they taste it and this diverts their thoughts from the bouquet. That is bad. One sensation at a time is the Golden Rule of the Voluptuous Life."



KETCHUP

"Ketchup keeps the British Empire going. For consider, unless we eat, we die, don't we? Now if the Race is to be continued, we mustn't die, must we? Therefore if the Race is to be continued, we must eat, isn't it? Very good. All right. But if we couldn't taste our victuals, we wouldn't care much about eating, would we? Ketchup enables Britons to taste what they eat. Were it not, accordingly, for Ketchup the British Nation would become extinct from sheer lack of interest in its meals and then the British Empire would go phut. Thus, these Britons are nourished and the British Empire is maintained. Unfortunately, the worst of it is that those who manufacture sauces are maintained too. But Heaven will have it so and what are you going to do about it?"

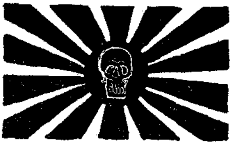


ASPARAGUS

"Asparagus was not well thought out. Its intentions are excellent, but they carry it such a very little way. A food which is only one-half per cent edible cannot be said really to have come off. A strawberry goes absolutely all the way, unless you are threatened with appendicitis and mayn't eat seeds. An egg, again, does almost as well as it is possible to do and of a mutton cutlet very little is unassimilable, while a potato is absolutely all food. Asparagus is, however, very nearly all handle. This is not right. In fact, it is dead wrong. If Asparagus had been properly pondered it would have been made the other way round. Still, it was a bright notion and it lays us under many obligations."

DEAR MIKADO

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN FROM A HUMBLE SUBJECT OF A BARBARIC LAND



Revered Son of Heaven, Emperor of Japan, the Most Pious and Magnanimous of the Rulers of the Earth, I bow before you and beg to be permitted to address Your Majesty.

Your Majesty: Although at present I am only a humble subject of one of the Western nations it is very possible with the beautiful progress you are making that very soon I, too, may be a subject of Japan. This, of course, does not give me permission to speak to you directly, for I am aware that no Japanese or foreigner may address you directly. But as you graciously permit your subjects once each year to send you a poem, and as very soon I may be your subject, I hope you may permit these few lines to be addressed to you.

The beautiful poem written recently with your vermilion brush gives us all hope.

Peaceful is morning in the shrine garden;
World conditions, it is hoped, also will be peaceful.

Your little "peaceful" islands under Oriental skies in the Pacific have, in the last eighty years, been blessed. Your little "peaceful" conflict with China has added Formosa; your conflict with Russia has given you Korea, some parts of Manchuria and other northern lands. Your occupation of Manchuria has extended your domain so that now your territory is larger than that of France, Germany, Italy and several smaller European nations combined. And the number of souls who bow down to your rule is today greater than the total population of the United States.

But this is not all. Within the last twelve months you have sent a million troops into China. If you manage to add this new territory to your already extensive domain you will have under your scepter two hundred million souls. This is all in keeping with your well-known plan to extend your Empire through southern China to include Java and India. And then, when this is accomplished, over nine hundred million souls, or one-half the entire human race, will bow humbly before you. So far your progress of aggression has proceeded on schedule and it must have taken great power of imagination and mental detachment to have written the beautiful lines:

Peaceful is morning in the shrine garden;
World conditions, it is hoped, also will
be peaceful.

At the same time, while you were so eagerly hoping for peace, your wife's beautiful brush was writing a poem to console the widows and orphans, those fresh ones, created by Your Majesty's efforts for peace in China. This land of China you say you would like to civilize and, in order to civilize it, you are forced to bring it peace and goodwill.

Yours is a peace that necessitates the invasion of an army a million strong, a peace that makes war on a defenseless population and encourages such orgies as those enjoyed by your troops everywhere throughout China.

And so, while you were writing, "Peaceful is morning in the shrine garden," your troops were plundering, massacring and annihilating Chinese cities and innocent people. And while this was going on, your tender wife in another part of your palace was putting together some heartfelt words designed to console the new widows and orphans of Japan. Please forgive us Western Barbarians if we cannot appreciate your humanitarian efforts with fire and sword, for we have been brought up in a different school. But we are learning quickly.

We have already learnt that your word is very easily broken. And now we are learning that your Empire is completely controlled by a war-mad militaristic clique and that the ministers of state that you put forward as your responsible representatives are not responsible at all. We are learning also that the entire structure of your land seems to revert to the days of dark feudalism.

There is certainly a growing population in your land who feel that the mission of your armies in far-away territory is not truly divine and that the cost of these adventures has weighed heavily upon a people already undernourished and pauperized. More and more is the discontent growing. There are little signs and there are little symptoms, for outward honest expression in your land is not quite possible. "Dangerous thoughts" are censored, imprisoned and secretly stamped out in a regime whose methods are more arrogantly annihilating than in any inquisition that the world has yet experienced.

And so there are many of us living in Barbaric Western countries who feel that your land is wholly without liberty, that poor humans are born on your soil and brought up to bow down to the mention of your name; these poor wretched souls are born into a hopeless slavery and a poverty that crushes them down to the level of animals. Your poor people are born into a life of labor from which it is almost impossible to emancipate themselves. They are born to work long hours so that their products may be cheaply sold and bring profits to the land of the Rising Sun, so that you may carry on more invasions, more slaughters, more aggressions. And in your land, overcrowded, with large areas of slums and unhealthy living conditions, with an education that is directed toward unquestioning obedience, and with a blindness for humanitarian ideals, in this land already impoverished, crying for hunger, more babies are demanded from your women.

While your Prime Minister, Prince Konoe, was explaining that Japan was determined to see China on her knees, and while some of your ministers were expressing their ardent desire to make friends with China, provided China humbly submitted to Japan's terms, and while the military leaders were sending their soldiers forward to bomb the cities and population of China, while all this was going on, and most of it with your knowledge and approval, you dipped your beautiful vermilion brush to write, "Peaceful is morning in the shrine garden."

Your desire for peace in Korea and Manchuria has added big slices of land to your Empire. It has done more. It has shown Italy that she too could love peace and want to see the Abyssinians enlightened. It has taught Italy also how to enter into a war just for the "sport" of the thing, without actually declaring a war. And also, your great skill in forgetting your signed treaties has taught Germany how to tear up the Treaty of Versailles. And so you have been teaching some of our Fascist nations the Oriental rules of trickery, deceit, and the gains of falsehood. You are showing them how, with a smile and some soft words, you are able to plunder and add more territory to your already vast Empire.

Japan, Germany and Italy were very late in realizing that Empire was a force in the world. You began very late in this expansion. And now it is too late, for the world has gone beyond the ideas of Empire. The gathering in of smaller lands and mixed races under one flag has not worked out very well. Imperialism has been abandoned as a way of life for civilized nations. It has also been found that Imperialism is no longer profitable. It has therefore been given up as a false hope. But with you it is not a false hope. It is a definite plan. You hope to take possession of the whole of Asia and then with a man-power that has never been equaled by any world Empire, you can crush America and Europe. This is your hope.

Empires have risen before, and Empires have fallen. But no Empire in the past has projected its blueprint on so vast or sinister a scale.

Do you believe it is possible that with the false ideas you are drumming into your own people, with the warped education that you are giving your young so that their minds could never entertain a decent liberal thought, do you believe these subjects of your Empire will make worthy citizens of the world? Are you not bringing up a race of enemies that you ask us to regard as friends?

And do you think that a people who have been subjected to so much pressure, economically and morally, as the poor people of your country have been in past generations, can continue the strain? History has shown us several Emperors who were worshipped by millions and who ended in disaster. There was a Little Father of All the Russians who gave up his life before a firing squad. And another fallen Emperor has for the past twenty years been making a great woodpile in Holland. He was fortunate to have escaped. Not many in history have come off so easily. There are outbursts of human emotions from which no land is immune, not even Japan.

That long line of your dynasty, running back twenty-five hundred years, must in the light of modern events reach an end that is not far off. Certainly no one would dream that your people will remain so blind and so humble for another twenty-five hundred years.

You yourself have great power and it is reported that your wealth is more fabulous than the wealth of any great millionaire. The poverty of your own people has meant nothing, you have given them no advantages, neither from your wealth nor your power.

You have furthered only your own personal ambitions. These you have furthered by falsehood and deception, by force of arms, by the death of your soldiers who were brought up to believe in blind chauvinism and that you were as holy as God. What you have done to weaker neighbors is too well known to be respected.

Why is it not possible for you to realize that you are only dragging your people down and pitting the whole world against them? Why is it not possible for you to work out a salvation in terms of peace with the lands about you? Why is it not possible for you to seek economic solutions to your problems that would add to the happiness of your people and not to the wretchedness?

You may think it very strange that a poor and simple person in a far-away land could have the cheek and audacity to address these words to the Revered Son of Heaven, Emperor of Japan. But you must remember that we in America have not been brought up to consider our rulers as gods and that it is the right of each person in this land to express his thoughts either by word of mouth or by pen.

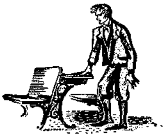
It may be difficult for you to understand how such a land could exist, for certainly in Japan no one could have this right. For in your enlightened land nothing stronger than a little poem is permitted to be written to you. And, this year, to all the little poems of your worshiping subjects, your reply is, "Peaceful is morning in the shrine garden." But you know that your morning is not peaceful. And we know that your garden has been overgrowing with bitter thorns and that the rumblings of a volcano can be heard in the ground beneath your feet.

And so, having been permitted to address Your Majesty, I bow.

—MANUEL KOMROFF

THE INVINCIBLE ARMADA

ALL THE CHILDREN BANDED TOGETHER TO SAVE PETER FROM HIS TORMENTOR—ALL EXCEPT ONE



EVERYONE who was in Miss Hering's geography class back in 1902 knows the date of the Invincible Spanish Armada. You can wake any one of them up out of a sound sleep today, or arrest his flight from a burning building, or come upon him in an African jungle just as he is on the point of being devoured by lions and tigers, and ask him point blank: "What was the date of the Invincible Armada?" And instantly, as though a spring were touched, he will reply, "1588!" And that goes for each of the twenty-seven who were in Miss Hering's fifth grade that year. We owe this ingrained piece of information only one-half to Miss Hering, who was small and pretty and just out of Normal School. Credit for the other half belongs to Peter Klindorf who is now a wholesale grocery salesman, and has a son making straight "A's" at the University.

Peter was a sleepy-looking boy in school. His mother used to explain to Miss Hering that he was growing too fast, and that was why he didn't seem to be paying attention to what was going on in class. He was half a head taller than Miss Hering, though he was only ten, and his knees were always in the aisle because there was no room for them under his desk, and Miss Hering kept telling him to keep his feet where they belonged. He was always resting his head on his hand, and Miss Hering would smile to let the rest of the class in on her joke, and tell him to take his elbow off the desk. We all knew what would happen to his head if he removed his elbow: bump, down on the desk! And so we all chuckled.

Miss Hering always began the geography lesson by calling on Peter. And Peter never answered. He would just sit there and look at Miss Hering.

Then Miss Hering would say, "Stand up, Peter."

Peter would stand up like a long string bean on end, leaning against his desk.

"Don't lean," Miss Hering would say. "Put your hands down at your sides."

By this time the whole room would be turning to watch Peter. And when he saw all the girls and boys staring at him, he would hold on to his desk more tightly, and Miss Hering would say a little sharply then, "Put your hands down at your sides."

His hands would go down at his sides, but they would be clenched tight, and his face would be greyish under his straggly tan hair. His clothes were not very good. His mother took in washing.

"All right, now," Miss Hering would say, when she got him to stop leaning on his desk. "Tell us what you know about the British Isles."

Her mouth would be quivering with a smile she wouldn't let through, and the whole class would know that now there was going to be some fun.

Peter would stand there silent as a stone.

Miss Hering would cock her head to one side as though to hear better.

"A little louder, please," she would say.

The class would shout with laughter.

Miss Hering would stand there a moment, and then she would say again, as though she was giving the class an extra treat, "A little louder, please. The class can't hear it."

Then a forest of hands would go up in the air, waving frantically, and Miss Hering would say, "That will do, Peter. You may sit down." And she would call on Elsie Masters or Philip Brackmorton, because they always knew not only the answers but a lot more that wasn't in the book at all, things they had learned at home or in the library or someplace else.

One morning Miss Hering said, as usual, "Put your geographies away, children." Everyone put his geography in his desk. We knew we wouldn't be called on till at least third, because first would come Peter, and then Elsie or Philip. Usually when Miss Hering called on Elsie second, she left Philip for one of the last, so she would be sure to have a little glory shining out toward the end of the recitation as well as near the beginning.

We put our geographies away and sat with our hands folded on our desks, waiting for Miss Hering to call on Peter.

"What was the date of the Invincible Spanish Armada?" Miss Hering asked, and then waited a few seconds, as though she were trying to decide on whom to call.

"Peter!" she said finally, as though she was sure he would know the answer.

Peter sat staring at her and said nothing.

"Stand up, Peter," Miss Hering said, smiling as usual. She was pretty and wore nice-colored clothes.

"Stand up straight," Miss Hering said, throwing her own shoulders back. "And put your hands down at your sides."

Peter took his hands from his desk and stared straight ahead of him.

"All right, Peter. Now, what is the date of the Invincible Spanish Armada?"

Peter didn't answer. He just stood.

"A little louder, Peter." Miss Hering cocked her head.

Peter remained silent.

A flock of hands went up.

"The class disagrees with you," Miss Hering grinned.

Everyone laughed.

"You may sit down, Peter."

Peter folded himself down into his seat.

"Elsie!" Miss Hering called.

"1588!" Elsie said. "The Spanish Armada was really—"

And she would have recited the entire lesson if Miss Hering hadn't stopped her so there would be something left for the rest of us to tell.

The next day we went on to Italy; but just as an opener, Miss Hering asked Peter again to give the date of the Spanish Armada.

He said nothing, and while Miss Hering had him standing in the aisle, she called on Philip Brackmorton, and then had Peter repeat after him, "1588."

After that, every morning for two weeks Miss Hering began the class by asking Peter Klindorf what was the date of the Spanish Armada. And every morning Peter stood there in the aisle while Miss Hering said, "Louder, please," and then finally made him repeat the date after she had someone else tell him. We were way over in Russia by the end of the second week, but that didn't matter. We got to know that the class would open with the Spanish Armada until Peter learned the date. At first it was a circus. Even before Miss Hering called on him, the class would turn and look at Peter, a laugh all ready to let loose when he failed to answer. Then it began to get tiresome. Even those of us who didn't know the date the first two or three mornings got to know it after a while. And by that time we knew that Peter knew it well enough, too, but just wouldn't say it. When Miss Hering kept on with the same program the second week, we didn't even laugh any more when she said, "Louder, please."

On Friday morning of the second week, when Miss Hering said, "Close your geographies, children," Elsie Masters seemed to be a little squirmish. Miss Hering was waiting for her to fold her hands as she always did. Finally, hiding her annoyance, Miss Hering turned to Peter.

"What is the date of the Spanish Armada, Peter?" she asked.

Peter did not answer.

"Elsie, tell him," Miss Hering said. Even she was getting a little tired of the game.

Elsie looked up at Miss Hering.

"I don't know," she said.

"You don't know!" Miss Hering looked at her as though she were something in a trap.

You could hear the big white-faced clock at the back of the room tick-tocking away.

Then suddenly we all knew what to do.

"Robert James, tell her!" Miss Hering nodded at the boy back of Elsie.

"I don't know," Robert James said.

"George!" Miss Hering skipped to the next row.

"I dunno." But he grinned.

"Amelia?"

Amelia shook her head negatively.

"William!"

Miss Hering picked up her little black book from her desk and began marking zeroes after each name. You could see the pencil go round in a complete circle.

"Mamie Watts!"

We were all waiting for her to get to Philip Brackmorton. Philip Brackmorton had never answered anything wrong in his life. He wouldn't know how. But this was different. Miss Hering was getting closer and closer.

"Evelyn!"

Evelyn Morris' ears were flaming red. Zero.

"Benjamin!"

Benjamin was only three away from Philip. The clock was pushing along the zeroes with loud tick-tocks. Three more, and then Philip. Miss Hering skipped back to the first row again. She was saving Philip for the last.

We could see it now. Miss Hering would give everybody zero, and then Philip would come forth with 100 just because he knew two-weeks-ago's lesson.

She was saving him to shame the whole class. Everybody was watching Elsie, now. She and Philip were tied for the Book Prize at the end of the term. I had a flint and two glassies up on Elsie, myself. If Philip answered right, good-bye marbles! You could just see all the visiting parents on the last day of school watching Philip march up front to receive the book. They would think it was because he was smarter than Elsie. Elsie must have thought of this, too. because suddenly she ducked her head into her desk, till just her red hair-ribbons showed in back.

"Philip!"

For an instant the world stood still waiting for Philip's response.

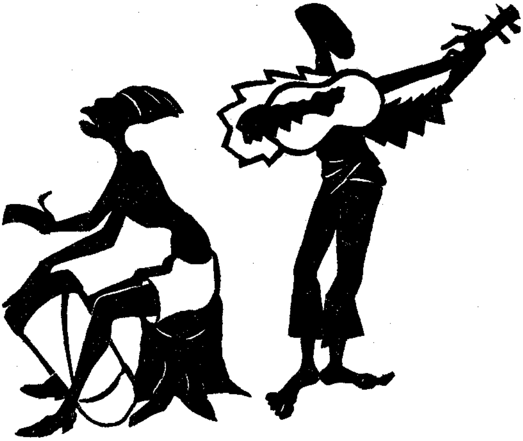
"1588," Philip replied, as though there were no alternatives; as though he would never know anything, ever, except what he learned out of a book.

Elsie's shoulders were shaking, but Miss Hering paid no attention. She was looking straight at Philip.

"Yes," she said, coldly. "You may sit down, Peter. And Philip, you may recite on today's lesson."

The Invincible Spanish Armada was never mentioned in class again. It was not even in the examination at the end of the term. On the last day of school, we brought our presents to Miss Hering but there was not much warmth in them. Philip got the Book Prize, and all the parents clapped when he walked up in front of the class to get it. But none of the rest of us cared much. I had a nickel's worth of jaw-breakers in my pocket to give to Elsie after the exercises were over, but the other boys were watching, so I ate them myself.

—BEYER WINETWIG



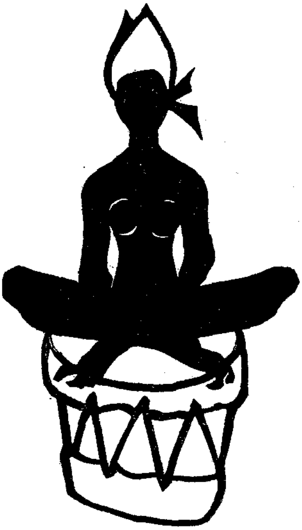
VOODOO

BLACK MAGIC OF THE CUBAN DANCE

A Portfolio of Silhouettes

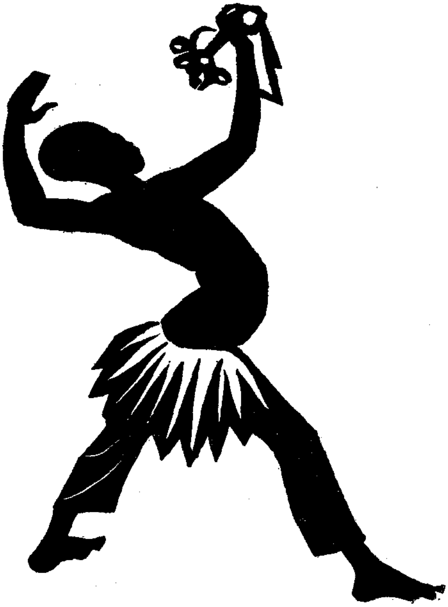
By Paul Swartz

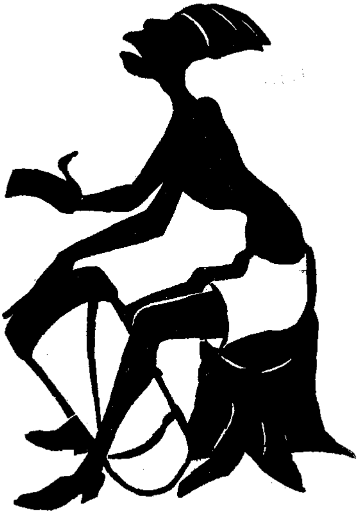
SAVAGE abandon reaches a feverish pitch in the rhythmic contortions that mark the dances of the Nañigo Voodoo cult, secret Cuban Negro brotherhood. A strange admixture of Congo-Christian superstition and native black magic, the Voodoo rites are full of pagan symbolism. Characteristic episodes from these dances are recorded here in silhouette by Paul Swartz, young American artist.

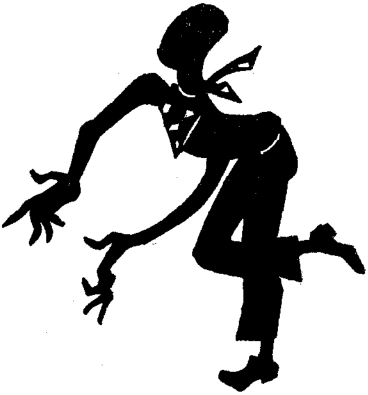


CASTING OUT THE DEVIL

The *Diablito* dance portrays the temptation of Eve and the casting out of the devil. Eve sits contentedly on her hearthstone until the approaching demon is heard, ringing the devil bells. The *bongosero*, or drummer, addresses him in a flood of Congo invectives alternated with thunderous pounding of the drum, seeking to drive him away. But Eve is tempted. She rises and dances a few steps, then falls dead. The devil steps on her prostrate body, signifying the pagan Voodoo interpretation of the Christian belief that "the wages of sin is death."

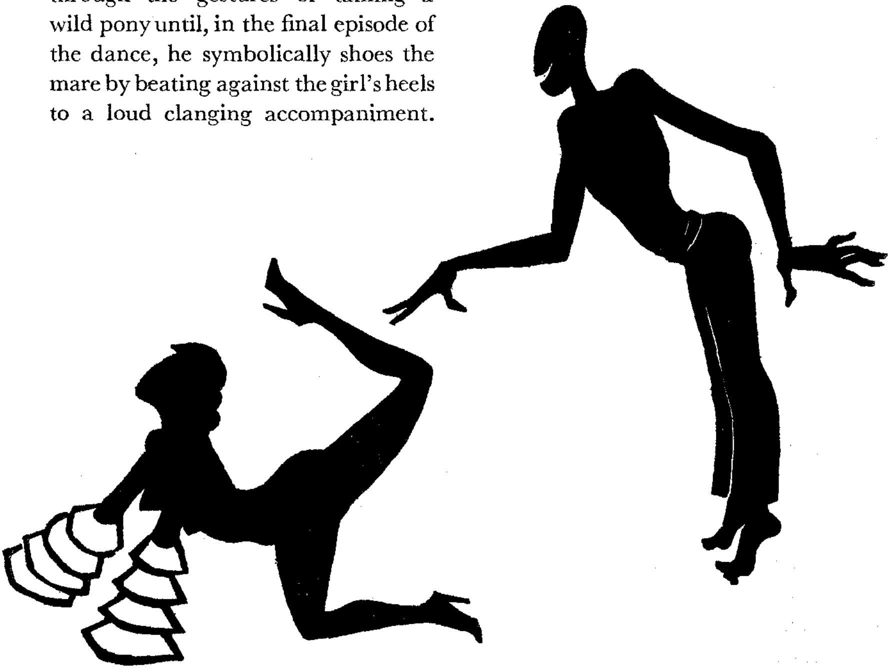


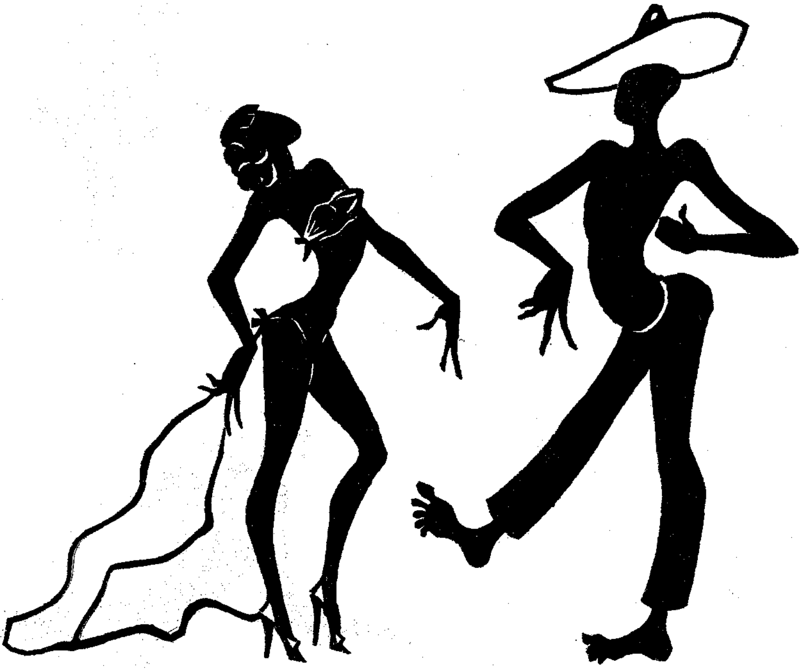




SHOEING THE MARE

The conception of this dance is derived from the experience of the Cuban Negroes when, at the end of the sugar grinding season, they followed the sport of catching and breaking wild ponies. The girl dances the role of the refractory mare and the man goes through the gestures of taming a wild pony until, in the final episode of the dance, he symbolically shoes the mare by beating against the girl's heels to a loud clanging accompaniment.



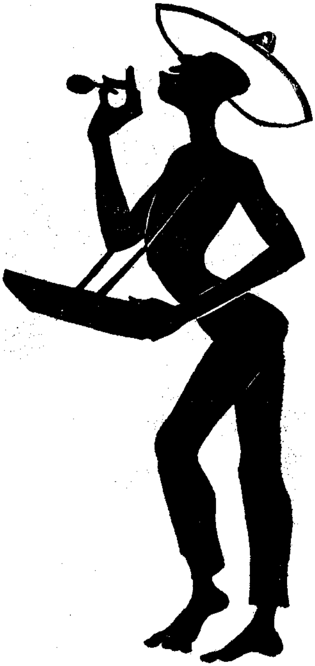


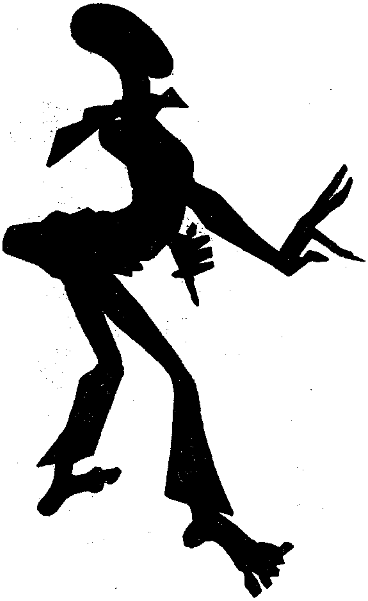
RITUAL OF THE VOODOO MARRIAGE CEREMONY

In this dance, which portrays the marriage ceremony of the Voodoo cult and from which the rumba originated, the girl takes the part of a seductive maiden and the man boasts of his physical strength and virility. Variations of this rumba type of dance are the *son*, a ballroom dance that is the Cuban equivalent of the American fox trot, and the *danzonette*. In the *danzonette*, which is marked by a rapid, pulsating rhythm, the man and girl pause on the floor and the man fans his partner, carrying on his courtship even under the watchful eyes of the chaperon.

THE FRUIT VENDOR

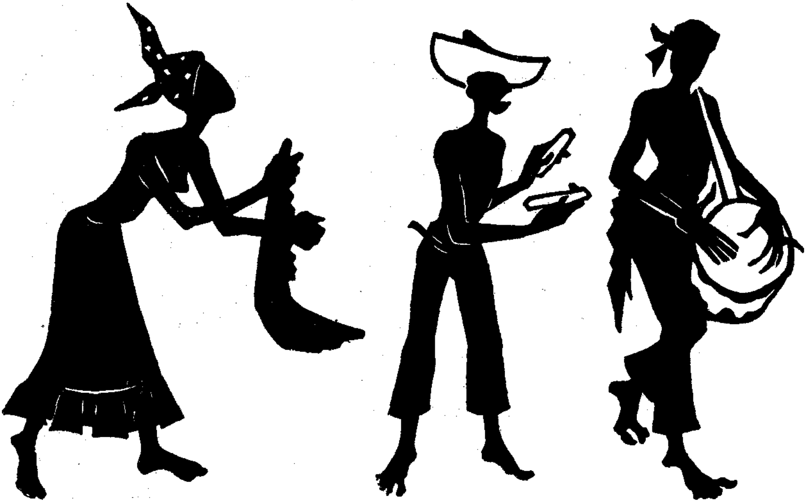
All Cuban street vendors sell their wares by singing of their superlative qualities. In this dance, *El Pregon*, the peddler is anxious to make sales and offers samples to the passers-by. But when he sees that his samples are promptly accepted and yet no sales are made, he decides commerce is far too confining and abandons it for carefree indolence.



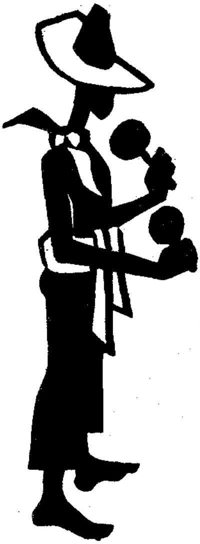


THE FLEA-KILLER

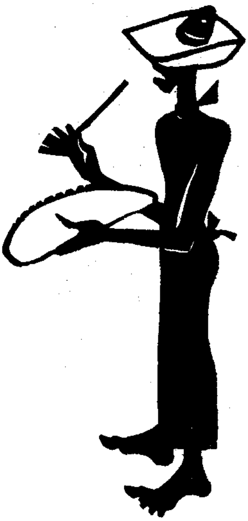
The Flea-Killer in this dance is the Cuban version of the exterminator. A superb comedian, he sings and dances in expression of his extreme annoyance with the fleas and describes his infallible and remarkably potent herb potion, which according to his extravagant claims, will forever rid the world of the menace of the flea.



VOODOO MUSICIANS



A Voodoo orchestra consists not of musical instruments but of a strange assortment of Congo noise-makers. An ass's jawbone, struck with the fist, is used to produce a sound like a bass viol. The *claves* are two sticks of hard wood which are struck together. The *bongo* is the drum which, in the hands of an expert, yields a dozen or more different notes. The *maracas* are two round gourds filled with bird shot, making a sound like a jazz drummer's wire dusters sliding on a snare drum. The *quiras* are large gourds which have been notched on one side, producing a hollow washboard noise when rubbed with a stick.



THE MOCKING GODS

HERE ARE FIFTY MYTHOLOGICAL DEITIES OF ANCIENT CIVILIZATIONS—GUESS WHO

FROM Roman, Greek, Egyptian, Scandinavian and Hindu folklore has evolved an absorbing study—mythology. On this and the following page are fifty brief descriptions of the gods, goddesses, heroes and monstrosities immortalized in the legends of ancient peoples. Count 2 for each correct identification. A score of 60 is good, 74 is very good, and 90 or over is excellent. Answers will be found on page 52.

1. Goddess of beauty and love (Roman) • Venus
2. Leader of the Argonauts, who secured the Golden Fleece (Greek)
3. God of youth and music (Gr.)
4. Founder of the Olympic Games and performer of superhuman feats of strength (Gr.)
5. God of War (R.) Mars
6. A greedy winged monster, with head and trunk of a woman and claws of a bird (Gr.)
7. God of the skies (Gr.)
8. The palace of immortality, inhabited by the souls of departed heroes slain in combat (Scandinavian)
9. God of love (R.)
10. Hero of Homer's *Iliad*, vulnerable only in his right heel (Gr.)
11. God of pastures, forests and flocks (Gr.)
12. A three-headed dog with serpents about its body and a serpent's tail: guardian of the doorway to the nether regions (Gr.)
13. God of evil (Scandinavian)
14. Goddess of health (Gr.)
15. God of commerce (R.)
16. Ferryman of the Styx, a river in Hades (Gr.)
17. Goddess of wisdom (R.)
18. A Titan who was supposed to support the pillars of heaven on his shoulders (Gr.)
19. God of the infernal regions (Gr.)
20. Muse of comedy and bucolic poetry (Gr.)
21. Goddess of harvests (R.)
22. Muse of dancing (Gr.)
23. God of the sea (R.)
24. God of the sun (Egyptian)
25. God of wine (R.)
26. Judge of the dead (Egyptian)
27. Goddess of the chase (R.)
28. Originally a lovely maiden whose hair was changed into snakes, and who turned every one who gazed

at her into a stone statue (Gr.)
29. Son of Sleep and god of dreams (Gr.)
30. A many-headed serpent which grew two heads in place of each one that was cut off (Gr.)
31. God of fire (R.)
32. A winged horse, slain by Perseus (Gr.)
33. Goddess of heaven (Egyptian)
34. An enchantress, who by magic potions, transformed men into swine (Gr.)
35. God of war (Scandinavian)
36. A monster who confounded travelers with riddles, slaying those who guessed wrong (Gr.)
37. God of destruction (Hindu)
38. Goddess of the rainbow (Gr.)
39. God of agriculture (R.)
40. A youth who fell in love with his own reflection (Gr.)
41. A place presided over by a priest or priestess where answers from the gods on questions of advice or knowledge were delivered (Gr.)
42. Fabled residence of the gods (Gr.)
43. Goddess of youth (Gr.)
44. An ancient Italic deity, god of all beginnings—human life, the day and of the agricultural year (R.)
45. God of creation (Hindu)
46. A nymph personifying the soul (Gr.)
47. Goddess of the hearth (R.)
48. God of medicine (Gr.)
49. God of marriage (Gr.)
50. Half man, half goat divinities of the forest (Gr.)

—A. I. Green

THE LACONISMS OF HOWARD BLAKE

SURREALISM—If all the Surrealist paintings were laid end to end what difference would it make? An art critic can always play safe by saying that the work of one Surrealist *ranks* with the best of them.

★ ★ ★

LEARNING—A learned person is usually one who has read everything and thought of nothing—a walking encyclopedia with no place to go.

★ ★ ★

PATIENCE—To say, "I am waiting patiently" only reveals your impatience.

★ ★ ★

HEAVEN AND HELL—Satan phoned God. "Hell is full of strutting braggarts who think their sins were important. It's beginning to bore me."

God said, "Heaven is stuffy with the cant of the righteous. It's beginning to stifle Me."

So they swapped jobs for a change.

★ ★ ★

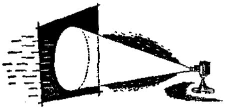
OPTIMISM—Pollyannas beware! Lunatic asylums are bulging with optimists

★ ★ ★

PROGRESS—When you're just getting used to something and somebody invents something better that you won't have time to get used to before somebody invents something better—that's Progress.

MULTUM IN PARVO

TOMORROW'S LIBRARY MAY INCLUDE EVERY KNOWN WORK AND STILL NOT CONTAIN A SINGLE BOOK



OUT in California, at San Marino's Huntington Library, men with an eye to the future are paying their respects to a little strip of film that's soon going to be worth its weight in platinum. It's not an action shot of Shirley Temple, or even a Greta Garbo close-up. Indeed, it was made before the motion picture was invented. It came from the camera of P. R. P. Dagron sixty-seven years ago, and it's the world's first example of micro-photography—the Gutenberg Bible of microfilm.

By Dagron's method of photographing pages in miniature on camera film, you can accomplish miracles of compression, and satisfy the modern demand for the compact—slip the whole of *Encyclopedia Britannica* into a two-pound candy box, for example, or carry *Gone with the Wind* in your vest pocket. You can reduce a great library to the space now occupied by its own card catalogue. You can ship a bulky newspaper by strapping it to the leg of a carrier pigeon. In fact, that was just what Dagron did, back in the days of the Franco-Prussian War. He wasn't just experimenting, though; he was trying to break a Prussian blockade. And thereby hangs the tale.

Paris in 1870 was in despair. Bismarck's goose-steppers had surrounded the city, and bottled it up so effectively that not even a rumor could get through. Meat markets sold rats to hungry Parisians, and profiteers boosted the asking price to $7.20 a dozen. Two great hungers clutched the city—a hunger for food and a hunger for news. Food it could not get, and the only news was brought by an occasional pigeon bearing a few words of military information.

Late in the fall of 1870, though, a pigeon arrived with a very different burden—a little sheet of film. Military authorities, unable to read it, called in scientists, who told them to project light through it upon a screen. Thus the filmed messages were deciphered—reams and reams of them. For the strip of film contained some 1,225 times as much as could have been crowded upon a similar piece of paper, as you can see by examining it at the Huntington Library.

Spies are still using Dagron's war-time technique to get bulky information across sealed frontiers. But librarians are also using it, as well as record-swamped business firms, cramped apartment house dwellers, impecunious scholars, and historians looking on in horror as the most precious records of a bygone age turn yellow and then crumble to dust before their eyes. For by cutting weight, bulk, and cost, by reducing the hazard of fire and flood, and by increasing durability, the process of recording text on film is fast becoming a cure-all for the ills which afflict our modern "age of printed paper."

Dagron actually invented nothing. He used ordinary film and an ordinary camera, slower and less convenient than the high speed cameras we use today, but the same in principle. The modern microcamera captures any kind of surface—book or magazine page, manuscript, business record, musical score or oil painting—and records it on a single frame of moving picture film, usually 1 inch by 1¾ inches. The film, taking up as little as 1/576th as much space, weighing perhaps 1/200th as much, and costing little, becomes a convenient equivalent of the original.

To read a microfilmed page, you view an enlarged image of it thrown like a lantern slide upon a wall screen. Better yet, you project colored light through the film onto the back of a ground-glass screen mounted on the front of the machine, thus making it possible to read with ease in an undarkened room. A typical projector is about as large as a standard typewriter, but weighs less and costs no more. Seated in front of it, you push a button to turn a page, or wind a crank to skim past many pages in a hurry.

Libraries, first to recognize the uses of text on film, sent cameras abroad to plunder Europe of its treasures. Expeditions financed by Yale, the Library of Congress, and the Rockefeller Foundation brought back from European archives microfilms of hosts of rare items which scholars had previously traveled thousands of miles to consult. Outstanding example is the equipment set up at the 1937 Paris Exposition by M. Lewellyn Raney, chief of libraries of the University of Chicago. Into a high speed camera designed by Dr. R. H. Draeger of the Army Medical Board, Raney fed page after page of rare French newspapers—many of them dating from before the Revolution. The shutter snapped, the film rolled through a developing solution and a fixing bath, and came out ready for projection or for producing duplicate positives. Ninety pages a minute rolled out as automatically as if from a Ford assembly line.

One American firm with agents abroad offers to film on order any book or manuscript in any of Europe's major libraries at a cost of about three cents a page. It has also begun the mammoth task of microcopying all books published in English prior to 1550. These 4,000 volumes are today available at no one spot on the globe; by 1939 twenty American libraries will have them all. The whole film costs less than a single one of the original books. Next step will be to film all English books prior to 1640—some two million pages in all. Then, leaping to America, the camera will pick up our earliest publications. Eventually the camera may catch up with the printing press—on film so compact that something like a billion pages can be packed in a room twelve feet square and twelve feet high.

Libraries have also turned to the camera to preserve the materials they already have. Their newspapers especially are on the verge of crumbling away. The average life of modern newsprint is about forty years; and even when interleafed, varnished, and stored in air-conditioned vaults, a newspaper is not likely to last more than a century. In the nick of time, yellowing files are being microcopied.

With one eye on posterity and the other on the high cost of storage space, newspapers themselves are now bringing out microcopies as a regular service. You can subscribe to any of forty newspapers on film more cheaply than you can buy them on paper and bind them. And they'll last much longer. Tests by the U. S. Bureau of Standards rate good quality cellulose acetate film as more durable than the finest rag paper—with a life expectancy of about a thousand years. If you want more direct evidence, look at the strip of Dagron film in the Huntington Library. It's still as good as new, and if it begins to molder, a duplicate can easily be made.

Business men, plagued by towering files of musty records, have also called in the camera. A Rochester firm has devised an office model microcamera with which a file clerk can copy some 10,000 documents a day. Banks, department stores, and public utilities use it to film correspondence and monthly statements. Storage space is reduced by some ninety-eight per cent; fire hazard is lessened; copying errors are eliminated.

The Bank of England has deposited microcopies of all its records in a bomb-proof vault for protection in case of war. The U. S. Census Bureau, remembering the fire which destroyed its 1890 files, and preparing for the enormous demands which the Social Security Board will make when checking the ages of pensioners, is microcopying all its remaining data. Best of all, the camera is cleaning out those Augean stables, the city and county courthouses, where squinting lawyers must burrow to tract titles, mortgages, and tax receipts.

To get some notion of the economies that microfilm makes possible, consider the problem of preserving the 300,000 pages of typed AAA and NRA records. If published in a 1,000-volume set, they would hardly be best-sellers; as a matter of fact the market for them was limited to just ten subscribers. To print them, therefore, was out of the question; it would cost more than $500,000. Just to retype them with a few carbon copies would cost $30,000—more on bond paper. They were microfilmed at a cost of $455, plus $368.50 each for additional copies!

Meanwhile, experiments are further widening the scope of microfilm. At Brown University and elsewhere musical scores are microfilmed, then projected on a large screen for students to follow as the music is played. If every symphony and opera hall were thus equipped, those pestilential nuisances, the score followers, could pursue their hobby without a rattling of pages or a flickering of pocket flashlights. Again, a simple device in front of each musician could project his part from a continuous roll, with no pages to turn or to fall on the floor, and with the speed of the music regulated from the conductor's podium by a foot lever. A simpler model, timed with a metronome, has been adapted to fit the music stand of your piano. You can store in your piano seat more filmed music than you could play in the rest of your life. Some of it, if you wish, can be copied from the composer's original manuscripts.

Brown University has also microcopied all campus paintings for ready reference. That's just a beginning. Soon some bright young man is going to photograph a thousand of the world's great paintings in full color, seal the film into an attractive cabinet not unlike a portable radio, and thus provide your living room with a comprehensive library of art masterpieces. Two or three of these gadgets, built into the walls of your home, would offer a picture for every mood. If you tired of Giotto, you could turn to Picasso or Bracque, or, when your less austere friends called, to the latest Campbell cartoon. The projection devices and color film have not yet reached the point where they give completely faithful reproduction; but progress is so rapid that next year's models may meet the criticism of a connoisseur.

Thus far microfilm has been used chiefly in the reproduction of old materials. But it is also useful for the publication of new books in small editions. A few new titles were published on film late in 1937, as well as a notable re-issue in full color of Audubon's *Birds of America*. Conservative opinion holds that film will be used only on editions of less than 1,000, where printing is uneconomical. But a little imagination will conjure up a picture of the possible bookstore of the future—stocked with one copy only of each title and equipped with a simple device that would turn out duplicate positives as needed. Scientists already have such an institution available. They send typed copies of unpublished works to Science Service in Washington, D. C., where a negative is made. No investment in printing costs or unsalable copies is necessary, yet anyone at any time can order an inexpensive positive.

Of course microcopies of typescript

are neither as legible nor as attractive as those made from a printed page. But the typewriter people are at work on that. They are manufacturing improved type faces, machines that can change quickly from old style to italics and bold face, machines that end each line with an even right margin—and paper that can be stretched so that each line comes out the right length.

One advantage of books on film is that they never go "out of print." A publisher need neither risk a loss by printing too many nor face an empty stockroom by printing too few; he can manufacture copies as they are ordered. The Oxford University Press goes even further. It now offers microcopies of any out-of-print book it has published during its 460 years in business. As this service is adopted by other publishers, it will notably affect the cost of rare editions. Bibliophiles will no doubt continue to buy first editions, but libraries and scholars need no longer stretch their scanty budgets to compete with millionaires. Film copies will serve.

A few difficulties remain to be overcome, chiefly problems of standardization. Should 16 mm. film be used, or 35, or even 70? Should one page be photographed on one frame, or should two, and should pages be placed horizontally along the strip, or vertically across it?

Reading devices are already good; but they're getting better so rapidly that prospective purchasers tend to wait for next year's models. And there's the old vicious circle: nobody wants to buy a reading device until there's plenty of film to read, while on the other hand nobody wants to produce film till there are enough reading devices in use. The libraries are ironing out that last wrinkle, though. Many of them, including the Library of Congress and the New York Public Library, offer microcopies of any out-of-copyright material in their stacks at a penny or two a page.

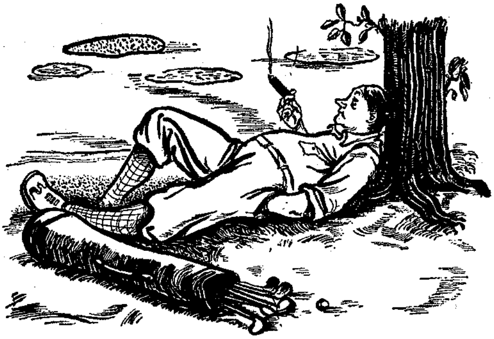
Copyright is the worst of microfilm's headaches right now. A temporary "gentleman's agreement" between libraries and publishers permits the making of single copies of copyrighted material not for profit, provided that the copy is not made "in lieu of purchase." The individual who buys the microcopy, however, infringes the copyright if he makes additional prints. When you recall that any minicamera equipped with a portrait lens can make microcopies, you can understand why publishers look a bit worried when microfilm is mentioned.

Filmophiles have not yet begun collecting "rare first microfilms." Soon though, you'll be wanting to pick up yourself that precious 1937 issue of the *Origin of Species*, or you'll hear about the fellow in a second-hand film stall who came upon an original Dagron print—"just like the one in the Huntington Library."

—EDW. BRECHER & PHILIP DUNAWAY

PAPA'S NO SARAZEN

THREE EPISODES BY OTTO S. MAYER

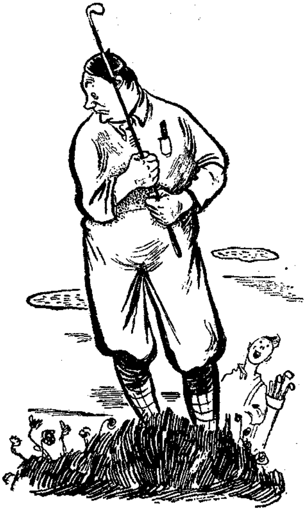


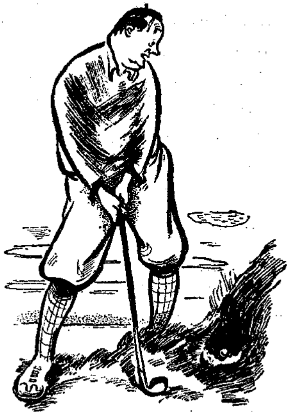
FIRST LESSON

Place the ball on the little red tee,
  Tommy
Papa will teach you golf.
Number 1 shot is called The Drive.
You strike the ball with the driver.
The objective is Number 1 Hole.
There is a hole there.
Take Papa's word for it.
You want to go and look before you
  drive!
Very well. Papa will smoke a cigar.

NOT AN ATHLETE

Papa is telling the caddy to throw his
ball out of the trap.
Papa does not play out of traps.
Papa is telling his caddy to throw his
ball out of the rough.
Papa does not play out of the rough.
Papa makes no pretext of being an
athlete.





NIBLICK SHOT

Papa strikes with his niblick.
His ball rests in a small hole.
He strikes for several minutes with his
niblick.
Then he ceases to strike.
It is not expected that he strike forever!

SEEING THROUGH TIME

HUMANS MIGHT ERR, BUT THE HYPNOTIC MAGIC OF THE PYTHON WAS INFALLIBLE

I HAVE seen Tuadekili, the famous pythoness of Northern Zululand, accomplish the unbelievable. But the manifestation of her powers which perhaps struck me more deeply, was that of the "yellow smoke box."

Not because it was spectacular. Quite the contrary. But just because it was such a matter-of-fact occurrence, and because it was carried out with such utter simplicity and ease, and, especially, because it dealt with me—my actions, my thoughts—it left a very strong impression on my mind.

This took place immediately after my return to the mountains of Zululand on my second expedition there.

I had put up my camp near the *kraal* of the pythoness and was awaiting the expected arrival of the Chief Xipooso, an old friend.

Late one afternoon a chorus of shouts and salutations from a distance announced that the Chief was approaching. Very happy to see again my old friend, I rushed out of the tent.

"*Ohe, ja baaba!*" Xipooso called, hurrying toward me.

"*Ohe, Xipooso!*"

"*Ohe! Ohe!*" happily repeated his escorts, and the *kraal* rang with their melodious laughter.

When the normal exchange of complicated compliments was finished, Xipooso accompanied me to my tent. Presently three Zulu boys came to my tent to report. A few days before I had missed my cigarette case and I was extremely annoyed, for it was a magnificent gold one, a souvenir of a dear person, and for years and years I had always carried it with me. On the day of its disappearance we had made rather a long trip in our truck and I remembered having had a smoke when we stopped for lunch. I had at the first opportunity sent these three boys back over our trail to search for the missing case and they had just returned, tired from the long and quick march and disappointed to have been unable to find the "yellow smoke box."

Xipooso, hearing the story and remembering how I had treasured that cigarette case, was grieved that I had lost it in his country, and felt a personal responsibility.

"Come to see the pythoness," he urged me. "She will tell you where it is."

Why not? I never had had the opportunity to experiment with the powers of divination of the pythoness for any of my personal affairs, and this seemed a good opportunity.

We went at once to Tuadekili's hut and entered into a semi-obscurity in which my eyes, still dazed from the brightness of the sun outside, could see very little. The pythoness sat on the ground, and silently waited for us to explain the reason for our visit, which I at once did.

Instead of answering me, she began to address a sort of musical chant toward a corner of the hut.

Then I had quite a nasty shock. Before my eyes, accustomed now to the half-light, appeared the ugly head of an enormous python raising itself slowly from a sort of nest and waving back and forth in rhythm with the chant of Tuadekili. Up, up, slowly the huge body of the snake rose, until it stopped rigid, the small, malignant eyes looking at me fixedly.

By instinct, I made a movement to get up and go away from there, but the hand of Xipooso stopped me while he whispered authoritatively, "Do not talk. Do not move."

I shot a glance at the pythoness. She, too, was rigid, and appeared to be entranced. The two brilliant strips of her Mongolian eyes glinted as she stared at the python, which was still looking at me with such force that my eyes were at once recalled to it, and I gazed fascinated, half-hypnotized.

I began to feel invaded by a sort of stupid and uncomfortable drowsiness, when the voice of the pythoness abruptly roused me—a low, metallic voiced seeming to come from far away, from the past, and which pricked my brain like a pin.

"I see you, *baaba*. You are sitting down on a fallen tree . . . While your companions eat you open the yellow smoke box. . . . You smoke. . . . You put the box in your pocket."

A pause. The eyes of the python held me, deeper, more penetrating and malignant.

"I see you, oh father. You get up. You walk toward where the sun rises. You look for something. . . . You make six times ten steps, then again four. You find what you want. Where three trees are just in the same line. With your knife you cut a branch. You sit down on a stone to clean the branch and make a staff. . . . The box falls down, slips under the stone, which seems the huge head of a snake. . . ."

I could hear the pythoness panting under a terrible strain, but I couldn't look at her, so attracted were my eyes to the snake's.

"Then you get up. . . . You go back where your friends are and the big wagon which goes without oxen. I have said."

A dull noise sounded in my ears. With an effort I jerked my eyes away and turned my head. The pythoness had fallen over and lay on the ground unconscious.

Quickly I looked back where the python had been, but he had disappeared into his nest. I was free at last from his terrible gaze, but my head felt heavy and painful. I tried to go to the aid of the pythoness, but once more Xipooso intervened. He took my hand and pulled me out into the open.

"The pythoness has spoken," he said. "Tomorrow at dawn you, *baaba*, and I, we will leave together."

★ ★ ★

On the following morning, after several hours of march, Xipooso and I reached the hill where some days before I had stopped for lunch.

"Toward where the sun rises. Six times ten steps then four again."

I walked exactly sixty-four steps east.

"Three trees on the same line."

There they were, right enough, and there on the ground lay the shavings I had left when I cleaned the stick. And there was the stone on which I had sat.

"It seems a huge head of a snake."

It took a good lot of imagination, but altogether the big rock did resemble the head of a snake. Full of interest and excitement in the expectation of finding that dear souvenir, but frankly much more anxious to see the words of Tuadekili realized, I began to search all around the stone. Every scepticism had disappeared. I was perfectly sure every minute to catch a gleam of gold in the grass.

But I made a complete inspection of the rock without seeing anything.

Acutely disappointed I looked at Xipooso with face easy to imagine. But he was not in the least disturbed.

"Everybody can make a mistake," he said imperturbably, "but not the python, infallible counselor, when he speaks to Tuadekili."

And he nodded to me to help him.

With our combined strength we gave a mighty push and succeeded in turning the stone over. Beneath it was a hole about a foot deep, excavated probably by some little animal, and in the bottom my cigarette case was shining amidst a crawling heap of ants desperately trying to find some access to the tobacco they had smelled. —COMDR. ATTILIO GATTI

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGES 41-42

1. Venus. 2. Jason. 3. Apollo. 4. Hercules. 5. Mars. 6. Harpy. 7. Zeus. 8. Valhalla. 9. Cupid. 10. Achilles. 11. Pan. 12. Cerberus. 13. Loki. 14. Hygeia. 15. Mercury. 16. Charon. 17. Minerva. 18. Atlas. 19. Pluto. 20. Thalia. 21. Ceres. 22. Terpsichore. 23. Neptune. 24. Ra. 25. Bacchus. 26. Osiris. 27. Diana. 28. Medusa. 29. Morpheus. 30. Hydra. 31. Vulcan. 32. Pegasus. 33. Isis. 34. Circe. 35. Thor. 36. Sphinx. 37. Siva. 38. Iris. 39. Saturn. 40. Narcissus. 41. Oracle. 42. Mt. Olympus. 43. Hebe. 44. Janus. 45. Brahma. 46. Psyche. 47. Vesta. 48. Asclepius. 49. Hymen. 50. Satyrs.

THE AUGERINO OIL COMPANY

IT WAS A SWELL PLAN FOR GETTING RICH QUICK UNTIL IT BACKFIRED

IT ALL started back when that geologist fellow with the bum lung came down from the mountains to the Ajo Valley to get his health back. He was a decent enough fellow—what there was of him—and he paid his board right on the dot, but he was always trying to find out things, and poking his nose into all kinds of things that are better left alone.

It would have been all right even so, if he hadn't got interested in the augerinos that were digging up the valley. Today, there ain't any more augerinos, but there also ain't no more Ajo Valley. Seems like it couldn't have happened, but it did, and all because of that there geologist with the bum lung.

About the third day he was here, we got to talking about the troubles we was having keeping our irrigation water from all running out through the augerino holes. He up and wanted to know what an augerino was, and what it looked like, and why there wasn't any augerinos up in the mountains where he hailed from, and a lot of more whys and howcomes. The little runt wasn't satisfied until I explained about them being unknown outside the Ajo Valley, and being built like corkscrews, only as big around as a truck tire and four feet across the loops, and about them always going in a straight line, and how they dug through solid rock as easy as they dug through dirt.

He seemed kind of interested in all the stuff I told him about the augerinos, and went off by himself and walked up and down the rest of the day. I could see that he didn't believe half of it, but strangers generally laughed at us, and when we wrote to Washington to have our Congressman send us an expert to kill off the augerinos, they sent two revenue agents and some books on the cure of delirious trimmings.

A couple of days later, he wanted me to show him some augerino holes, so I took him out to the back pasture, where there was holes aplenty. He looked them over careful, and dug into one with his pick. Inside he found some stuff like china, which he called silicum. Every day after that he forgot his bum lung, and rode all over the valley on a horse he borrowed from me. He took out a telescope on a stand and said he was making a map of the holes to find out where the augerinos was at.

About six weeks later, he came in early and all excited. He said he had found out where an augerino was at, and figgered to catch it. We all laughed at him—he must have been plumb crazy, we thought then—but he was a persistent cuss. We told him as how an augerino could drill through anything, and also as how its bite was sure death to any critter, particular to undersized geologists with bum lungs, but he was a spunky cuss, and said he had a real trap for them, and also he figgered not to get bit.

A couple of days later, he wanted to hire a gang to dig a hole across where the augerino he had found was due to arrive at in a few days. He had it all figgered out that they moved about fifty yards a day, and as they moved in a straight line, turning aside for nothing at all, he could sight along the back trail and line up where they was going to be long before they got there.

We figgered to humor him, as he was paying the gang good wages for digging the hole, so we all pitched in and dug a trench about fifty feet long and ten feet deep across where he said to.

Next, he wanted a concrete wall built in the trench, so we got in a load of lumber and built the forms. While we was doing this, he took a couple of the boys up to the old sawmill, and fooled around there aplenty with a big cut-off saw and some shafting. Pretty soon we had the concrete poured and took off the forms. Then he brung us a big bearing out of the sawmill, and made some marks on the wall where we was to put it. We put in the bearing like he said, and then we laughed, because that was plumb center on the place where the augerino was due to hit the wall in a couple of days.

Pretty soon he goes up to the copper mines, and borrows the big timber truck. He takes a gang in it up to the old sawmill and loads on the cut-off saw and a lot of shafting, then he hauls the whole business to the wall and unloads it. He has us put the short end of the shaft into the bearing we had set for him, and leaves the long end pointing head on to where the augerino was at. We waits. We thought it was going to be funny.

Next day, the sand at the end of the shaft begins to slip and heave. That was the augerino coming up. By nighttime, the big saw begins to turn, kinda slow at first, then kinda fast. We gets the idea now—the augerino gets his head against the saw, and can't grind through it, because the saw turns. We figgered he was planning to use the augerino for power, but we figgered wrong, for he has us start digging away the dirt from around the augerino.

In a few days, it was high and dry, wrapped clear around the shaft for pretty near fifty feet, and it couldn't do very much, because it couldn't back up and couldn't go frontwise either. Inside of a week, the augerino was too weak from not eating to do anything at all unless it was bothered.

We asked the geologist fellow exactly what he was going to do with the augerino now that he had it caught, and he didn't seem to exactly know.

He packed a rifle out to it one day, but the bullets all ricocheted off of its hide like it was made of steel, so the next day he packs out a cutting torch from the welding shop, but that didn't have no effect on it either. He sends a telegram to someplace, and a truckload of big tanks comes in. We wonders what next, and he shows us. He figgers that if the augerino won't melt, it can be friz to death, then broken up while it is cold, like you take chips out of an axe on a cold day. We asks him how he figgers to freeze it, owing to it's summer and there is no snow, and he sorta smiles and unhooks a hose on the truckload of tanks.

We watches him point the hose at the augerino, then he turns a handle at the end of the hose, and steam comes out. That wasn't just right, because I felt of the tanks, and they was not hot, but it was steam just the same. Pretty soon, the augerino stops wiggling, and he gets a spike maul from the section boss and starts hammering at the augerino. All of a sudden, its head drops off, then he squirts more steam on it, and breaks off another piece. By nighttime, the augerino was all busted up in little pieces, and we loads it on a truck and hauls it to my barn.

For a couple of weeks, the geologist works on the pieces of the augerino, and finds out plenty. He writes a long article about *Augerino ajoensis* N. G., N. Sp. I figgered those letters meant something about no good, but he corrects me and says they means new genius or something. About six weeks later, the article comes out in a science magazine with his name on it, and a lot of pictures.

As soon as he gets through taking the augerino apart, he tells me to get a crew together and catch another with the same kind of trap we used before. We all figgers he has went plumb crazy, but he just smiles in his funny way and tells us to go ahead, he is paying the bills. We goes ahead.

Come winter, we has several augerinos located and pretty near ready to catch. He asks me one morning if I have any money, and I tells him I can give him the loan of a couple of dollars for a few days if he needs it bad.

He tells me he ain't looking for a loan, but I got a chance to make plenty on a little if I have a mind to. It seems he has found out how the augerinos work, and figgered how to make them dig straight down for oil, instead of straight along. Inside their head, he tells me, is a little gland, which they keep a pebble in. As they turns around, the pebble runs in a track with a funny shape, as long as they sets level. He calls the shape of the track by a six-bit name—a discombobuloid of hyperbolation—I think that's it, anyhow. He has figgered out if you take out the pebble and put in a steel ball-bearing, then drive a magnet into the thing's head, the steel ball will only run inside the discombobuloid of hyperbolation when the augerino is standing on its nose. Then it will drill straight down, and because it lines its hole with silicum, there won't need to be any casing.

Well, that sounds pretty good to me, so we forms a company and prints up a lot of stock, which everybody in the valley buys. Then we catches a augerino in one of the traps, and the geologist freezes it solid. He gets a lot of steel balls out of the ballrace of the bearings on the old sawmill, and takes the magnets out of an old magneto. The vet and he drills a hole into the augerino's head, and does a lot of things to it that we don't understand exactly. Then we hauls it out to the center of the valley and stands it on its nose wrapped around a telegraph pole so it won't fall over.

In a couple of days, it thaws out, and begins to bore into the ground, just like he figgered it would. Then we starts to figger. If a augerino goes fifty yards a day, it would take it some time to get to oil, which the book from Washington says is two miles down. It being March the eighth when the augerino starts to drill, we figgers that sometime about sundown on May the sixteenth we should strike oil. May the sixteenth goes by, and the well don't spout, and on the seventeenth, it does the same. Likewise on the eighteenth, but on the nineteenth, it makes a funny noise, and come noon, the noise is plenty loud. We all gets close up to see what is going to happen, and come evening, the tail of the augerino comes in sight. He plops out on the ground, uncoils out straight, and dies, with his shell all wore off. There is another noise, and the well starts to spout out oil.

We digs out a dike, and the oil runs into a ditch we had ready for it, then into a reservoir the geologist had us make. Pretty soon, we will start shipping and then everybody will be a millionaire! The well keeps on spouting, and a steady line of trucks takes the crude oil to the train, where we had a siding ready for the tank cars. We figgers out that the well was going to pay about $1,000 a day, which is only a million dollars in three years, and because we has stock, that ain't much for each of us.

The stockholders all gets together and has a meeting and decides that one well ain't enough. Why not a whole lot of wells, each paying $1,000 a day? We all votes yes on that, and builds traps for the augerinos just as fast as we can locate them. Then we starts new wells, and for a couple of years, we gets money so fast we don't know how to spend it.

One day, one of the engineers tells us that they can't find any more augerinos anywhere. They has all been caught and sent down to get oil. That was bad news, as a augerino gets killed by having his skin wore off when he strikes oil and is pushed out of his hole backward by the gas pressure, so if all the augerinos is killed off, we can't get any more wells drilled that way. Well, if we can't get any more wells, we figgers at least the ones we have will pay pretty good.

The wells keeps on paying us about a million dollars a year to each stockholder for more than five years. Then, one day, one of the wells starts giving gasoline instead of crude oil. We gets excited, because gasoline is worth more than crude oil. It sells pretty good, what we don't use ourselves, for a while, but the well starts giving out hot gas pretty soon, then goes dry.

About this time, the geologist fellow says his bum lung is all right again, and he wants to go back to the mountains where he came from. He says he will sell out all his stock for a million dollars cash, so we buys him out, thinking he is a fool to sell so cheap. He goes away, and we never sees him again, or hears tell of him.

Some time later, another well gives hot gas, and dries up. We gets high priced experts from all over the world to try and find out what is wrong, but they gives us big bills and no information.

Inside of a year, half our wells is dry, and more is going dry every week.

Then one day the ground begins to get hot, and by the end of the day, we was having earthquakes—first just little ones, but pretty soon real bad ones, that broke up the irrigation gates and knocked over the telegraph poles.

They got worse all night, and next morning, when we looked across the valley, it was full of cracks. By noontime, the cracks was spouting hot steam, and in one place it looked like hot tar was coming out. We figgered it was time to get out, but there was no road any more, so we hikes to the valley wall and climbs up on the mountains. There we watches the cracks spout hot lava and gradually the valley fills up. Two days later, there was no sign of the valley left—the lava had buried everything, and spilled out into Mexico on the south side.

We figgers that the augerinos which didn't strike oil had drilled clear down to hot stuff, which some book says is twenty miles down, and the lava had run up the holes and out into the valley. We all went to the bank in Tucson and split up what was left of the oil money, and it was not much. My share was only $15,000, and I put that into a rich mine that didn't pan out. Well, that's all there is to the Augerino Oil Company. Now, they ain't no more augerinos, and they ain't no more oil, and they ain't no more Ajo Valley. Say, you ain't got a extra cigarette, have you?

—Ronald L. Ives

AUTOBIOGRAPHIES IN PAINT

THE ONE SUBJECT THAT A PORTRAIT ARTIST IS LEAST LIKELY TO FLATTER IS HIMSELF

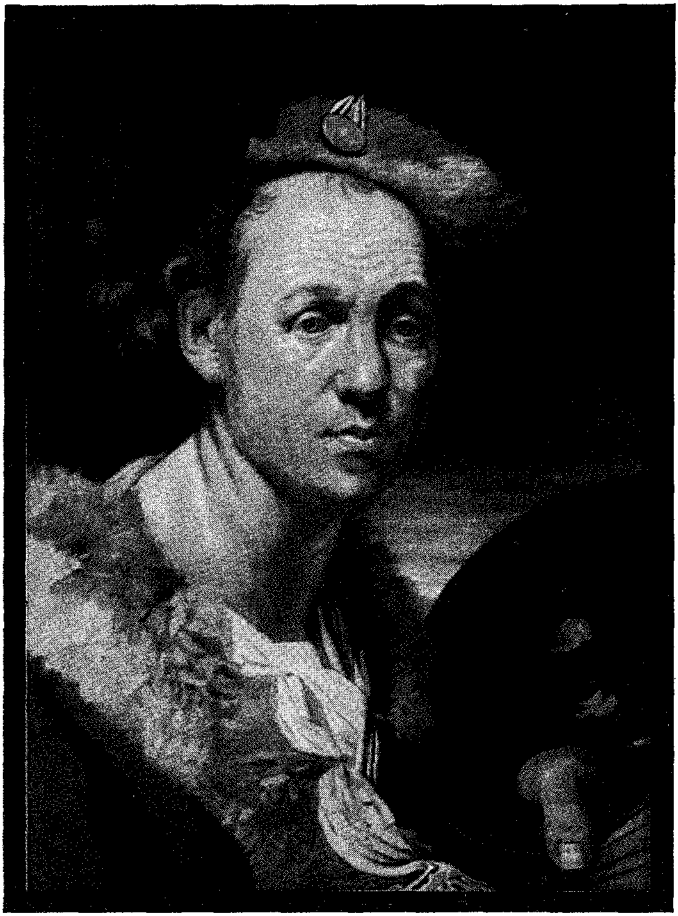
ALMOST every artist, great and small, has painted at least one self-portrait. Many are obliged to do so, in the early part of their careers, because they cannot afford models. But even after attaining wealth, artists continue to study themselves on canvas. The result is a great reservoir of self-portraiture, considered at once art's most revealing expression and its most honest. For the fact is that in self-portraiture artists usually produce their most sincere and unaffected work. Painting to please no one but himself, he need not cater to patrons' conceit, being given instead complete freedom of expression. And to a great extent the same frankness marks portraits of artists by other painters.

The man who painted himself most extensively was Rembrandt van Rijn, who holds the record with sixty-four known self-studies. The famous Dutch master pictured himself in a wide variety of moods and poses, ranging from *Rembrandt with Open Mouth* to *Rembrandt as a Polish Cavalier*. Not far behind is Sir Joshua Reynolds, with forty-five. It is easy to accuse both artists of Narcissism, but at the same time their vanity has both personalized their work and given it intimacy. If we understand Rembrandt and Reynolds better today, it may easily be because we have a clear conception of how they looked and dressed, and especially of how they saw themselves.

Most self-portraits are painted from a mirror, at three-quarter view. Few are drawn from imagination. As a result, the left hand is frequently indistinct. This is because it is difficult to paint the hand holding the brush and, although most artists are right-handed, the view is reversed in a mirrored reflection.

This year, interest in self-portraiture was manifest by the publication of the first book on the subject, *Five Hundred Self-Portraits*, and by an exhibition at the Frazier Galleries in New York. The pictures reproduced on the following pages, with the exception of those on pages sixty and sixty-one, were shown at this exhibition.

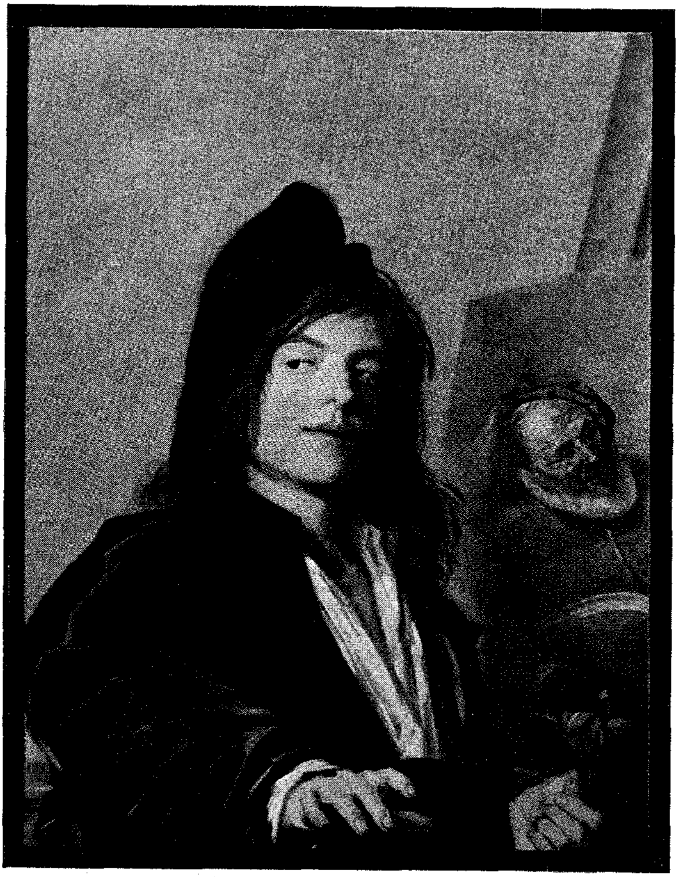
The *Portrait of Himself* by Antonella da Messina, reproduced on the cover of this issue, is another interesting self-portrait. —KERMIT KAHN



KLEINBERGER GALLERIES, NEW YORK

ARTISTS AS THEY SEE THEMSELVES

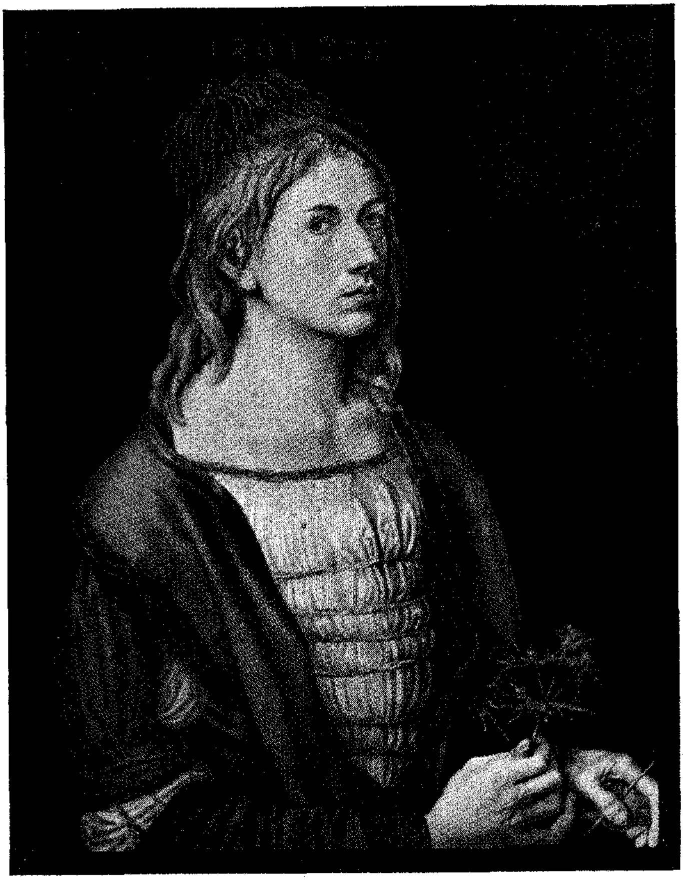
A remarkably consistent intensity of expression links this group of eight self-portraits and portraits of artists by other painters. The rapt expression, almost as much as the palette, stamps this painting by an unknown 17th century Italian artist as a self-portrait.



THE LOUVRE, PARIS

PORTRAIT OF A PAINTER BY HALS

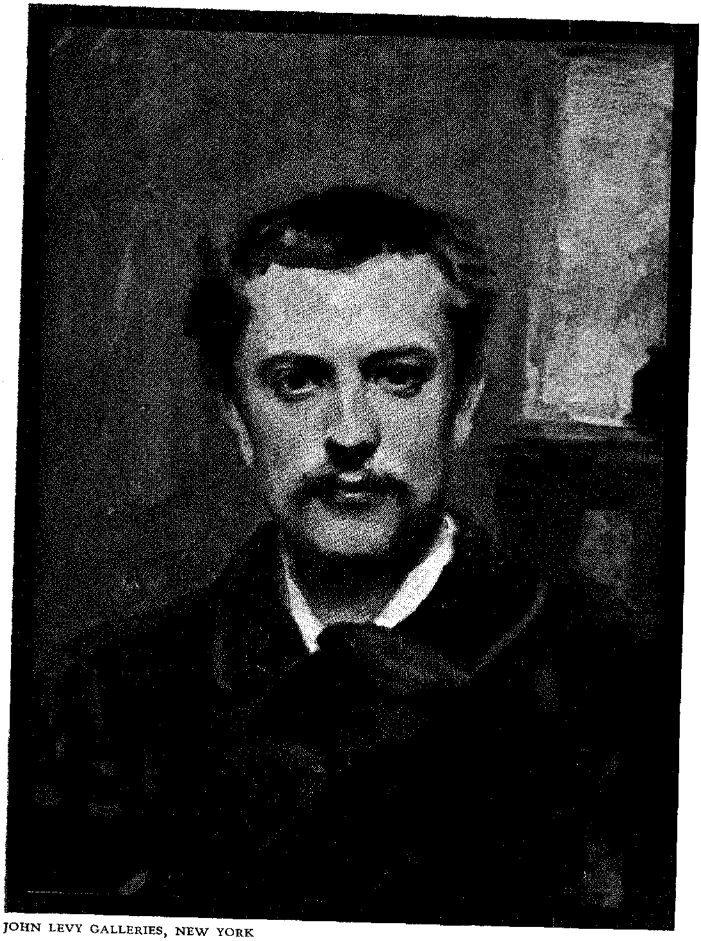
The theatrical flourish of Frans Hals (*c.*1580-1666) was admirably suited to convey all the verve and dash that could be associated with a young painter. Hals, the convivial Dutchman, was here only reflecting some of his own gusto that kept him in perpetual hot water.



THE LOUVRE, PARIS

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST BY DURER

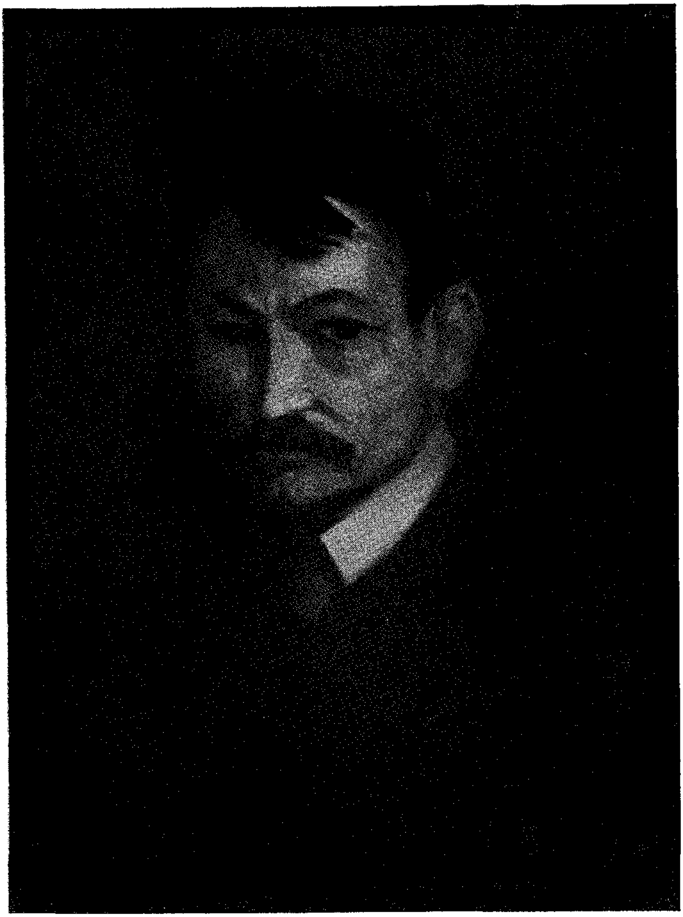
What Albrecht Dürer (1471-1528) saw in his own features we see here. The rugged yet sensitive face, delineated with characteristic forthrightness, is indeed a worthy autobiography. It is an index to a great art, charged with a power that was hardly to be equaled again.



JOHN LEVY GALLERIES, NEW YORK

HENRY LEFORT BY JOHN SINGER SARGENT

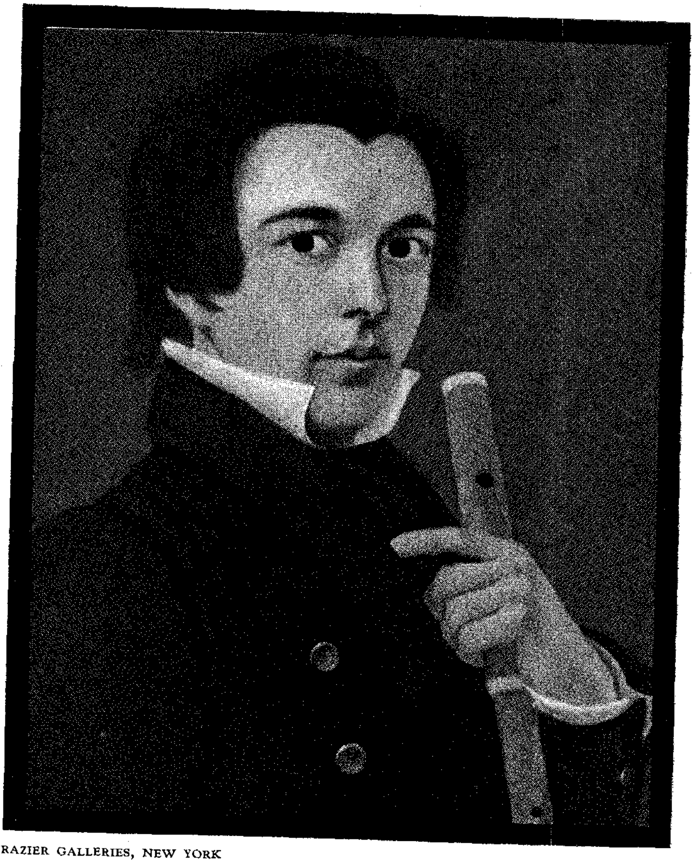
John Singer Sargent (1856-1925) painted this portrait of Henry Lefort, engraver of the Gilbert Stuart portrait of George Washington, when he was 26. Sargent is considered the great American portraitist, despite criticism that his skill was largely technical, little spiritual.



COLL. MISS VIOLET ORGAN

ROBERT HENRI BY GEORGE LUKS

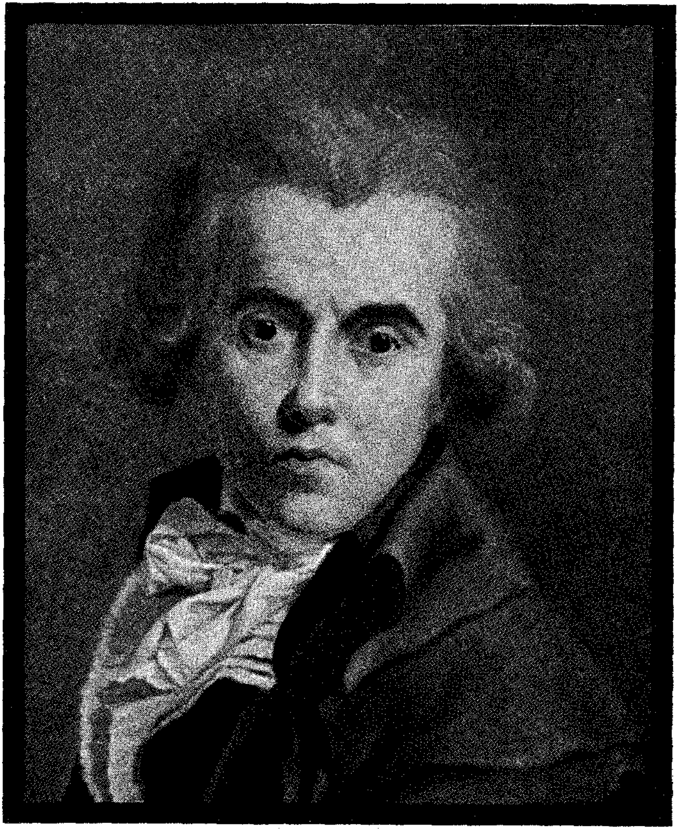
George Luks (1867-1933) painted this picture of Robert Henri, deep friend and fellow-artist, in return for one that Henri painted of him. Both men were spearheads of "The Eight," the group of radical painters whose realism first caused an uproar in the art world of 1910.



FRAZIER GALLERIES, NEW YORK

SELF-PORTRAIT: WILLIAM SIDNEY MOUNT

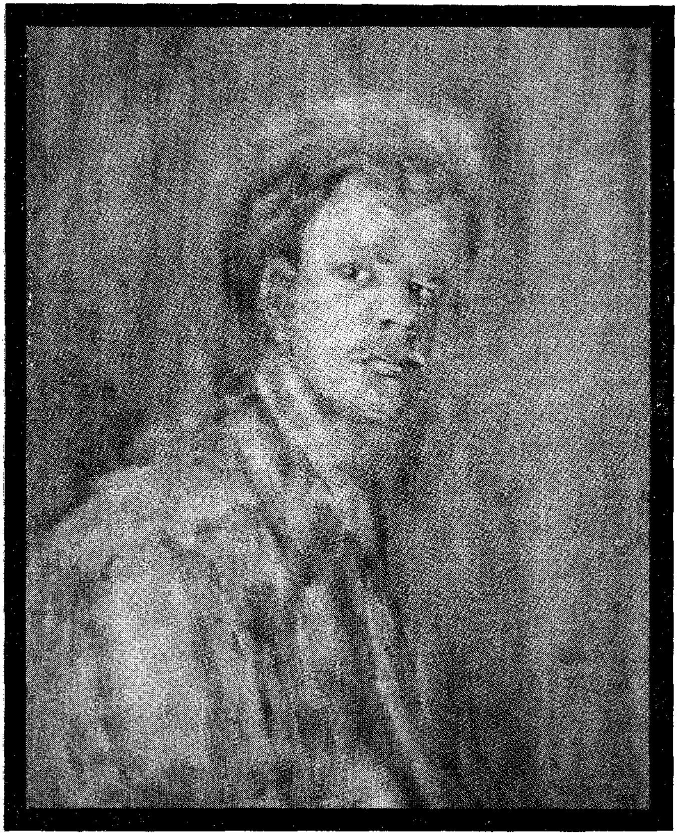
This self-portrait of William Sidney Mount (1807-1868) is the artist's first portrait, painted in his early twenties. Mount was the first American genre painter of note, specializing in the Long Island scene. Many of his paintings have been widely circulated as lithographs.



PAUL REINHARDT GALLERIES, NEW YORK

SELF-PORTRAIT: JACQUES LOUIS DAVID

In this portrait of himself, Jacques Louis David (1748-1825) betrays all the self-arrogated imperiousness that marked his career as the undisputed autocrat of the French school. David was official painter to Napoleon, his great patron, whose exploits he glorified on canvas.



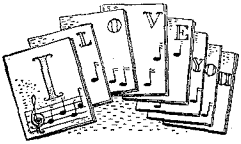
WALKER GALLERIES, NEW YORK

SELF-PORTRAIT: THEODORE CZEBOTAR

A new name in American art is 21-year-old Theodore Czebotar. This winter he held his first one-man show, causing considerable stir and giving much evidence of promise. Czebotar's favorite themes are those of the Middle West, which he paints with originality and exuberance.

TATTLE-TALE TITLES

HEREWITH, THE HEART OF TIN PAN ALLEY LAID BARE BEFORE YOUR STARTLED EYES



WITHOUT special permission of the copyright owners I have recently tabulated the titles of some three hundred pieces of popular sheet music with an eye to finding the word or words which occurred most frequently therein.

I thought this might be an interesting thing to do, and, come to think of it, it *did* turn out to be interesting in a mild sort of way. The surprising thing is that the word recurring the oftenest was one that I hadn't suspected; and, neither, it turns out, had the various people I've talked to after completing my research. In fact most of them hadn't suspected *anything*. That only goes to show how little curiosity most people have.

Of course my statistics may not be accurate, because I didn't examine the titles of all the popular songs that have been written. I haven't got *that* much time to kill. However, I think that three hundred—the number in my possession at present—presents a fair cross-section.

And now guess what word occurs most frequently in these titles. Aw, go ahead. I won't laugh if you're wrong. It fooled me too. In the first place you can throw out the definite and indefinite articles, "the," "a" and "an." As a matter-of-fact, none of them rate very high. And neither do prepositions and conjunctions like "to," "of," "for," "and," and "but," so you can also ignore them.

You been thinking it over? All right, you have—or you haven't. First of all, I'll tell you some of the words that *didn't* make the top grade. "Love," on which I would have bet my shirt, rated no better than third. "Moon" was way down in the list, and so was "June." "Kiss" finished hopelessly in the ruck.

In fact no noun or verb rated one-two. It was the pronouns that carried the day. And now I suppose you think you have the winner—"you." Wrong again. It was only second, although admittedly a good second. Well, it turns out that all these song-writers, supposedly enamored of their girls, love in the abstract, dear old mother, the moon, June, cotton in the South, and lazy rivers, are interested in none of these things so much as in themselves. "I" is the word that heads the list in your title parade (no sponsor as yet).

I find this rather disillusioning, because although everybody knows that from time immemorial bards have sung about their hopes, fears, woes, triumphs and ambitions, I had always taken it for granted that they devoted still more time and energy to discussing the world outside themselves. But the figures cannot lie. "I" plus its other grammatical forms such as "me," "my" and "mine" outscores "you" plus "your" and "yours" by the margin of one hundred and four to sixty-seven. In fact I was giving "you" a break when I called it a close second. At that, most surprisingly it more than doubles "love's" total, a measly thirty-two. "Love is sweeping the country" proclaims one of the best songs, but it isn't sweeping the song titles.

At any rate it seems indisputable that the Tin Pan Alley boys lead interesting and varied lives, judging from labels they attach to their brain-children. They get just about everywhere, and there are few things they don't do, few subjects in which they aren't interested. The autobiographical trend of their works makes it easy to deduce this.

First of all we can infer that you can never tell what a song-writer will do or what he wishes, "I'll Be Faithful" promises one, but "I'll Be Hard to Handle" warns another with commendable fairness. A third, apparently baffled at something that has transpired, admits: "I Guess I'll Have to Change My Plans." He who announces: "I'm in the Mood for Love" is obviously the answer to a maiden's prayer, but what are we going to say of the lout who proclaims flatly: "I Won't Dance"? And contrast the attitudes of the writers of "I Wanna Be Loved by You" and "Good-bye, Girls, I'm Through." Yes, even the musical profession, as well as the Foreign Legion, has its women-haters.

Astronomy, of course, is a major interest of the lyric-fashioners, as attest "I Wished on the Moon" and "I Saw Stars." These are simple enough processes, of course, but consider the keen joy of discovery that must have come to the bard who tells us: "I Found a New Sun." Undoubtedly he's got something there, but the man who gets the palm for ambition is the one who sings: "I'll Build You a Stairway to Paradise." It's a lucky girl who has a suitor like that. Whether the job will be done with WPA funds isn't specified.

A great many song-writers are in thrall to their lady loves. This country boasts a lot about its freedom, but some of its song-writers are in a state of coercion if not downright slavery. Witness: "I Can't Escape from You." I ask you: is that constitutional? And "I Only Have Eyes for You" comes pretty close to a breach of liberty. However there are compensations. One lucky songster is overjoyed, no doubt, to announce musically: "I've Got My Love to Keep Me Warm."

The anatomical wonder of wonders is, of course, the fellow who admits: "I've Got You under My Skin" although praise for daring and originality must go to the man who says: "I Wish I Were Twins" ("so I could love you twice as much as I do"). Very pretty thought. Something I can't help speculating on is whether the song-writer who tells us: "I Get a Kick out of You" is ever able to sit down comfortably. I hope so, because I like his songs, and it would be pretty tough to compose anything standing up.

The economic status of our lyricists has as much variety as their idiosyncrasies. It is undoubtedly safe to presume that the fellow who gloats: "I Found a Million Dollar Baby" is all set for life, but I think someone ought to caution the lyricist who admits: "I'm Putting All My Eggs in One Basket." That's dangerous policy these days. There's another fellow who is going to end up behind the eight ball if he doesn't snap out of it and get down to work. I refer to him who confesses: "I Dream Too Much." It is easy to see what that's bound to lead to: "Here It Is Monday, and I Haven't Got a Dollar."

How about the temperament and moods of the Tin Pan Alley fraternity? Here again it varies so much that any generalities would be impossible. One rather smugly declares: "I Still Suits Me" and another feels no ego in penning an effort entitled "Me, Myself and I," but we have to commend the modesty of the fellow who admits: "I Was Lucky."

The spare time life of song-writers is just about what you would expect. You simply can't tell what they're apt to be up to. One, with a reportorial or nautical turn of mind, announces: "I Cover the Waterfront." "I'm Goin' South" declares another gleefully. (A great many of them do, of course.) "I'se a-Muggin," announces still another bard, while a ranger (who possibly spends a good deal of his time in the vicinity of Broadway and Forty-fifth Street) proclaims: "I'm an Old Cow Hand."

As yet I know of no note-scribblers who taste tea, capture giant pandas, or grow geraniums in their off moments, but I hardly need say that I'm prepared for anything. "I'm an Old Tea Taster," in E flat, would sound pretty nice, I think.

Love, which crawled home third, still gets some rousing tributes. It has, admit the bards, versatility. "Love Is —Like a Cigarette," "—Like a Firefly," "—Love Anywhere," "—The Sweetest Thing." No, we shouldn't be too discouraged about love's failure to run up a better score. We can combine it with the two words that ranked ahead of it, "I" and "You." In fact we can take the three leading words in the order of their popularity, and get something colossal. I take extreme pleasure in announcing that the composite title of America's favorite songs is—exactly as it should be—"I Love You."

—Parke Cummings

MIGHTY MOHAWK

TERROR OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION WAS THE BLOOD-CURDLING NAME OF JOSEPH BRANT

Sweet and pacific is the tale of Hiawatha as related by Longfellow the poet, who founded his narrative on the old legend of the Iroquois: Hiawatha, who was a divine person, came down to live among the Iroquois, taught them many useful arts, originated their Confederacy of Nations, and then rose again to the heavens in his white spirit-canoe. However, these Iroquois who handed down so gentle a tale were the fiercest of all the Indian peoples in the eastern part of the American continent.

The Iroquois Confederacy, or The Five Nations, originally consisted of the Mohawks, the Oneidas, the Onondagas, the Cayugas and the Senecas. They became the Six Nations when they admitted the Tuscaroras to their Long House Council. Their homes were within the present state of New York, but often they went on the warpath against tribes who lived a considerable distance away. So successful were they in their raids and battles that they became the most feared of all the red peoples. The Algonquin Nations, from which the majority of tribes in North America stemmed, were their traditional enemies, and it is said that the sight of a Mohawk was often enough to make braves of other tribes tremble with uneasiness.

Early in the history of French exploration in America Samuel de Champlain sided with his Algonquin allies against a band of Iroquois. The Iroquois never forgot that the French had supported their enemies and were thereafter willing allies of the British in the wars against the French and the Canadians. When the American colonies were thrown into civil strife during the Revolutionary War the Iroquois, for the most part, remained British allies. The great Mohawk war-chief Joseph Brant, whose name chilled the blood of young and old alike during the American Revolution, was, of course, an Iroquois.

* * *

Frequently the Mohawks went on long hunting expeditions in territories where, by virtue of past victories, they claimed hunting privileges. On one of these expeditions, somewhere on the Ohio River, Joseph Brant or Thayendanegea—to give him his Indian name—was born in the year 1742. The tradition is that his father died when the boy was very young and the mother married another Mohawk, perhaps the chief known as "Nickus" Brant among the British; inasmuch as the brant is a kind of wild goose, the name might have been conferred on one who was a skilled hunter of this fowl. At any rate Thayendanegea was called by his stepfather's name and so became known as "Brant's Joseph," or Joseph Brant.

Circumstances brought young Thayendanegea to the attention of the British authorities. For his sister Mary, or "Molly," Brant, a vivacious and pretty Mohawk maiden, had caught the eye of Colonel William Johnson, the Superintendent of Indian Affairs who was then in charge of British interests in the Iroquois Nations and in numerous other tribes in the vicinity. When the Colonel's wife died he married Molly Brant, who later bore him several children. So it happened that Colonel Johnson took notice of young Joseph Brant.

When Brant was thirteen years old he received his baptism under fire. In 1755 the British were again at war with the French and Colonel Johnson's Indian friends accompanied him on the warpath. At the battle of Lake George young Joseph was present. The British were victorious, but here the old Mohawk chief Hendrick was killed. Similar to the tales told of the behavior of other great chiefs in their first battles is a legend that Brant was seized with a fit of trembling at the sound of a fierce rifle volley. But he soon recovered and fought bravely throughout the rest of the encounter.

More war followed and Brant was with Sir William Johnson during the successful campaign of 1759 against Fort Niagara. Shortly thereafter Sir William Johnson sent a number of Mohawk youths to the Moor Charity School at Lebanon, Connecticut. Thayendanegea was one of these scholars.

He was apparently a diligent student and the headmaster of the school, which later became Dartmouth College, spoke well of him. In 1762 young Brant was an interpreter for a missionary who came among his people. Then the war which Chief Pontiac had plotted in the Northwest broke out and Brant turned back to warcraft. As the Mohawks were allies of the British, Brant fought with them against Pontiac and his confederated tribes of the Northwest.

* * *

The revolutionary ferment which was at this time stirring in New York and Boston and Philadelphia seeped into the backcountry, too. A loyal servant of the Crown, Sir William Johnson, while sympathetic with many of his American neighbors, was nevertheless disinclined to side with them in the petitions that were signed and in the measures that were discussed to bring the British monarch to reason. However, he died in 1774 before the outbreak of hostilities. Recognizing the great value of his name the British made Colonel Guy Johnson, his son-in-law, Superintendent of Indian Affairs and to him, Joseph Brant now became secretary.

When civil war finally came the Johnsons remained loyal to their king, and Brant could see no reason why his people should not remain loyal to Johnson's monarch, who had kept his word to the Indians these many years.

A time of parleys began with both British and Americans attempting to influence the tribes to join them in the approaching conflict. Brant, as one of the most influential of the Iroquois war-chiefs, tipped the balance in favor of continuing the alliance with the forces loyal to the Crown. When Brant's old schoolmaster, President Wheelock, wrote to him to solicit his support for the American cause Brant wittily replied how well he recalled his old schoolmaster's prayer that his pupils should live as good subjects, "to fear God and honor the king." Moreover, the British in wooing Brant invited him to visit England so that he might see for himself the might of the Crown. In late 1775, Brant arrived in London.

England lionized the visiting chief. Twice he was invited to sit for his portrait and even Boswell paid his respects to him. At court functions he appeared in a fine Indian costume, carrying a handsome tomahawk with "J. Thayendanegea" engraved on the head. Before he left London, Brant had promised to lead his warriors into battle on the king's side.

American forces under General Montgomery and Benedict Arnold had invaded Canada. Montreal fell and then the Americans marched on Quebec. When Brant returned home he was sent to join the British regulars with a large force of Indians and to assist them in driving the American forces from The Cedars near Montreal.

The British were victorious, even defeating reinforcements sent to relieve the post. Brant himself prevented his savages from massacring the prisoners.

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The pressure exerted on the Indian tribes by both warring groups soon ended the unity of even the Six Nations. Brant led the majority of members of the Confederacy, but war-parties of the Oneidas and Tuscaroras went over to the Americans' side. In 1777 Brant descended upon Cherry Valley where many of the inhabitants of the frontier settlements had concentrated. The youngsters of the settlement happened to parade in front of the fort with wooden guns and swords as the enemy came up, and even the keen-eyed Brant thought they were real soldiers. Disappointed at finding the settlement apparently well-garrisoned, he moved on and Cherry Valley was temporarily saved.

That same year General Burgoyne began his campaign, the one which terminated so disastrously for the British cause with the surrender at

Saratoga. As Burgoyne's army advanced through northern New York the excesses of his Indian allies increased; he attempted to explain to them the rules of civilized warfare but he accomplished little.

The border warfare that followed can hardly be described adequately, for wild tales were spread by both sides as white men and red men alike raided and pillaged, scalped and killed in the isolated settlements and farmsteads of central New York. Whether he participated actively or not, Brant's own Indians were responsible for many bloody deeds and the name of the Mohawk war-chief became hated and feared.

Brant was on his way to Niagara when he met Colonel Butler and joined him in an expedition. The Cherry Valley settlement was attacked and, while Brant did succeed in controlling his Mohawks, the Senecas and Butler's men tomahawked and scalped every man, woman and child they could find.

In the middle of 1779 Brant stole in upon the town of Minisink near the border of Pennsylvania and nearly wiped out the entire community, plundering and burning as he went. When he retreated from Minisink he was followed by American militia. However, he finally succeeded in outmaneuvering the Americans and defeated them in battle.

A humorous incident is related of Brant at this encounter. Brant, who was a Freemason, having been initiated into the order years ago by Sir William Johnson, saved from the tomahawk a militiaman who made a secret Freemasonry sign. Later, however, Brant learned that the man was not a Freemason at all. The Mohawk spared the man's life but rebuked him bitterly and with such scorn that, it is related, the captive, on his release some time later, felt bound to join the order since it had indirectly been instrumental in saving his life.

In 1779 the Americans planned a great invasion of the Iroquois country. The British supported their Indian allies but were unable to halt the American army, which pushed on and destroyed villages and burned towns and laid waste fields and orchards. Up and down the valley the avenging troops marched. So devastated did they leave the land that the Indians were driven to beg for subsistence from the British at Niagara.

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The civil strife was finally over. Great Britain made her peace with the colonies but consulted not at all her Indian allies. Other Indian tribes moved back into New York but Brant's Mohawks did not return. They had cast their lot with the British and were determined to stay with them. The chief secured a grant of land on the Grand River flowing into Lake Erie and there the Mohawks made their new home.

Brant attempted to induce his people to devote themselves more and more to agriculture. He also planned to have a school and a church for the Mohawks. But as yet there was no real peace in America and it was difficult to persuade warriors to put aside their hatchets as long as there was war-talk abroad.

The western tribes were still displeased with the treaty of peace by which they had been transferred from British to American jurisdiction. To win the friendship of such an influential leader as the Mohawk chief the United States offered to pay Brant a salary. But he declined to accept the offer. He was still proud of the title "Captain" which the British had given him. Later he even joined the western Indians with his Mohawks in the battle which ended in the disastrous defeat of the Americans under General St. Clair.

However, if it could be secured with honor, the chief preferred peace for his people. He made several trips back into the former colonies but wherever he went he was pointed out as the bloodthirsty Mohawk and was in constant danger of his life.

Jealousy among the leaders of the Six Nations did not help the Indian cause either. Redjacket, the Seneca chief, plotted against Brant, and in 1805, at a secret council, succeeded in deposing the Mohawk from his chieftainship. Brant, however, fought back and soon the council of the Six Nations cleared him and restored him to his honors.

War was simple compared to these tribulations of peacetime. Furthermore, personal tragedy overshadowed the Mohawk's last years. His oldest son, Isaac, child of Brant's first wife, was a wild and unruly youth. Brant did everything he could, even making the young man his private secretary, but Isaac was a quarrelsome person and the father frequently had to pay heavy damages to keep him from the white man's law. At one time the son killed a man in cold blood, and later on threatened to kill his own father.

In a drunken fit one day the son came upon his father with a knife. Brant defended himself and wounded the young man lightly. But the other was so enraged that he tore the bandages from his wound, fell into a violent fit, drank more, and finally died from cerebral fever. The old chief went before his people to present his case and the Indians cleared him, but there was little happiness left in Thayendanegea's heart after that.

When Joseph Brant died in 1807 he was sixty-four years old. John, his youngest son by his third wife, became a chief after him and brought honor to his father's name. Thayendanegea was buried near the church he had himself built at Grand River and to his memory was erected a tomb with an inscription recalling his bravery and his loyalty to the British Crown. Even as his Mohawks were sounding the death wail over his body another chief, Tecumseh the Shawnee, was busy making plans for a great confederacy of Indian tribes.

—PHILIP PAUL DANIELS

SLOW DEATH

TRAPS ARE FOR ANIMALS, BUT HUMAN BEINGS HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO GET CAUGHT IN THEM

THE blizzard beat upon the log trading post with the impact of repeated blows and, above the barrier of ice between the double windows, wet flakes flattened in sheets of white against the outer pane. Then abruptly the storm drew off, crouched for an instant prepared to spring again with added fury and, in the breathless lull, there came to Ione a long-drawn, quivering wail.

She shuddered. Her hands clamped down upon her ears and a qualm of actual physical nausea shook her. If only that terrible quavering howl would cease! Five days now it had tormented her. Perhaps tonight it would end. Surely this driving snow must smother that wailing cry under a blanket of oblivion . . . snap the brittle shaft of agony that pierced even her restless sleep.

All afternoon she had searched desperately to find its source. It seemed preposterous one couldn't reach a sound so close. Yet hour after hour of the brief Arctic twilight she had floundered waist deep through soft snow . . . fought her way through tangled thickets of cottonwood and willow. In vain. The Eskimos could have directed her to it, she knew. But when she asked, they only stared with brown, masklike faces, shaking their heads. Tracy, she felt sure, had forbidden them to help her. And for twenty years her husband's word had been law in this Alaskan village.

At first she had not known the meaning of that persistent, agonized cry. She had thought it only one of the village sled dogs voicing the pangs of cold and hunger. But when she asked him, Tracy curtly explained. An Eskimo superstition forbade the killing of an outworn sled dog but exonerated its owner from blood guilt if he bound the luckless creature to a forest tree and left its end to fate—the protracted agony of thirst and hunger.

"Haven't you tried to stop them?" she had cried aghast.

"I'm no blank missionary," he growled. "I'm up here after fur. Just so I get their fox skins what else the natives do is no concern of mine."

"Surely if you can put an end to needless suffering—" she had begun. But he interrupted roughly, "You're not shut up in a schoolroom now with your nose stuck in a book. Time you woke up to what's going on in the world."

She had awakened to a good many things in the six months since she had married Tracy and come to Alaska as his wife, Ione thought, hastily setting a wood fire crackling in the kitchen stove.

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The door leading into the store opened and Tracy stepped in. As his glance took in her fur garments sodden with melted snow which she had stripped off and flung across a chair when she came in from her search, his lean jaw tightened, his grey eyes went cold.

"Butting into the natives' affairs again, eh? Suppose you let them attend to their own business . . . you attend to yours. Where's my supper?"

She stammered, "It's not quite ready. I'll only be a minute."

"When I was batching I had my meals on time," he told her harshly. And slammed out into the store again.

Ione flushed with humiliation. For ten years in the school-room, teaching a primer class, she had done her work well. It was years since she'd had any adverse criticism from a superior. She was acutely sensitive to criticism in her new job as Tracy's wife.

Tracy's wife! As she hurried about making coffee, slicing bread, she recalled the thrill of that time when he had asked her to be his wife.

True there hadn't been much romance about his courtship. There hadn't been time for any. His first trip outside in twenty years, Tracy had been absorbed in the purchase of another year's supplies for his trading post . . . supplies which for years he had been ordering by mail. He knew what he wanted . . . and never gave up until he found it. He had wanted her, too . . . and somehow she had been powerless to resist him. There was no time for weighing and hesitating. One week after they'd met in the home of mutual acquaintances . . . one week before the sailing of the Alaskan boat, she had consented to be his wife.

"I need you," he had said. "I'm sick of living alone." He had added, "I'm well fixed. You'll be taken care of."

She had scarcely heard the last. *I need you.* That was all she'd really heard. To know that at last someone really needed her. . .

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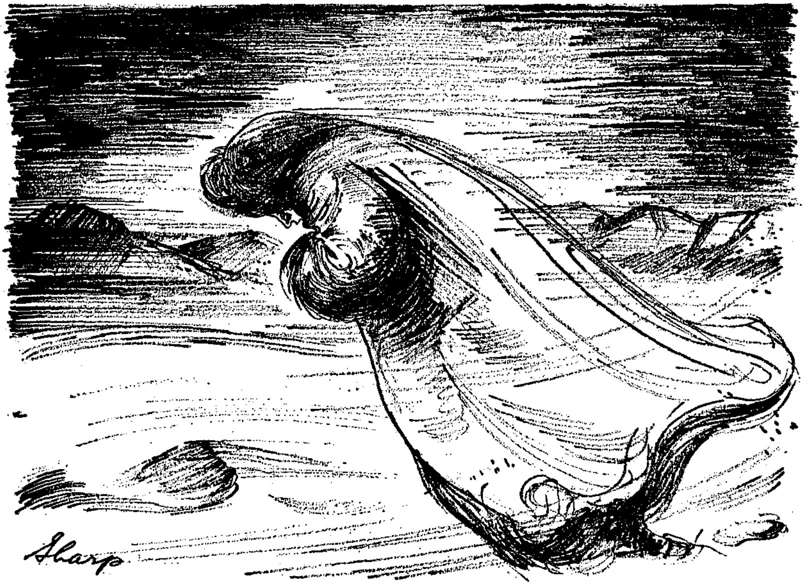
Ione turned from stirring the reindeer stew, walked to the window, and stared out at the white wall driving past. The gale slackened, the wall fell away, and she saw dimly the outlines of a building. Tracy's warehouse, double-walled, of corrugated iron, bolted and padlocked. Fireproof, burglarproof, soundproof, he had told her complacently. It was there he kept the winter's catch of fur in readiness for the summer's shipment . . . great clumps of snowy fox skins; tawny lynx; sleek otter.

She turned from the window as the



door into the store opened. A very old Eskimo shuffled in, his tattered squirrelskin parka hanging limply about his meager legs. From somewhere about his person he produced a soiled and crumpled letter and held it out to Ione. She took it gingerly between two fingers and laid it on the table, while he peered with inflamed and rheumy eyes about the room. Then he flapped across to the water barrel in the corner, took the tin dipper from the nail above it (Tracy insisted upon the dipper), dipped himself water, and drank noisily. Ione reached her hand to retrieve the dipper; but she was too late. Deliberately he poured the remaining water back into the barrel, drew his hand audibly across his mouth, and shambled out.

Ione eyed the water in the barrel with disgust. Months of this sort of thing had not inured her to it. Eskimos crowding into the one place that was hers; drinking from her water barrel; sitting on her bed.

Once Tracy brought a group of women to the door. "Visitors to see you," he announced casually.

Ione made a desperate effort to be the gracious hostess. She struggled to carry on conversation by means of signs and uncouth noises while the women, sitting flat on the floor, legs thrust out straight before them, stared at her dumbly. She smiled determinedly as they wandered about the room, handling her most precious possessions with curious interested grunts, trying her comb in their hair, sniffing at perfume and face cream. While all the time the rank odor of fur and seal oil threatened to overpower her, and her eyes returned with dreadful fascination to a withered beldame chewing tobacco, aiming expertly at the tin can balanced on her knee. No, she could never find companionship in the company of the natives, Ione knew.

Of late there had been a growing ache for a visit with a woman of her own race. Six months since she had seen one! Never in her whole life before had a day passed without their companionship. Six months of silence! For she and Tracy found strangely little to say to each other. She had begun to feel that she must have someone to talk to, or go mad.

From the table she picked up the letter that the old man had brought. Mrs. Wendell, the government teacher at Pimute, a woman ten years in the country, was asking her to come down for a visit. Three days' trip by dogteam with a native driver. Sleeping nights in Eskimo igloos. But she'd endure more than that for someone to talk to.

The door opened again and Tracy came in. Without troubling to wash he took his place at the little table spread with its gay plaid linen cloth. "Foolishness, all this extra work," he snorted, eyeing it as he sat down. "Why don't you use a plain oilcloth like the rest of the women up here?"

"I don't like oilcloth," she ventured timidly.

"You'll come to it," said Tracy grimly. Again and again he threw out that ominous hint. Eventually the country would wear her down, shape her to the same mold as the others who had been long in the country. But she wouldn't let it, she thought in a sort of desperation.

She knew Tracy resented all the extra water that she used. A native boy had to dip it up through a hole chopped in the river ice, carry it up the steep, slippery bank to the trading post. Ione felt guilty when she took her tiny daily bath. Tracy grumbled often, "Too damned much washing. A bath once a week is all anybody needs."

As she brought the boiled potatoes and stewed reindeer from the stove and set them before him, she tried to make conversation.

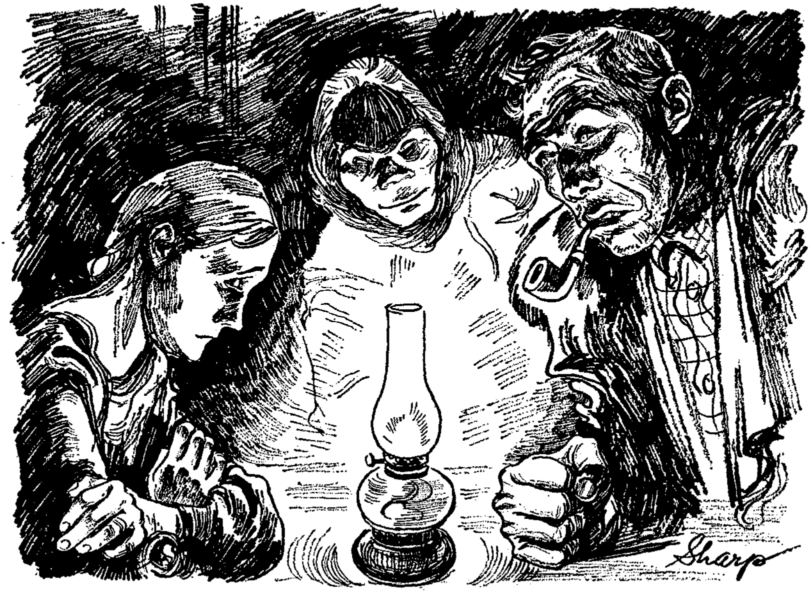
"I wonder if we'll have any white visitors this winter."

"Not likely," he mumbled around a mouthful of food. "Nothing to bring them so far off the beaten track."

She tried again, "Is the blizzard letting up any?"

He growled, "Getting harder. Not a damned native will stick his head out of his hole for the next three days." He was restless when the natives weren't about. Already he was irritable in anticipation of their absence. Ione's taut nerves tightened.

And then, in a momentary quiet in the storm, came again that thin, al-



most-forgotten wail. She shivered, and her hand went to her throat. "Oh, why can't he die!"

Tracy frowned. "No use getting hysterical over things that can't be helped."

Her control snapped. "What a ghastly country this is for dogs, anyway! Tied out all winter to shiver and freeze. Tormented all summer by mosquitoes and thirst. Beaten. Overloaded. And in the end a slow, torturing death."

Tracy said coldly, "The country treats us all alike."

"But dogs are so helpless. They haven't a chance. At least humans can get away."

"Can they?" he asked. And something in his level, noncommittal tone all at once reminded her of the letter.

"That old man from Pimute brought me a letter," she said quickly. "Mrs. Wendell wants me to come down for a visit. Can you manage without me for a few days?"

"No." His tone was brusque, decisive. "I can't."

A glow of happiness flooded Ione. He really needed her. He didn't want her to go away. She coaxed, "But it would only be for a few days."

"You're not going," said Tracy harshly. "Just forget it."

Suddenly Ione was frightened. "But I'd like awfully to go," she faltered.

Abruptly Tracy was angry. "I didn't bring you up here to have you go gadding off, leaving me to do my own cooking."

"Couldn't one of the native girls come in and look after things?"

She wanted now to go on this visit more than she had ever wanted anything in her life.

"I had squaws around long enough. That's why I went Outside after a white cook."

Ione faltered, "That's why—you went Outside—"

He laughed cynically. "What did you think it was, love at first sight?"

Ione winced.

He went on: "For twenty years I've ordered my freight by mail. I went out last summer because I wanted to pick my woman myself."

He couldn't possibly be serious! No man alive could be so brutally matter-of-fact. He *must* have cared, or he would never have asked her to marry him. She forced a tone of raillery. "How did I happen to be the lucky one?"

His words fell deliberately. "I hadn't much time to look around. You were strong and healthy. I couldn't expect everything . . . and the good-lookers are too damned flighty."

Ione had always known she wasn't pretty. But this . . . Her pale face flamed scarlet. He had selected her like a work horse or a sled dog, for wearing qualities. Sound of wind and limb! She wanted to laugh hysterically. Instead she forced a tone of casual inquiry. "Why wouldn't a native woman have done as well . . . and been far less expensive?"

He scowled. "I had squaws. You can't teach them anything. And they kick up too damned many rows."

"I see," said Ione evenly. Humiliation and anger scorched her suddenly. "You contemptible brute!" she cried out. "Do you think I could keep my self-respect and stay with you another day after this!"

"Oh, you'll stay all right," said Tracy.

She stared at him.

"No woman will ever walk out on me . . . make a laughing stock of me."

She cried out, "How can you keep me?"

"There's the warehouse . . . soundproof," he told her evenly. And then on a sudden flare of anger, "You've got nothing to whine about. You agreed to keep my house in return for support. I'm keeping my side of the contract. You'll keep yours." And, pushing back his chair, he strode out into the store, slamming the door violently behind him.

Ione stood staring after him. Slowly her hands unclenched, hung limp, palms outward. All that he said was true.

Automatically she turned and began to gather up the dishes from the table.

Again a lull came in the blizzard. Straightening, she tensed to listen. But that thin terrible wail echoed only in her memory. There was silence in the forest. —E. C. Forrest

THE WALTZ KING

THE VIENNA OF JOHANN STRAUSS IS NOW MERELY A MEMORY—BUT WHAT A MEMORY

SEVENTY-FIVE years before Gershwin, Cole Porter or Jerome Kern, a musician in Vienna composed dance hits the popularity of which encircled the globe almost as soon as the ink became dry on his paper. Seventy-five years before Benny Goodman or Tommy Dorsey, this same musician in Vienna directed café-orchestras in programs of dance music, giving his performances an altogether new vitality and a propellent force of movement that intoxicated the audiences. His name was Johann Strauss, the "waltz king." And his greatest hit tune is still one of the world's best known dance numbers—the *Beautiful Blue Danube*.

His achievements could put to shame even the greatest triumphs of our present-day song writers. His fame spanned some fifty years in which his imperial position in the world of popular music was never subject to question.

Vienna particularly was seized by a "Strauss-madness" from which it did not recover until Strauss' death—and even then not completely. For more than five decades, not only Johann Strauss' music, but Johann Strauss' personality as well, dominated the social life of Vienna. He was one of the most famous men of his day, and one of the most imitated. Bon-bons and pastries were named after him. His picture, priced at several *groschen*, sold in hundreds of thousands. Men aped his clothing, the manner in which the *friseur* dressed his hair, and especially the style of his sumptuous mustache. He was the idol of all young women.

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Johann Strauss was essentially the voice for middle 19th century Vienna, and has therefore ever since been its symbol. When he began composition, Vienna was quivering with the waltz-craze. It is true that Vienna had danced the waltz as early as 1780, also, it is true that at the turn of the 19th century Vienna brought to a formerly staid and proper dance an abandon that shocked the rest of the world. "The dancers held up the dresses of their partners very high," wrote the traveler Ernst Moritz Arndt on first witnessing a waltz, "so that they should not trail and be stepped on, wrapped them tightly in this shroud, bringing both bodies under one covering, as close together as possible, and thus the turning went on in the most indecent positions; the hand holding the dress lay hard against the breasts pressing lasciviously at every movement; the girls, meanwhile, looked half mad and ready to swoon. As they waltzed around on the darker side of the room, clasps and kisses became bolder."

Upon the crest of the rising tide of the waltz in Vienna two composers were swept to fame, the immediate predecessors of Johann Strauss. They were Vienna's first waltz kings: Josef Lanner, and the elder Johann Strauss, the father of the composer of the *Blue Danube*. Each conducted his own coffee-house orchestra. Each composed his own repertoire of light music, and waltzes principally. And each was equally adored by the Viennese.

The elder Johann Strauss was married to Anna Streim in 1824. One year later a son was born to them. He was named Johann Strauss, and he was destined to inherit even more than his father's name. The young Johann seemed to exhibit a love for waltz music in his cradle. He listened with what seemed absorption when, at home, his father practiced the coffee-house waltzes on the violin. He was still as a mouse when his father was busy with composition.

Father Strauss noticed his son's peculiar preoccupation with music, and swore bitterly that he would do everything in his power to prevent the boy from adopting music as a career. When curiosity drew little Johann to the piano or to the father's violin, curses and threats of the father drove him terror-stricken away. Conversation on music was forbidden in the house. At one time, little Johann received a severe thrashing because he dared to question his father on a musical subject.

But neither threats nor the whip could keep the boy from music. When his father was absent from the home, little Johann would quietly slip into the study, open his father's violin case and pluck melodies from the strings. His mother encouraged him in his secret musical studies.

While the younger Johann Strauss was still a boy, his father deserted the family to establish a home with a handsome and wealthy widow. This desertion enabled young Johann to follow the study of music openly, and with greater application. Advanced violin study, harmony, counterpoint and fugue—all this was the preparation not for the composition of symphonies but for waltzes.

The younger Johann Strauss was nineteen years old when he made his debut as coffee-house conductor of popular music. To the Viennese—only too familiar with the fact that the older Strauss was estranged from his family—this debut was awaited with no little expectancy. It assumed for them the nature of a bitter rivalry between two Johann Strausses; a musical duel—so to speak—between the father, and the son whom he deserted.

The evening of October 15, 1844, at Dommayer's Casino near Schönbrunn, was, consequently, a major event in the social life of Vienna. Young Johann—handsomer than his father, cutting a magnificent figure as with violin and bow in hand he directed his group of musicians—conducted a program including a famous waltz of his father (a discreet gesture the audience considered it), and several of his own creations.

The older Johann Strauss was not present at the debut of his son. Ill at the home of his mistress, he heard from his most intimate friends the details of his son's phenomenal success. He heard that the ovation had reached such delirium by the close of the concert that it was necessary for young Johann to repeat one of his waltzes eighteen times! These tidings brought the father small comfort. "This, then, is my end," he told his friends bitterly. "Vienna has no room for two Johann Strausses."

However, there was glory enough in Vienna for both. While the fame of the younger man was rapidly achieving formidable stature, his father's majestic position as creator of popular music knew no degradation.

Josef Lanner, Vienna's first waltz-king, had died in 1843. With the death of father Strauss in 1849, the younger Johann Strauss assumed a position of solitary magnificence in the life of Vienna's popular music. Combining a personal appeal that was magnetic with an altogether extraordinary capacity of inspiring his players, Johann Strauss became for Vienna the apotheosis of dance music. "You must go to the *Volksgarten* on Friday evenings when Johann Strauss conducts his waltzes," Johannes Brahms once wrote to a friend. "There is a master, such a master of the orchestra, that one never loses a single tone of whatever instrument."

The best of Johann Strauss' waltz-music was composed shortly following his marriage to his first wife, Henrietta Treffz, in 1864. Henrietta was for Strauss an almost inexhaustible source of inspiration. The *Beautiful Blue Danube* was composed one year after his marriage, followed closely by the *Artist's Life* waltz; then, in rapid succession, came the *Tales from the Vienna Woods*, the *Wine, Woman and Song*, *Vienna Blood* and *A Thousand and One Nights*.

It was also Henrietta's encouragement and advice that brought Johann Strauss to more ambitious spheres in his composition. In 1871 Strauss' first operetta, *Indigo*, was presented—a preparation for greater things to come. The *Fledermaus*, whose success soon encircled the globe, was composed in 1873; and after the *Fledermaus* there was the *Ziguenerbaron*.

When Henrietta died of heart attack on April 8, 1878, Johann Strauss' greatest works had been composed.

Meanwhile, Strauss crossed the Atlantic Ocean and achieved new triumphs in a career in which triumphs were an almost everyday event.

In 1872, he was invited to participate in the commemoration of the centenary of American independence. America welcomed Strauss with appropriate fanfare. An orchestra of a thousand instruments and a chorus of a thousand voices were directed by a hundred conductors. This gargantuan army of musicians was directed by the ignited baton of Johann Strauss in the *Blue Danube* waltz.

Following the death of his first wife, Henrietta, Strauss married a second time. She was Angelika Diettrich, of notorious reputation, a strumpet and a coquette. Vienna, always fond of paradoxes, was soon buzzing behind cupped hands in the coffee-houses that its idol, the secret admiration of all Vienna womanhood, was a cuckold to his own wife! This marriage, sordid from the very first, soon culminated in divorce. Strauss' third and last wife, Adele Deutsch, brought him comfort and peace in old age. She survived her husband by more than three decades.

During the last ten years of his life, Strauss was in semi-retirement. But his was still a magic name for Vienna. In 1894, the city proved emphatically that Strauss was still adored when it celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his first appearance as *Kapellmeister*. Vienna was festive an entire week.

At the final concert, which brought the week of festivities to a close, Johann Strauss made his final address to his Viennese public. "If it is true that I have talent," he said, as a touched audience found tears in its eyes, "I owe it above everything else to my beloved city, Vienna . . . in whose soil is rooted my whole strength, in whose air float the melodies which my ear has caught, my heart has drunk in, and my hand has written down . . . my Vienna, the city of Song and Spirit, who sets the boy lovingly upon his feet and upon the mature man ever lavishes her sympathies . . . Vienna, the city of beautiful women, women who inspire and bewitch the artist . . . Vienna, the heart of our beautiful, God-blessed Austria, the golden empire!"

On May 22, 1899, Johann Strauss conducted a performance of the *Fledermaus*. It was his last public appearance. Shortly following this performance he caught cold. Bronchitis set in. Following several days of delirium, Johann Strauss died on June 3 at four o'clock.

A few nights before his death, Johann Strauss had feverishly sat up in bed, made extravagant gestures as though he were directing an orchestra, and solemnly recited two lines of poetry:

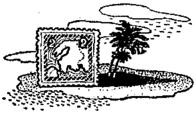
Scheint die Sonne noch so schön
Einmal muss Sie Untergehn!

So beautiful the sun shines yet,
Alas! the sun now soon must set!

—David Ewen

STAMPED WITH BLOOD

REAMS OF TREATIES CAN'T AVERT A WAR, BUT A TINY PIECE OF STICKY PAPER CAN START ONE



HAD Helen of Troy's nose been an inch longer, all history might have been changed. Today it seems to us implausible that jealousy even about the most beautiful woman would start a war. But in modern times so seemingly unimportant an object as the tiny, colored squares of paper with which people pay for postage have come close on several occasions to starting wars of very respectable porportions.

There was that recent flareup between Nicaragua and Honduras. In 1937 Nicaragua issued a stamp which bore a map of that little Central American nation, including some territory which Honduras also claimed. Nicaragua had marked the land "territory in litigation," but Honduras protested there was no litigation about it, the land was hers! Nicaragua replied "It's ours!"

At once all factions in Honduras fell in behind the government. Radio spellbinders flung ferocious calls to battle over the ether.

And outraged, hotblooded students issued a manifesto: "Fight against the dismemberment of the Fatherland!"

Back to their Nicaraguan senders, unopened, went all letters addressed to patriotic Hondurans on which the odious stamps had been affixed. At this writing the shouting and the tumult have abated, the stamps have been withdrawn, the dogs of war sleep again, at least for the moment.

In August of this same year the government of Costa Rica refused to recognize stamps issued by the Spanish Insurgent regime. One may be sure General Franco would not let such an affront pass, were he not so busy trying to destroy the Loyalists.

In 1928 Bolivia and Paraguay issued stamps bearing maps of the respective nations—each map laying claim to the disputed Chaco. Feeling ran high and hostilities actually began and went on for several days. The League of Nations managed to patch up the quarrel, but in 1932 a bloody battle for the territory began which did not end until 1935, with the practical exhaustion of both nations.

America, too, swung dangerously close to war in a dispute in which a stamp figured prominently. At the end of the last century American capitalists had invested huge sums of money in the ore and mineral properties of Venezuela. Venezuela issued a stamp with one of those explosive maps, which showed as part of that country a large region in the Orinoco Valley. This was precisely the land to which England also laid claim as part of British Guiana. The British Lion roared indeed, and was prevented sending an army into the territory only because President Cleveland warned that America felt bound under the Monroe Doctrine to defend Venezuela's territorial integrity. A special message to Congress in December, 1895, reaffirmed this stand, and we stood committed to go to war if the Lion pounced on our southern neighbor. Fortunately, England was in no mood for armed conflict, and she finally agreed to arbitrate.

To "stamp" on religious sensibilities has proved even more dangerous than to arouse nationalistic hatreds. In 1898 an uprising of dervishes in the Sudan could be traced back at least in part to the issuance of a stamp depicting in its background a water lily! The flower, known as the Egyptian lotus, is sacred among Mohammedans. The situation in the Sudan, under English domination, was especially delicate because French imperialism as well as native religious zeal stood in Britain's way.

The dervishes were outraged because the lotus occupied a position on the stamp subordinate to the foreground of a mailman seated on a camel. While all this was going on the French raised the tricolor at Fashoda in the Sudan. Fortunately for the British the French finally withdrew, but it was not until Kitchener with an army of British and Egyptian troops routed the dervishes at Omduran that the insurrection was put down.

In 1911 rumblings of revolt came from underneath a stamp, again to threaten Britain's empire, this time in India. Ironically enough, the English were really trying to pay tribute to their Hindu subjects' faith. The stamp in question depicted what the British intended to be an elephant. But it was so badly printed that it looked more like any other animal than an elephant and, straining the imagination, it looked like a pig, at least to the Hindus. The pig is as profane and unclean to the Hindus as the elephant is sacred. A revolt was actually plotted, and only withdrawal of the stamp pacified the populace.

When we remember that the stamp is after all only a hundred years old, it must be evident that in this relatively short span of history these brightly colored bits of paper have had an amazing effect on human belligerence. Little did Sir Rowland Hill realize in 1837, when he proposed "a small square of paper large enough to carry the postal cancelation and thinly coated on one side with glue"—little did he realize that blood might one day stain these tiny squares.

—ALBERT BRANDT

THE MICROSCOPE SLIDE

"WE'RE USUALLY RIGHT," SAID THE MAN AT THE YARD, "BUT IF WE'RE WRONG WE HEAR ABOUT IT"

Elsie Cameron packed her little suitcase for a week-end journey. It was a Friday afternoon in December, 1924. She seemed very happy. She had spent many week ends before with her fiancé in Crowborough, forty miles southeast of London. This week end would be different, she told her mother, for she and her fiancé were going to talk over arrangements for their wedding in the near future. She left the house in the early afternoon, carrying her small suitcase. Her mother watched her leave the house and step into a Piccadilly bus.

The week end passed and Elsie did not return. Her father, worried, sent a telegram to Norman Thorne, to whom Elsie was engaged. "Where is Elsie?" Thorne immediately got in touch with Mr. Cameron. "Elsie has not been here," he said. "We had an appointment for Saturday morning. When she did not turn up, I thought that perhaps her mother was ill."

Cameron appealed to Scotland Yard. That organization, however, has no original jurisdiction outside the metropolitan area of London and it could do nothing except to search for the girl in the city and to wait for the local police in Crowborough to invite them to help. Then Mr. Cameron hurried to Crowborough.

Thorne was a poultry raiser with a little farm a mile from the village, the last settled place on a lonely road. He had cleared a piece of land for himself and lived here alone.

It was lonely country at any time of the year and particularly in December. The road ran on for a half-mile after passing Thorne's farm, then plunged into the forest. Clammy dripping fog hung low in the valleys; the little breeze moved the leafless branches of the trees and tossed the fog about in shreds but could not dispel it.

"Why did Elsie leave on Friday afternoon?" Thorne asked Cameron. "Our engagement was for Saturday morning."

"She told her sister she wanted to surprise you and she wanted to come after dark so that she would not be noticed."

The station agent at Crowborough who knew Elsie well had not seen her. Elsie had spent much time in the village and she was known to many people. No one had seen her. Mr. Cameron and Thorne went to the local police. Together with the police they searched through the wood and swamp-land around the farm.

As the search went on Thorne told the police about Elsie. "She was a queer girl sometimes," he said. "During the past two years she frequently lost her memory. I don't believe she ever left London."

The local police were confused but they did not call in Scotland Yard; here, perhaps, was a chance to make for themselves a nation-wide reputation if they could clear up the mystery. They worked on two hypotheses—that Elsie had not left London; or that she had come to the village late that afternoon and, stricken with amnesia, lost herself before reaching Thorne's farm.

Rumor through the village was working more rapidly than the police. People began to whisper. There were those who believed that she had never left the city; but others preferred to believe the story of two employees at a near-by florist's nursery. On the Friday afternoon, about five, these two men had passed down the road, by the gypsy encampment and then by Thorne's lonely farm. It was almost dark and the white fog blew in their faces. They were hurrying home to a warm cup of tea. There was no light in Thorne's house nor any sign of him as they passed by. But, in the road, near the gate, stood a young woman, carrying a little handbag and an umbrella. The men walked on without speaking to her.

"That's Thorne's fiancée, the Cameron girl, isn't it?" one man asked the other.

"Yes. She's been down here a lot."

"Well, she picked a nice dark night to visit him. And with a valise, too." They laughed and continued down the road.

They were not willing to swear to her identity. The woman's coat collar was up around her face, as if she were eager to hide it.

Rumor and suspicion were speeded through the village. Some people were saying that Thorne had murdered his fiancée and had hidden the body. The gossip almost drove Thorne mad. He stood in the chicken yard one afternoon talking with a reporter. "Right here is where the murder was committed, they say. They even say they heard the sound of a gun. And I never had a gun!"

One rumor that could not be downed spread with fresh speed: Thorne had been interested in one of the girls in the village. Rumor named her—Elizabeth Coldicutt.

The police found no one more helpful than Thorne. He told them he was home all of Friday until about ten when he walked down to the railroad station.

Again the surrounding countryside was searched. A new fact urged the police on: Elsie had told a friend that she would commit suicide if her marriage to Thorne did not materialize.

Then, as dramatically as in a detective novel, the local police decided to call in Scotland Yard. Two inspectors were sent down to Crowborough. Thorne was greatly relieved. "Get every instrument you can to solve this terrible thing," he said.

The men from the Yard did not go near Thorne's farm on the first day. Inspector Gillan spent that day in the village, talking with the people who claimed to have seen Elsie. He carefully questioned Elizabeth Coldicutt, for Gillan had some letters of Thorne's to Elsie in which she was mentioned. Two things particularly interested him: what happened in the few minutes after Elsie had met the nurserymen when she must have gone to the house; and just what Thorne was doing on that Friday night.

The next afternoon Gillan went out to Thorne's farm. He found Thorne at home. Gillan asked Thorne to come to the village police station and Thorne went gladly. As they were leaving, Gillan said, "I may find it necessary to do a little digging on your farm."

"Please dig where you wish," Thorne answered. "You might get your men digging the uncultivated land at the end of my plot—that would help me."

A squad of men began to dig haphazardly on that depressing afternoon. The men worked on after dark. One pair were digging near the entrance gate. Gillan stood near-by. The man with the shovel felt the texture of the soil change and he called to Gillan. The ground seemed recently dug. The spade drove deep, then stopped. Gillan stooped, pulled something from the clay and put it beneath his coat. He hurried to his automobile and started back to town. At his feet, as the car bounced over the muddy ruts of the road, tossed a little suitcase. When it was opened at the police station all the articles were found marked "E. C."

For four hours, with the suitcase in front of him, Gillan talked with Thorne. Then he left the station, at midnight, and assembled the digging squad. Gillan led them to the middle of the chicken run—where Thorne and a reporter had stood two weeks earlier. The lamps were set around to throw a feeble light. Spades and forks slid into the damp clay. Half an hour later four men were carrying a crude stretcher through the slippery mud. On it lay two parcels done in burlap and a biscuit tin. The dismembered body of Elsie Cameron had been found.

Norman Thorne was taken to prison the next morning to await the coroner's inquest. There Gillan revealed what had led him to solve the mystery of the girl's disappearance four days after Scotland Yard had been called in on the case. The letters had given him the clue.

The evidence began like an introduction to one of the world's oldest stories. Thorne had met the other woman, Elizabeth Coldicutt, in the previous spring and had told her he would break his engagement to Elsie. The only thing he feared was that breaking the engagement might lead Elsie to suicide. He stood at a crossroads where other men have stood before him. Finally, he wrote to Elsie in early November, "What I have not told you is that on certain occasions a girl has been here late at night. When you gave in to your nerves again and refused to take an interest in life, I gave up hope in you. Now I am in a fix!"

Elsie wrote back, "Do you realize that this is a terrible ordeal for any woman? Please arrange about getting married as soon as possible."

Various witnesses, and the letters, sketched the remainder of the story. Elsie had felt Thorne's interest cooling. She could not bear to think of losing him as she knew she was about to do. She decided on one desperate move. She wanted to be a bride and she was going to be a bride, but instead of being led to her new home, she was planning to take possession of the home first and then to be married.

She passed the nurserymen at Thorne's gate. Then she walked up to the hut and entered. Thorne was surprised to see her. Thorne insisted that she must not stay the night but she refused to move. He went into town to the house where she usually stayed to make arrangements for her but the people were out. He returned to the hut. Elsie had taken possession. She noticed that he was nervous and that he kept one eye on the clock. At nine o'clock he announced calmly that he was going down to the railroad station—to meet Elizabeth who was returning home after a day in a near-by town.

Thorne told the story of what followed. There was a quarrel but he insisted on going. She tried to stop him but he broke through her embrace and left the house. He met Elizabeth, accompanied her to her home, and remained there until eleven. He came back to his hut, to find Elsie hanging by a rope from one of the beams.

He claimed that he then lost his reason. Instead of running for help, he cut down the body and felt that he had to dispose of it in some fashion. In the dim light of the fire he divided the body. . . .

That was his story. But Sir Bernard Spilsbury, Britain's most famous medical detective, offered the findings of the autopsy. He declared that there were no signs of death by asphyxiation, nor were there any marks of a rope on the body. Instead, death was due to shock—shock from blows inflicted. He pointed out a half-dozen marks on the body that showed where she had been struck.

The inquest closed and Thorne went on trial. The body was ordered exhumed so that the defense could make an examination. Thorne went on trial—but it was Spilsbury who was tried. Spilsbury repeated his summary of his autopsy—no signs of asphyxiation, no rope marks on the flesh, no rope marks on the beams in the house. The defense presented four famous London doctors. They stated that Elsie was "potentially suicidal": that Thorne had probably found her a few minutes after she had hanged herself, when there was still life in her body; and that the bruises were made when her body fell to the floor. Finally they produced microscopic slides.

The slides showed that in the tissues of the neck there was extravasation of blood—blood forced out of its channels into the tissues by some applied pressure, as from a rope. The men from the Yard denied the reading of those slides. Thorne's life hung on the interpretation of those microscopic sections and the jury had to decide, "Is Dr. Spilsbury right?"

The jury returned after a half-hour with the verdict "Guilty," and the judge sentenced Thorne to death. An appeal followed but Thorne was executed in April, 1925.

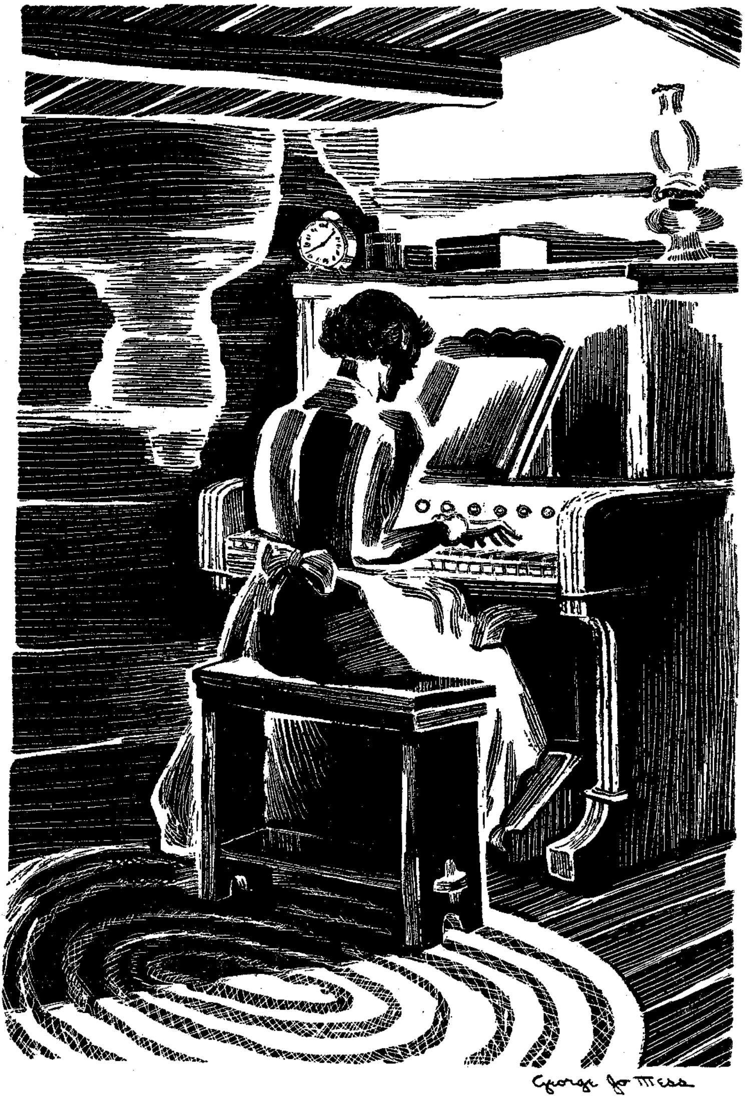
The case was not closed with the execution. Lawyers and journalists made pointed remarks about the "papal infallibility" of Scotland Yard. The *Law Journal* said, "The verdict of the jury on a question of pathology is practically worthless. Thorne was condemned by a tribunal which was not capable of forming a first-hand judgment, but followed the man with the biggest name." There were others who felt that the jury had based their verdict on one conclusion: "Why did he cut up the body if it wasn't murder?"

And others believed a story most amazing—that Thorne had sacrificed his life to a lie. Had he told the real story of what happened in that little hut, the worst that could have befallen him would have been a sentence for manslaughter.

These people pointed out the location of the bruises on the body and based their story on that. Thorne had told Elsie that he was going out to meet her rival. She begged him not to go but he insisted. As he was about to leave she made one desperate lunge to stop him. He threw her aside and dashed from the house. He threw her with force and a bruise on the elbow showed where she struck the table. A large bruise on her body showed where she hit the bedstead; there were bruises on her back where she hit the floor, and other bruises caused by the table falling on her body. She lay helpless, unconscious, and she died. He returned to find her dead and eventually chose to gamble his life on a lie and lost.

And one newspaper said, "Come, let us assume that the State is infallible. It will never do to come to the conclusion that the Crown of England hanged Norman Thorne for being a fool and losing his head enough to dismember his dead sweetheart, would it?"

—WILLIAM C. WHITE


George Jo Mess

THE GOAL

For this she fed the greedy hens
and gathered stingy eggs,
for this he drove the jerky plough
with straining back and legs;

for this she sold crab-apple jell
and grubbed her fingers thin,
for this he rose before the light
to bring the cattle in;

for this they bartered half their lives,
for this they went without,
kept pennies in the butter crock
and prayed year in, year out—

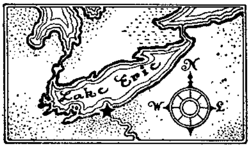
an organ in the sitting room
to make the winters glisten
with more than snow. Chores early-done,
he liked to sit and listen;

and she would just as soon give up
another clutch of years
to pick out stiffly *Kindly Light*
and ache again with tears.

—FRANCES FROST

CITY ON THE CUYAHOGA

TRACING THE TRANSITION FROM THE CLEVELAND, CONN. OF 1801 TO THE CLEVELAND, OHIO OF 1938



A RIVER MOUTH has, for both strategic and commercial reasons, always been held an ideal site for a town or city. As far back as 1752 Benjamin Franklin recommended that a town and a fort should be erected where the Cuyahoga River empties into Lake Erie.

He urged the commercial advantages of such a settlement but little was done about it, although there was occasional trading at the mouth of the river.

When the American Colonies finally won their independence from England and John Adams had, during the treaty negotiations, persuaded the mother country that the Mississippi River should be the western boundary of the new government, many of the states laid claim to western territory within their parallels of latitude. But Congress finally persuaded the states to cede their western lands to the general government; all except Connecticut agreed.

Connecticut persisted in its claim to a small tract of land in the northeastern part of Ohio. Even after Connecticut finally gave it up in 1801, this land was known as the Western Reserve of Connecticut, or simply as the "Western Reserve."

Despite Connecticut's claim the British themselves did not yield this region until 1790. But the Connecticut proprietors did nothing for another five years. Then surveyors were sent to chart the Western Reserve.

In 1796 a settlement was established on the east bank of the Cuyahoga River and was called "Euclid." Later the name was changed to "Cleaveland" after General Moses Cleaveland, the head surveyor for the Connecticut Land Company. By printer's error "Cleaveland" became "Cleveland."

In 1800 there were twenty-five persons in the settlement. Ten years later when Cuyahoga County was organized with Cleveland as its county seat, the population was no more than fifty-seven. Trading posts grew slowly.

Nevertheless in December, 1814, Cleveland received its village charter from the state legislature. Four years later the first newspaper, the *Cleveland Gazette and Commercial Advertiser* appeared, its four pages edited, printed and published by Andrew Logan.

During the War of 1812 the settlement housed an important garrison and the countryside became more aware of the importance of Cleveland. There was a grist- and saw-mill here, a tanner set up shop, a hatter appeared and, as early as 1801, a still had located on the riverbank: all the important elements of civilization were present.

The population was one hundred fifty "souls," a number that grew to one thousand by 1830.

The general commerce grew. In 1818 the people of Cleveland stood on the bluff above the lake and watched Lake Erie's first steamboat, the *Walk-in-the-Water*, arrive from Buffalo. A dozen years later there were five side-wheeler steamboats plying between Cleveland and Buffalo and Detroit. In the next five years the population multiplied six times over and the legislature was asked to allow Cleveland to incorporate as a city. The city charter granted, John W. Willey was elected the first Mayor in April, 1836.

This was the era of "internal improvements" with astute politicians shouting for waterways everywhere. The Erie Canal had been cut across the heart of New York State to facilitate the transportation of grain, produce and manufactured goods. Now in 1834 Cleveland, too, got a canal, thanks to Alfred Kelley who, inspired by the New York example, had worked ten years to realize a canal from Cleveland to Portsmouth, a distance of three hundred nine miles. (The same Alfred Kelley later brought the first railroad to Cleveland.)

Before this Cleveland had been a tiny port. Now it became the gateway to the granaries of Ohio. Not merely flour and wheat were shipped up the canal. Other products were sent by the new waterway. European immigrants came to Cleveland. The city expanded.

Cleveland steadily developed into an important grain mart and a center for the receipt of metal ores. Lighthouses were erected in the harbor. In one year, 1845, over two thousand vessels arrived by way of the lake.

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Although the Civil War, of course, affected the people of the city, the community itself was far from the battlefronts. While the war raged farther south and east Cleveland experienced a period of rapid expansion. Eastern railroads reached the city and connected with middle-western roads and then the city on the lake bluff began its real industrial career.

Jeptha H. Wade, a painter turned inventor, improved the Morse telegraph instrument and from Cleveland planned the first transcontinental telegraph line. In August, 1861, as the North and the South locked horns for a bloody four-year battle, he sent his first message to San Francisco. Years later it was Wade who gave the city its first park.

After the war Charles F. Brush made the first arc-lamps in Cleveland

and also the dynamo, which was to be the forerunner of the modern generator.

Thomas White successfully marketed his sewing machine and thereby made possible the great needle industries. Three years after Appomattox the first Bessemer converter was introduced in a Cleveland mill and large scale production of steel was begun. That year was launched the first iron vessel to come from a local shipyard.

Foundries and machine shops and rolling mills developed. A great paint, varnish and oils business grew up. In 1880, when the city, now the home of the Standard Oil Company, had a population of 160,142, it was the first city in the world in oil-refining. There was one important product, kerosene or "rock-oil," and John D. Rockefeller and associates got the profits.

The first public streetcars to run anywhere in the country appeared in Cleveland in 1884. The firm of Warner and Swasey became telescope builders to the nation, great observatories such as the Lick, and the Yerkes, the Naval Observatory in Washington, the National Observatory in Argentina, the Canadian National at Victoria, testifying to the quality of its astronomical lenses.

Near the end of the century Alexander Winton, a local machinist, built the first motorcar. It was the beginning of the great automobile industry which not only called for tremendous quantities of iron and steel, but for machine-shop and foundry work, and also developed a demand for a new oil, gasoline. Citizen Rockefeller did well, but so did Citizen Winton. And so did Citizen White. The sewing machine had long been accepted, now the Whites made bicycles and steam-cars. Later they turned to gasoline-engine automobiles and trucks.

* * *

Although the city had little difficulty finding itself commercially, it experienced every difficulty adjusting itself politically. The municipal government was in a constant state of flux with the citizens constantly crying for change. Various arrangements for running the city were tried with the balance of power shifting from mayor to council and back.

In the first decade of the present century, when there were 381,768 people in Cleveland Tom L. Johnson was elected Mayor and at once embarked upon a series of reforms directed at monopolies. His chief victories were a three-cent streetcar fare and municipal home rule. Johnson was a fighter and a man of character. While he was in power the city enjoyed honest government.

Cleveland recognized Mayor Johnson's merits and elected him Mayor five times, although most of his battles were against Mark Hanna—business man, political boss, United States Senator, President-maker—and his associates.

In one campaign Hanna pleaded that he stood for the Golden Rule. A Johnson supporter retorted that

Hanna stood not so much for the Golden Rule as for the rule of gold.

When Johnson died Newton D. Baker, who had been his law director, carried on for him. Baker also fought for his city and in 1913 secured for Cleveland its first home rule charter. But the community was still not satisfied with its system of government, and still striving to perfect it adopted the City Manager Plan in 1921, becoming the largest city in the country to attempt to operate under a city manager.

Another ten years, however, and the politically restless Cleveland had tired of even the manager plan. So in 1931 it returned to the elected Mayor and Ward Council system.

The population of Cleveland doubled in the twenty years from 1900 to 1920. The official figures were 796,841: the little trading post had arrived. It boasted a splendid public library, and a fine playhouse for little theatre presentations, as well as an opera house for more pretentious productions. Business was good and iron and steel were its "money-crops," but the community also had cultural tastes.

And a modicum of vision, too. In 1925 Cleveland opened a fine airport and seized the Number One position as air center to the country, a place it has not lost since. Today Cleveland is *the* headquarters for national aviation and its 1,040 acre airport is unrivaled in the United States.

From the east a network of railroads converges here before the dash to Chicago. Over the Cuyahoga sits one of the largest double-deck reinforced concrete bridges, its center span five-hundred ninety-one feet long, and the river is lined with docks for the lake traffic.

From the Lake Superior district the iron ore arrives; from the mines of southern Ohio, Pennsylvania and West Virginia comes the coal. Its slightly older sister, Detroit, turns out more automobiles and its slightly younger brother, Chicago, makes perhaps more money and surely more noise, but Cleveland leads in its own way.

It is a hub for every kind of transportation and manufacturing. It owns its public utilities supplying light, power, water and heat.

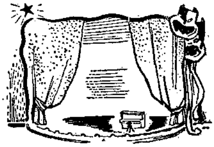
It is a professional host to political conventions. Exposition-bitten like the rest of the country, it ran the Great Lakes Exposition last year to mark the hundredth anniversary of its incorporation as a city.

They numbered 900,429 in Cleveland at the last census and are probably near the million mark now. But that is nothing to cheer the observer of American cities. Any city can gain in population if it will annex enough suburbs.

Cleveland's real merit lies in the fact that it is politically restless. When a system of government fails to deliver the municipal goods a new scheme is tried. Other metropolises might well follow the example. —LOUIS ZARA

THE MAN FROM MERCURY

ORSON WELLES AND HIS TROUPE HAVE TURNED A LITTLE ACCIDENT INTO A BIG ACCOMPLISHMENT



THE name, according to Astronomy, means the smallest planet in the solar system. On Broadway, where no simile is too far-fetched, Mercury means the newest planet in the Street of Stars—and if things keep looking up it may soon be the biggest.

The Mercury men have produced four plays this season. Their first effort—an accident—was *The Cradle Will Rock*. Its scenery consisted of thirty chairs and one piano.

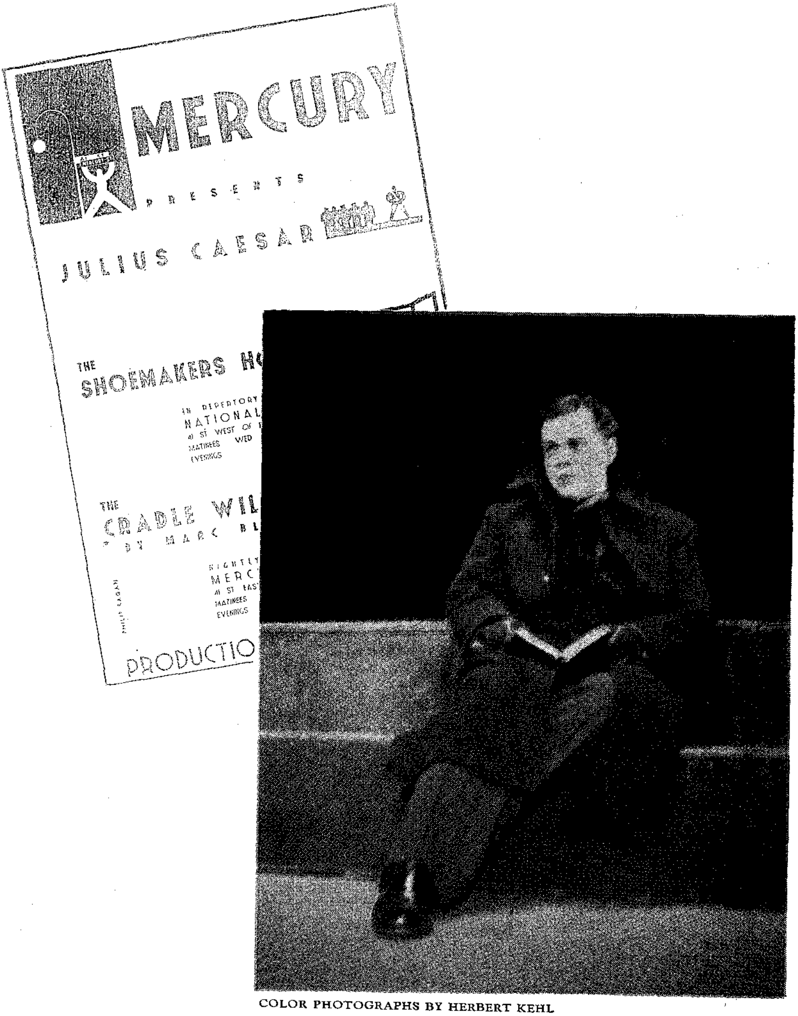
The Cradle was originally prepared for the Federal Theatre. The Federals looked at a dress rehearsal of it, decided that it was too hot a salvo to heave at Capitalism and turned it down on opening night. Director Orson Welles packed his actors into a truck, moved the show into an empty theatre, borrowed a piano. Marc Blitzstein, the author-composer, played the complete score on that piano on that first night of nights. *The Cradle Will Rock* played that way right up to the end of its run on April 2nd.

Their second show—after they had seceded from the Federal Theatre and set themselves up as "The Mercury Theatre"—was *Julius Caesar*. They cut Shakespeare down to an hour and a half playing time, and for the legions of Caesar they rented costumes that looked like modern Fascist uniforms.

Their third show—it shows the effects of their growing prosperity—is *The Shoemakers' Holiday*. They dusted it off and dressed it up in gaudy colors, provided a background setting that looks like six chicken coops and serves very well for a vista of Elizabethan London. The humors of the old comedy are low and fleshy; the Mercury troupe plays them for all they're worth. Result: the free speech of Elizabeth's age gets to be quite a revelation to modern theatre-goers.

As we go to press, Mercury is preparing Mr. Shaw's *Heartbreak House* as the fourth production in a single season. And their ambitions for next season are already taking shape. But meanwhile they've already proved that the public likes a fresh slant on anything from Shakespeare to Shaw just as much as it likes the chance to buy seats to a top-notch Broadway show at prices that range from 55c to $2.20.

—SIDNEY CARROLL



MERCURY
PRESENTS
JULIUS CAESAR

THE
SHOEMAKERS H
IN REPERTORY
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41 ST WEST OF
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THE
CRADLE WIL
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NIGHTLY
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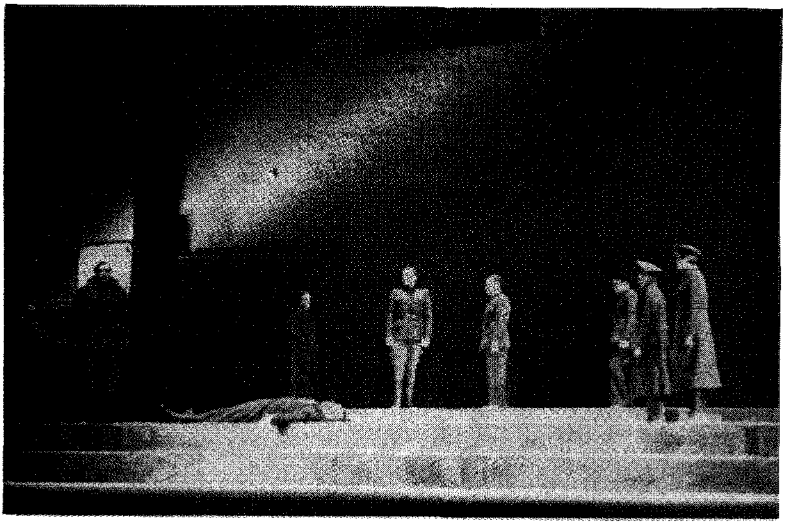
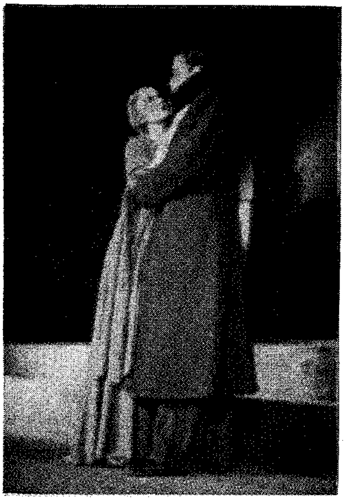
MATINEES
EVENINGS

PRODUCTIO

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY HERBERT KEHL

ORSON WELLES. Twenty-three-year-old author, artist, director, manager, actor . . . founder and head man of the Mercury Theatre. You see him here as Brutus in the Mercury's modern dress adaptation of *Julius Caesar*, a Brutus who broods with the overtones of a liberal caught in a modern totalitarian state. He and his company read Shakespeare's hymn of mob hate with a Fascist feeling that gives it a startling immediacy.



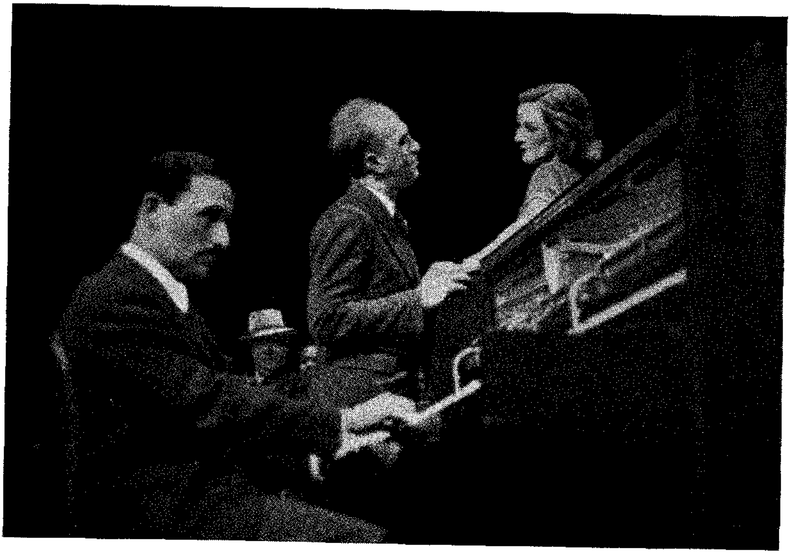


"JULIUS CAESAR"

Above, Brutus stands defiant over the murdered body of Caesar. Marc Antony (George Coulouris) and Cassius (Martin Gabel) confront him. Below, Brutus (Orson Welles) and Portia (Alice Frost). (Four nights a week, Mr. Coulouris and Miss Frost step out of *Caesar* and into *The Shoemakers' Holiday*.) The stage is bare and makes no bones about radiator pipes. "Atmosphere" is created with floodlights.

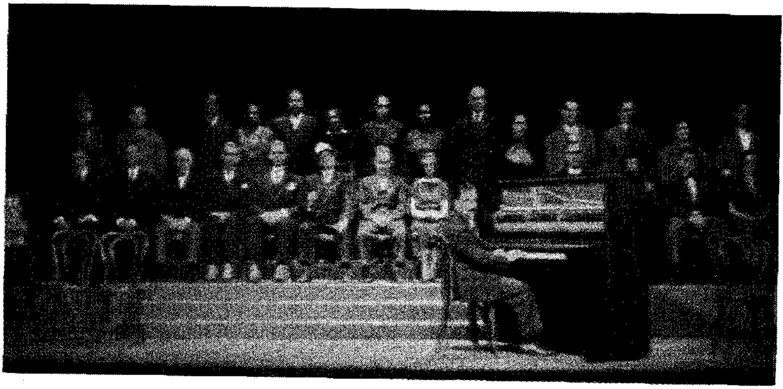
"THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY"

Thomas Dekker's Elizabethan romp brought back to life. At the right, Hiram Sherman bites into his dinner as voraciously as he bites into the juicy part of Firk, the apprentice. Below, the four love affairs of the harum-scarum story lined up in tender apotheosis. (Ruth Ford and Elliott Reid, Vincent Price and Edith Barrett, Whitford Kane and Marion Waring-Manley, Joseph Cotten and Alice Frost.)



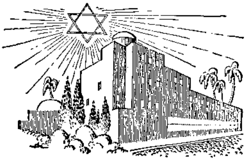
"THE CRADLE WILL ROCK"

An opera, an allegory, a sock in the jaw (with music) at the economic setup in any American town. Above, the labor organizer (Howard Da Sylva) sings his social panaceas to the prostitute (Olive Stanton). Marc Blitzstein, the author-orchestra-playwright-composer, at the piano. Below, the entire cast, together with all the scenic effects they ever used.



EPIC OF PALESTINE

WHEN THERE IS A HOMELAND TO BE BUILT, WHO CAN STOP TO RECKON UP THE DEAD?



Now the second commandment has been violated in the Holy Land itself: a statue is set up. And this statue, symbolically enough, commemorates a family whose epic is the epic of new Palestine. There are plenty of graves in old Jerusalem and old Safed, but the statue to the heroic Chizik family is the first ever to be erected in Palestine that shows the human figure. Only a decade ago, when someone wanted to set up a commemorative bust in the ultra-modern city of Tel Aviv, there was a storm of protest from the community Talmudists. And though they are distinctly in the minority, alongside the bare-legged young men and women who build the farms and towns of new Palestine, there is nevertheless a respect for ancient customs.

Where Safed Talmudists Sleep

The commandment said: thou shalt not make unto thee graven images. And for centuries there was no art among Jews. But with the "liberation" movement of the last century, there inevitably appeared such Jewish masters as Marc Chagall, Marek Swarc, Moise Kisling, Modigliani.

To the world, Zionism generally signifies something religious. The Wailing Wall picture of the long-robed Jew, with beard and earlocks, has generally been accepted as the picture of the typical Palestinian. One might as well produce a Pilgrim Father

REHOVETH: OLDEST OF THE NEW SETTLEMENTS

as the typical present-day American.

Old Chizik came to Palestine from Russia, before the war. At that time the settlers were scattered in a dozen isolated colonies, without communication, except by wagon or camel-ride.

Chizik was a back-to-the-land Jew. He believed that all the ills of the people were due to over-intellectualization. He wanted to raise bread with his hands out of the homeland soil. Nothing but bread.

The settlers already in Palestine had discovered that dry farming would not keep them alive. Along the seacoast, they planted vineyards and orange-groves. But old Chizik didn't want to raise luxury-fruit. Though he might have to thresh his grain in the primitive Arab fashion, under the hooves of a circling donkey, though he might have to winnow it by tossing chaff into the wind, he would make bread.

Chizik left the seductive seacoast, the old land of the Philistines, where some Jewish settlers were setting themselves up as masters, employing cheap Arab labor. With his numerous progeny, he trekked over the hills, to the very border of Palestine: the Jordan.

WHEN ARABS SLEW THEIR FELLOW WORKER

He settled in what is even today an isolated spot: Menahamia, hot as the inside of an oven. Some socialists of near-by Dagania were experimenting with bananas, and finding the climate and soil perfect for this rich crop. But not for Chizik. He had come to raise wheat. He had sons to help him.

A crew of pioneers were draining the swamps to control malaria. There, one of the Chizik girls took malaria badly, and died.

So the first Chizik had fallen, in Palestine.

In 1920, there was an "incident" with Arabs. Giladi and Tel Chai, two mountain settlements near the Syrian border, had been repeatedly raided by horse and cattle thieves. Several young chalutzim (pioneers) volunteered to go up from the valley, and help the isolated settlers in the uneven struggle to protect their property. Naturally one of the Chiziks was included—Sarah. Just at the age when everyone was kidding her about whom she would marry.

Arabs invaded the colony, shot it up, killed eight, including the famous Captain Trumpledor, a one-armed

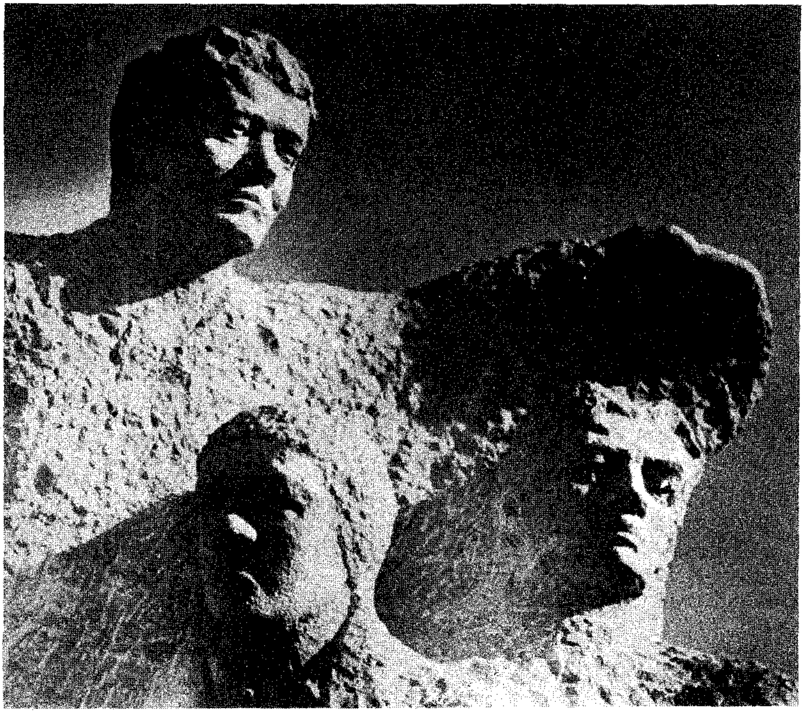
FRUIT OF THE LAND OF THE PHILISTINES

veteran of the Jewish Legion that had helped the Allied armies take Palestine. Sarah Chizik was working in the granary when the Arabs began to fire. She gave the alarm. But already wounded, she died the same day.

There is a mass grave on the hill, for those who were killed that day; and it has become the symbol of the dangers that beset Jewish settlement in Palestine. There is a monument on the grave, but it is not the statue already mentioned. The Trumpledor monument is not quite so full a liberation from the commandment as the Chizik memorial, for the Trumpledor monument represents a lion; the Chizik memorial is a statue of people. At any rate, both were set up within the same year. The lion, carved out of the stone of that very mountain for the chalutzim now operate a marble quarry there, represents five years in the life of a young American sculptor, Melnikoff. A strange blending of antique and modern classicism, it roars across the Jordan wilderness.

The third Chizik fell in 1929; and as his sister had died protecting the furthest eastern colony, Ephraim was killed in Huldah, the westernmost outpost of the Zionists. Huldah was the center of a large forestry project.

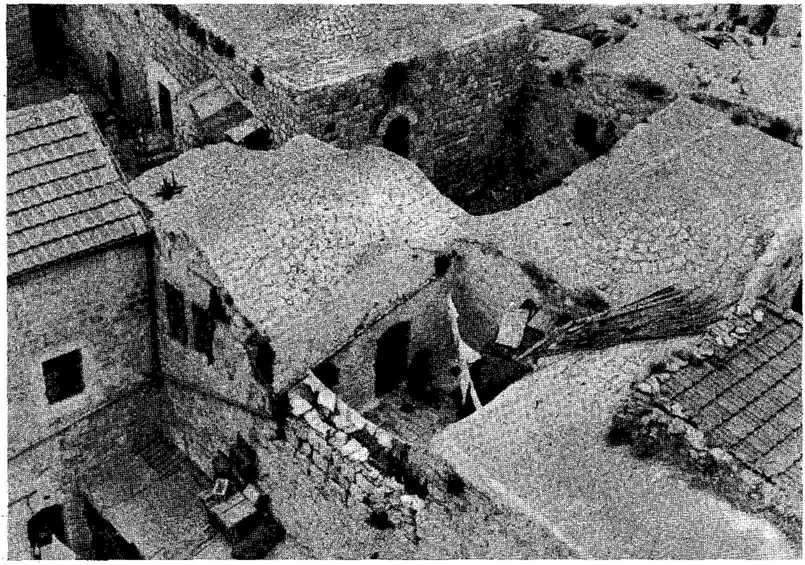
In the first days of trouble, a group of pioneers, realizing the danger to cut-off Huldah, went there to offer



FIRST GRAVEN IMAGE: THE CHIZIK MEMORIAL

aid. Most of the settlers were evacuated, while a nucleus of twenty was left to protect the colony from destruction. Ephraim Chizik, who had come with the band of volunteers, took charge of defense. For several days these twenty men held off a constant series of attacks by mounted Bedouin. The house was their fort. On the last day, just before relief came in the form of armored cars full of British soldiers, Ephraim Chizik and two comrades crept out into the yard to repair some defense fortifications. They were fired upon. Chizik was the last in line, as they made their way back to the house. He protected the other two, but fell just before reaching the doorway.

The Chizik monument stands where he fell—a massive, rough-hewn stone, the work of Batya Lishansky, first Palestinian sculptress. Ephraim Chizik, carved in heroic size, reaches



DR. N. GIDAL JERUSALEM

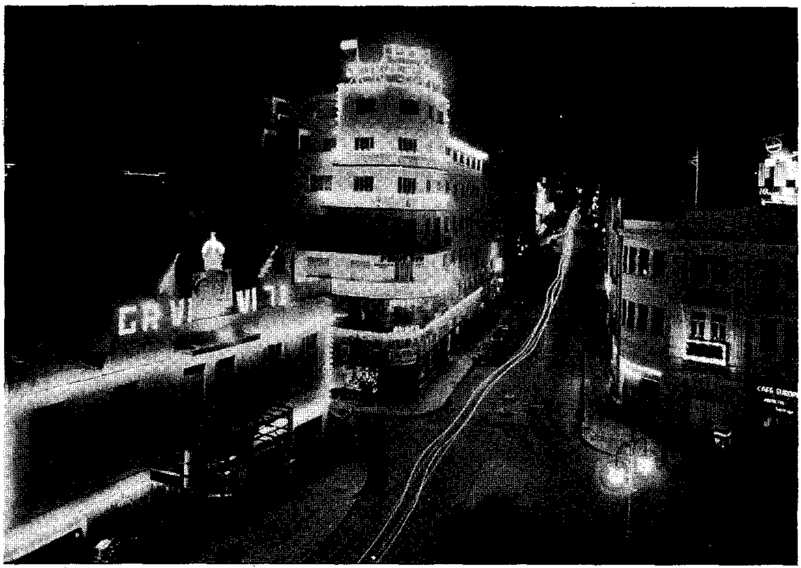
MORNING IN ANCIENT JERUSALEM

his arm out protectively over the figure of his sister, Sarah, who fell at Tel Chai, and that of the "unknown Jew," who typifies the chalutz spirit.

But the story of this family is not only in the story of the dead. It is in the stubborn force of life which they inherited from their father. In the coastal colony of Herzlia lives the eldest brother, Baruch. Self-educated, Baruch has become the author of authoritative works on botany. From the wild flora of today's Palestine, he seeks to identify every flower and weed mentioned in the Bible. His garden is a marvel, for he has made cedars of Lebanon grow beside wild desert cacti. For a Hebrew publishing house, Baruch Chizik is now beginning an encyclopedia of Palestinian agriculture.

Even more famous, among the living, is Chana Chizik, one of the elder sisters. Like the father who was going to raise bread even if his neighbors got rich on bananas, Chana Chizik stuck to her farm-school, even though it was on the city's most valuable lots.

For fifteen years, through hardships such as are chronicled only in Palestine, she had maintained a training school for chalutzahs—girl pioneers. The school had received a grant of land outside of Tel Aviv. But as the



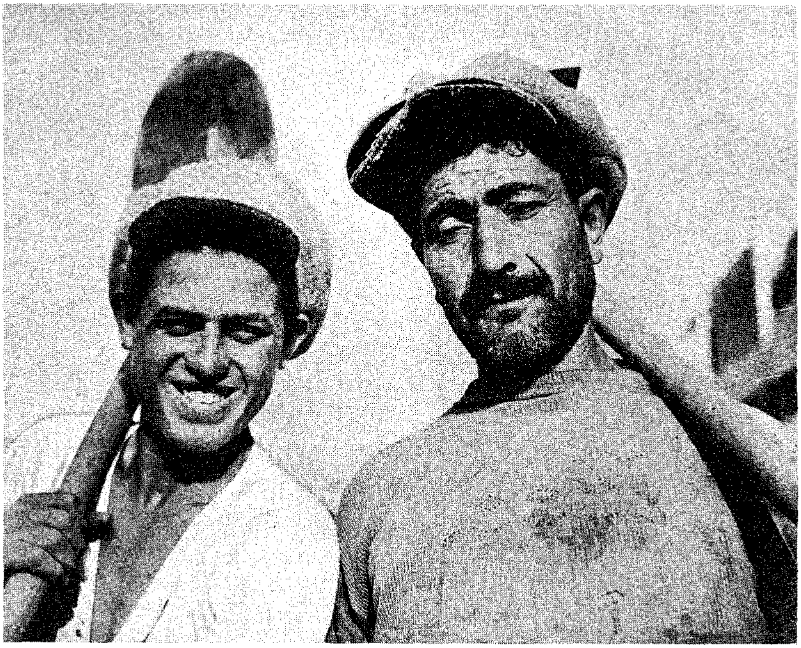
J. N. F. —K. H. PHOTO JERUSALEM

NIGHT IN MODERN JERUSALEM

Jewish city mushroomed, her little farm was encompassed. Nevertheless, she continued to set out her tree nurseries—which, incidentally, have supplied saplings for a large share of the forestation projects—and gradually developed a model dairy and chicken-farm.

Last year, attempts were made to replace her school with apartment houses. Why had the Chiziks come to Palestine? To give Jews a basis on land. Already, Tel Aviv was a city whose children never saw cows, chickens, goats, except in the movies. Let the little farm remain in the city, she insisted, that the Palestine Jews might continuously be reminded of the danger of complete urbanization. She battled the entire city administration, and won.

Old Chizik wanted his children to grown up peasants. When he overheard them conspiring to send the youngest to school, he removed the wheels from all the farm wagons. Nevertheless, Chana took the youngest, Yitzchak, to Tel Aviv, then a town of a few thousand, boasting a high school. He earned enough money tutoring fellow-students, to pay his passage to America when he was graduated. Then he worked his way through the University of Chicago, studied for his doctorate in the famous



Z. KLUGER TEL AVIV

TO WORK WITH THEIR HANDS IN THE HOMELAND

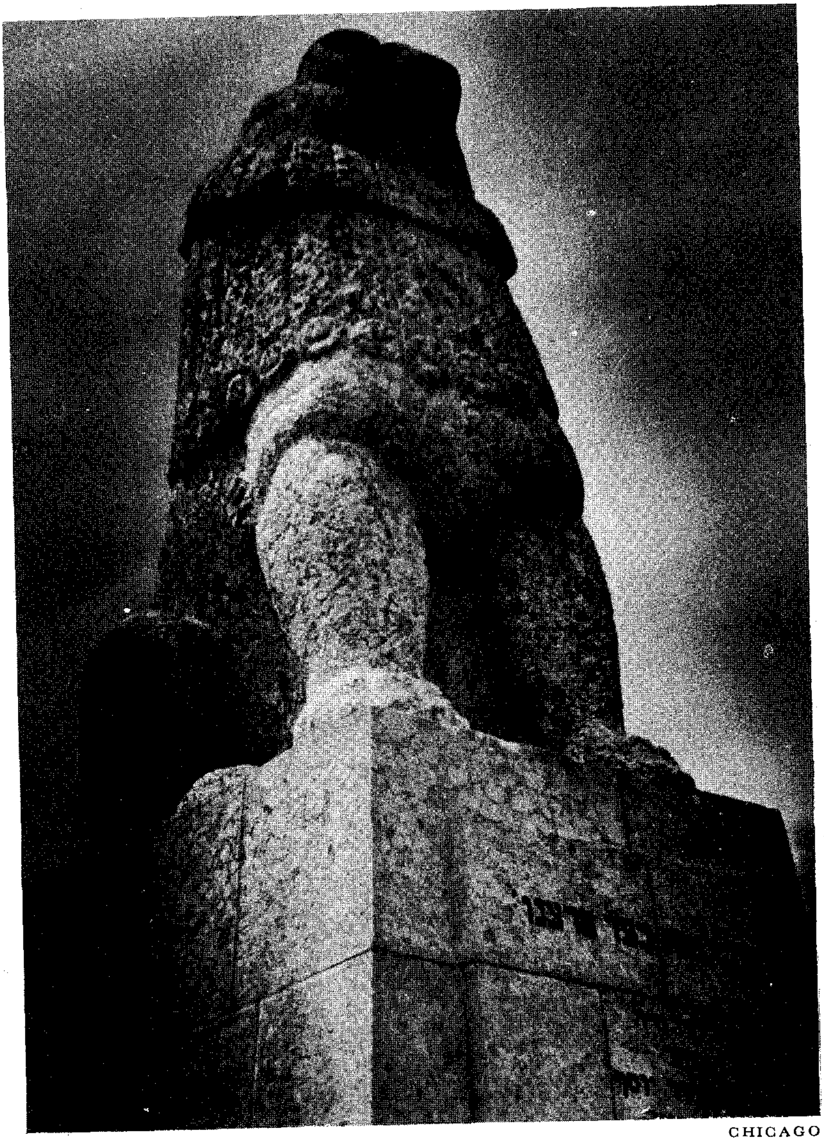
London school of economics, and went home. So it happens that the Chiziks are represented in the Palestine government, too, for Yitzchak is district officer over the newest Jewish settlements, the Nathanyah region.

There are other Chiziks. One is in the labor movement in Palestine, another sister is simply the wife of a farmer, the mother of a whole new brood of Palestinians. Somehow the saga of the Chizik family seems to embody the Zionist effort in Palestine. They all had the old man's will.

One would have imagined him as a giant of a man, a somber, granite-like peasant. I saw him once. He was sitting in mourning in his son Baruch's house, after Ephraim had been killed.

The wheat grower was a shriveled, stooped, long-bearded Jew, with orthodox ear-curls; he looked as though he had spent his life in some windowless basement, studying the scrolls. He would not have tolerated graven images in the Holy Land.

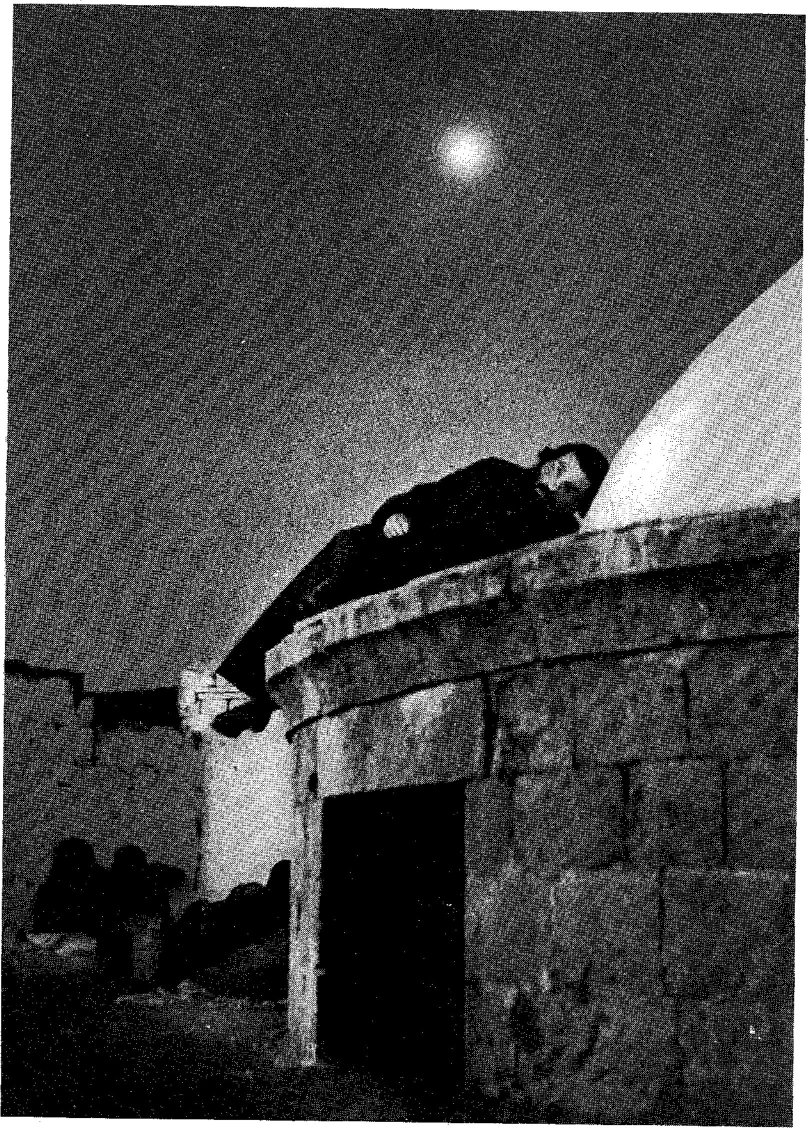
He died toiling. He left a kind of monument, too. —MEYER LEVIN



MEYER LEVIN CHICAGO

EIGHT DIED AT TEL CHAI

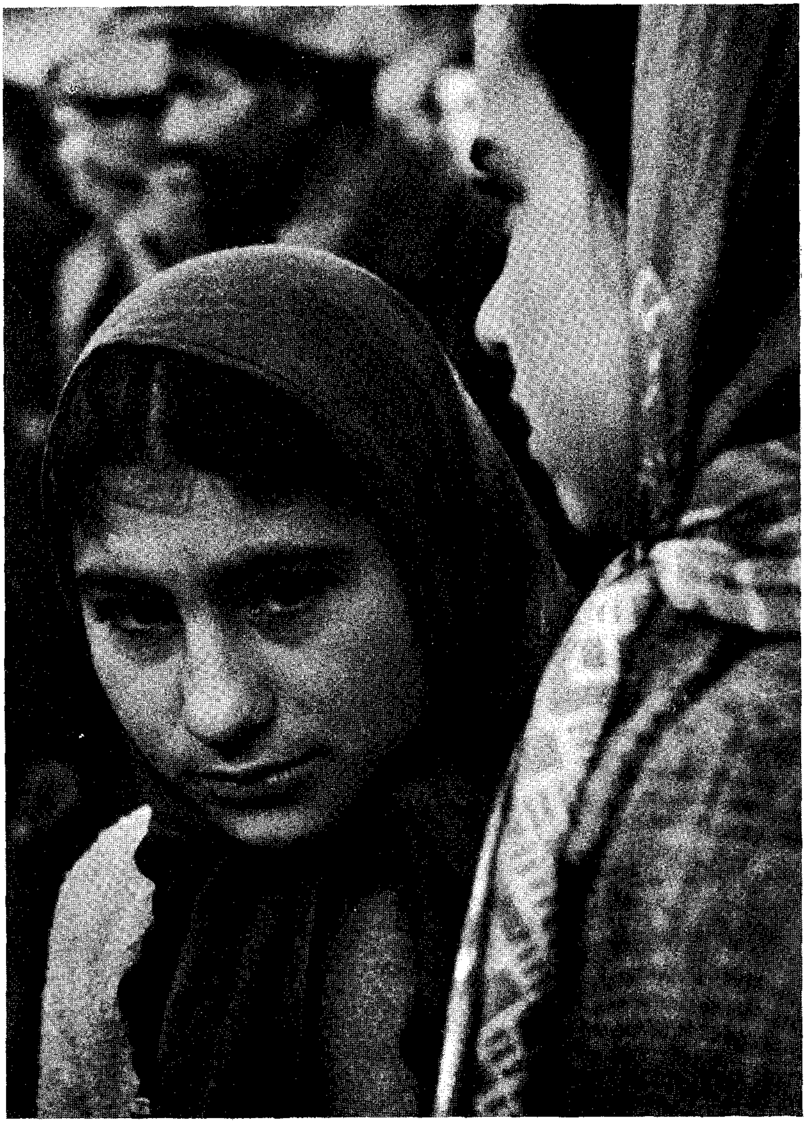
JUNE, 1938



DR. N. GIDAL

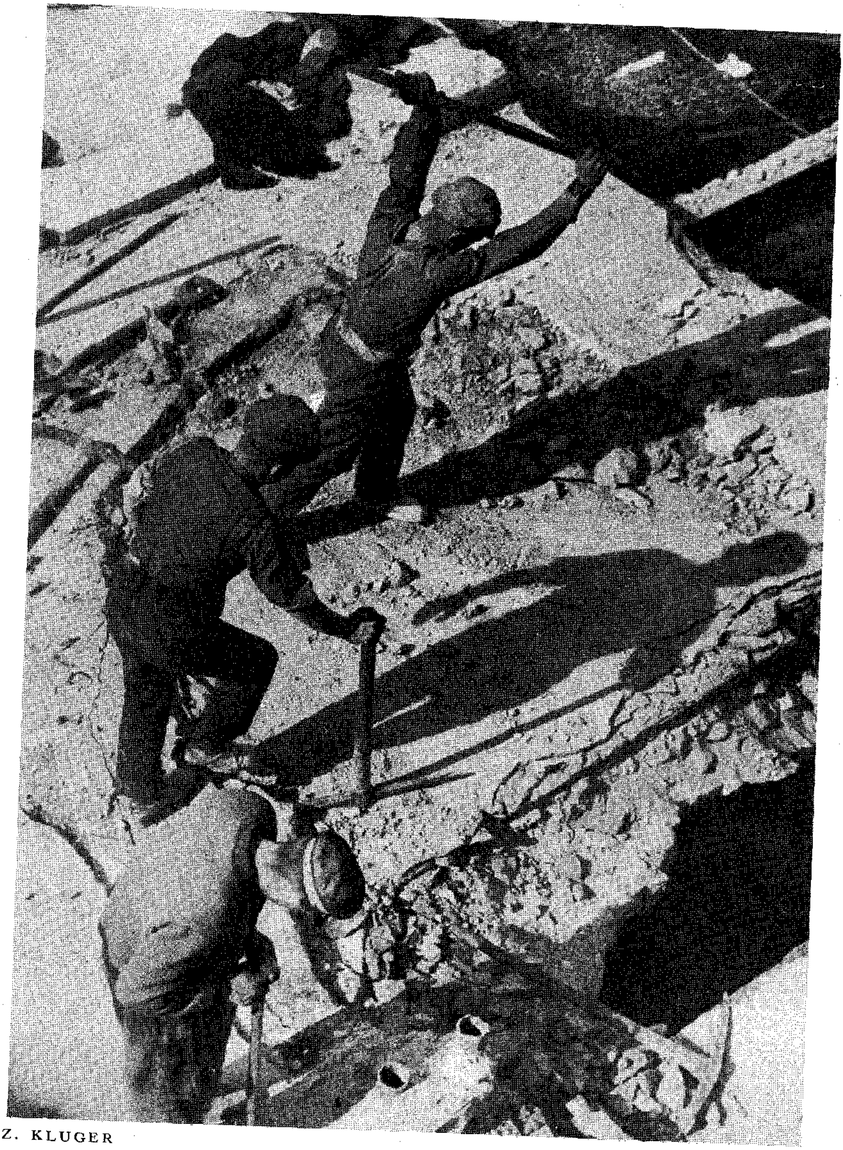
JERUSALEM

CABALIST



MEYER LEVIN CHICAGO

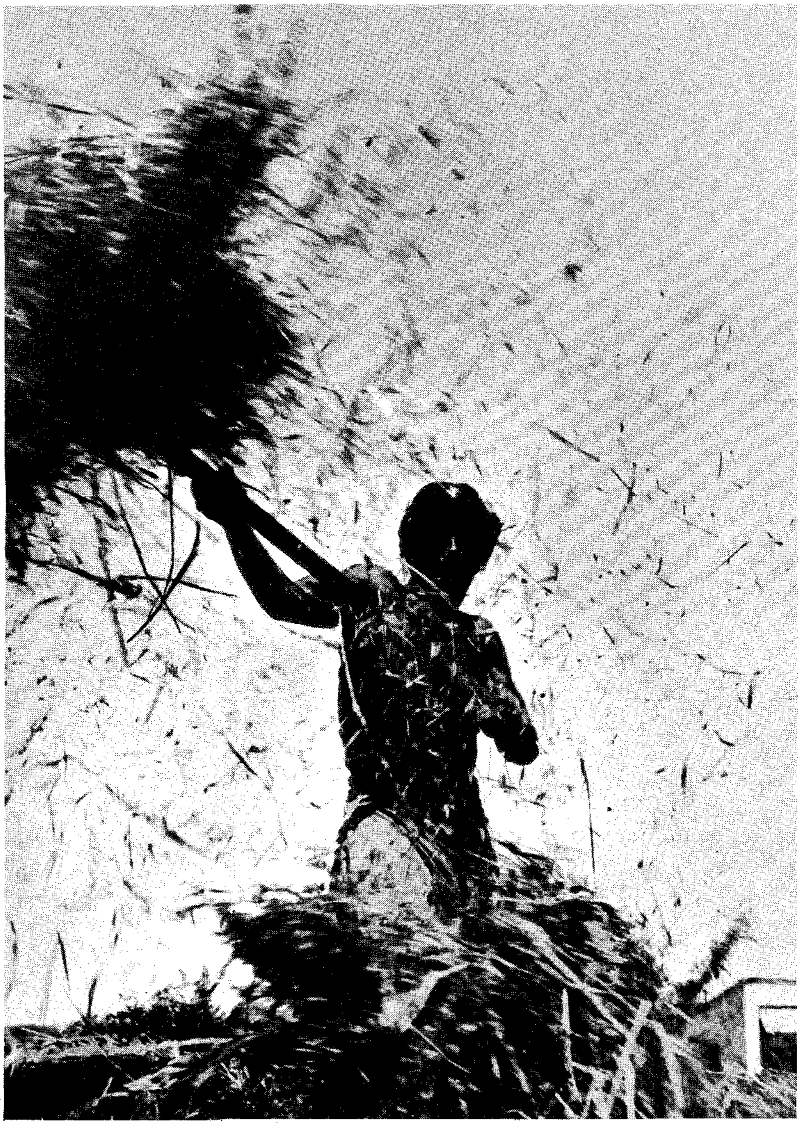
YEMENITE



Z. KLUGER

TEL AVIV

WITH PICKAX . . .



DR. N. GIDAL JERUSALEM

. . . AND PITCHFORK

JUNE, 1938

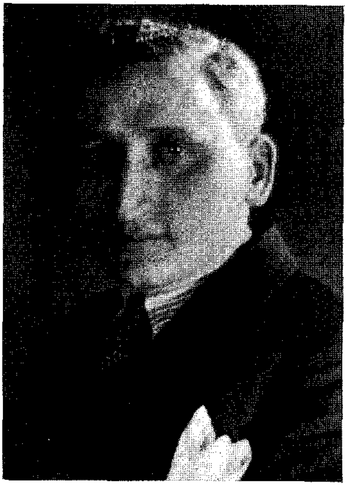
TALKING PICTURES

A NOTE ON ERNÖ VADAS, A CAMERA PROPHET NOT WITHOUT HONOR IN ANYBODY'S COUNTRY

On his nineteenth birthday—that would be in 1919—Ernö Vadas was given his first camera. With it he promptly proceeded to snap his first picture—a barefoot boy at a spring. He thought the finished print was splendid.

It was an opinion mildly shared by others. But the world was soon to swing around wholeheartedly to his point of view. Vadas had been an art student. He had the natural head start any artist has when he turns to photography, and he had much more—whatever bee in the bonnet it is that makes a man insist upon improving on the work of his accepted betters.

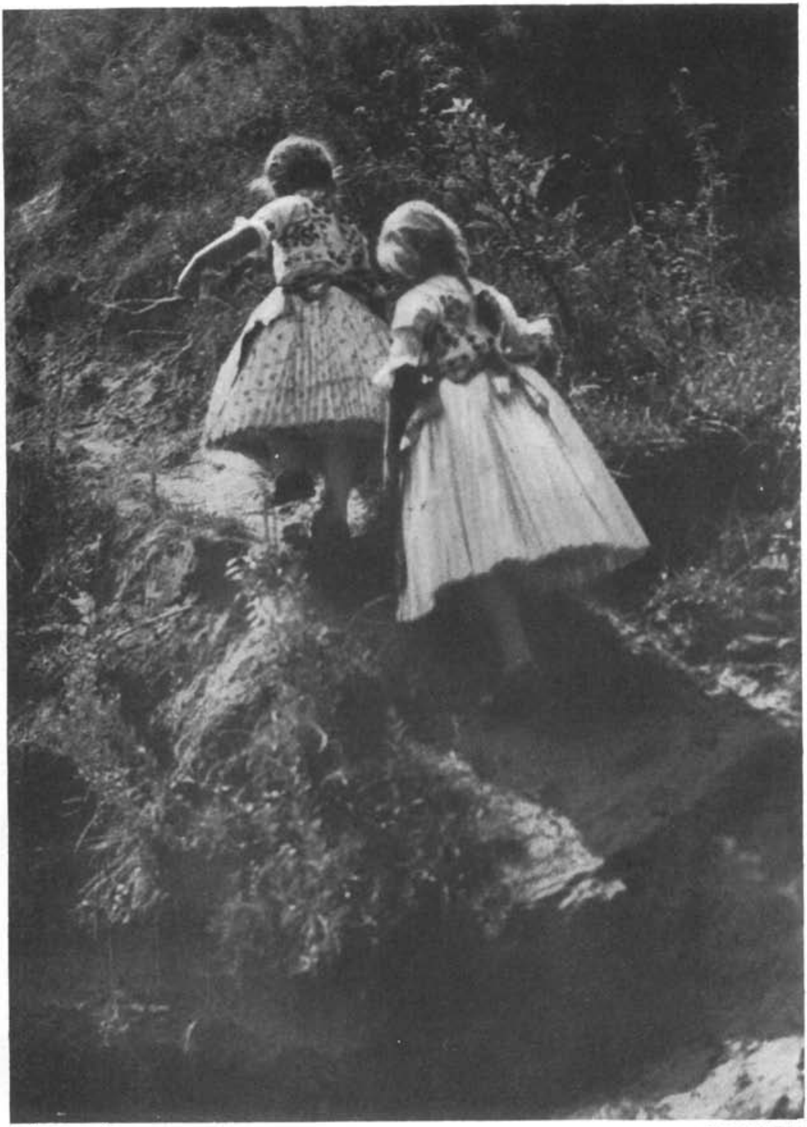
That made Vadas a radical. He rebelled against the then common practice of "painting" with a camera: he concentrated on subjects beyond the scope of the painter. He later rebelled against the pretty-pretty allegorical style that was the fashion: he turned realist up to the point of shockingness.



Self-Portrait by Ernö Vadas

By now Vadas has become the young dean of Hungarian photographers, and that is saying a lot. He receives the Gold Medal of Hungary every year as a matter of course, and other countries are not lax in recognition. He is a habitual first prize winner at international exhibitions, and he has more medals than he knows what to do with. The disposition of cash awards has never been a problem.

Ernö Vadas thinks that photography has made great progress in the last decade. He feels that it has reached its *beginning* as an art. —B. G.



MÁRIA MÜLLER BUDAPEST

ESCAPADE

JUNE, 1938

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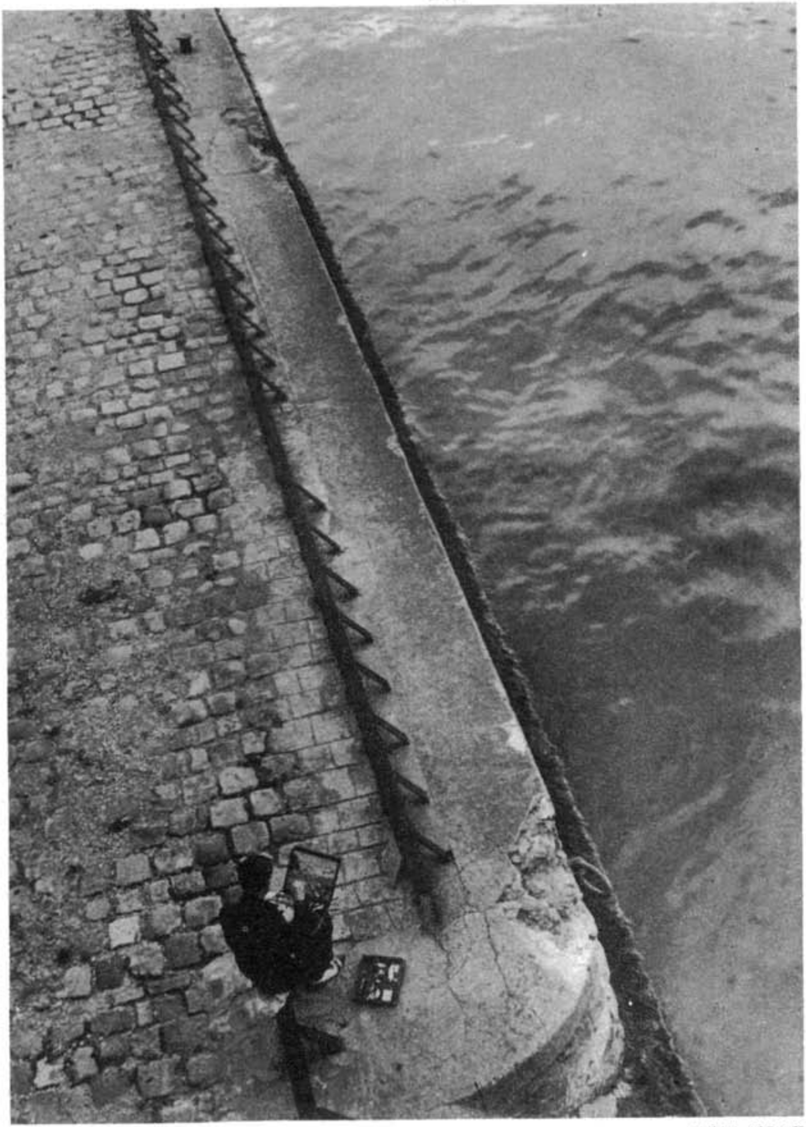
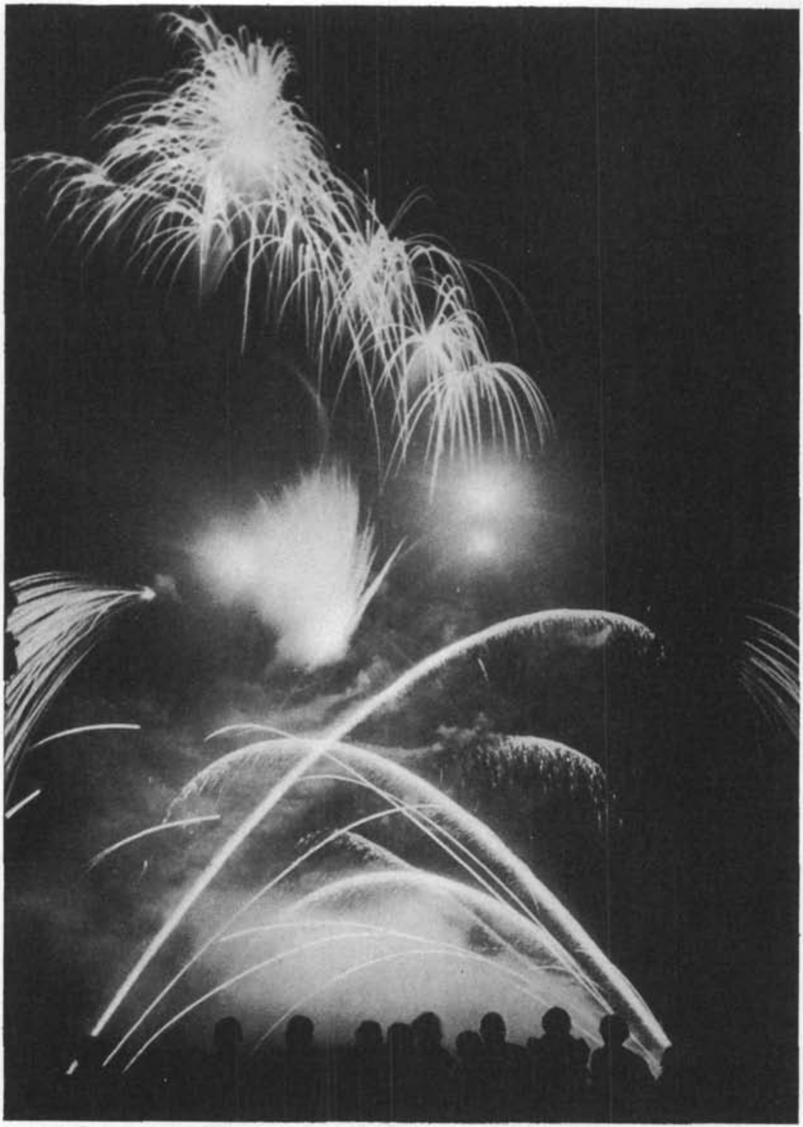


ANDRÉ KERTÉSZ NEW YORK

PLEIN-AIRIST

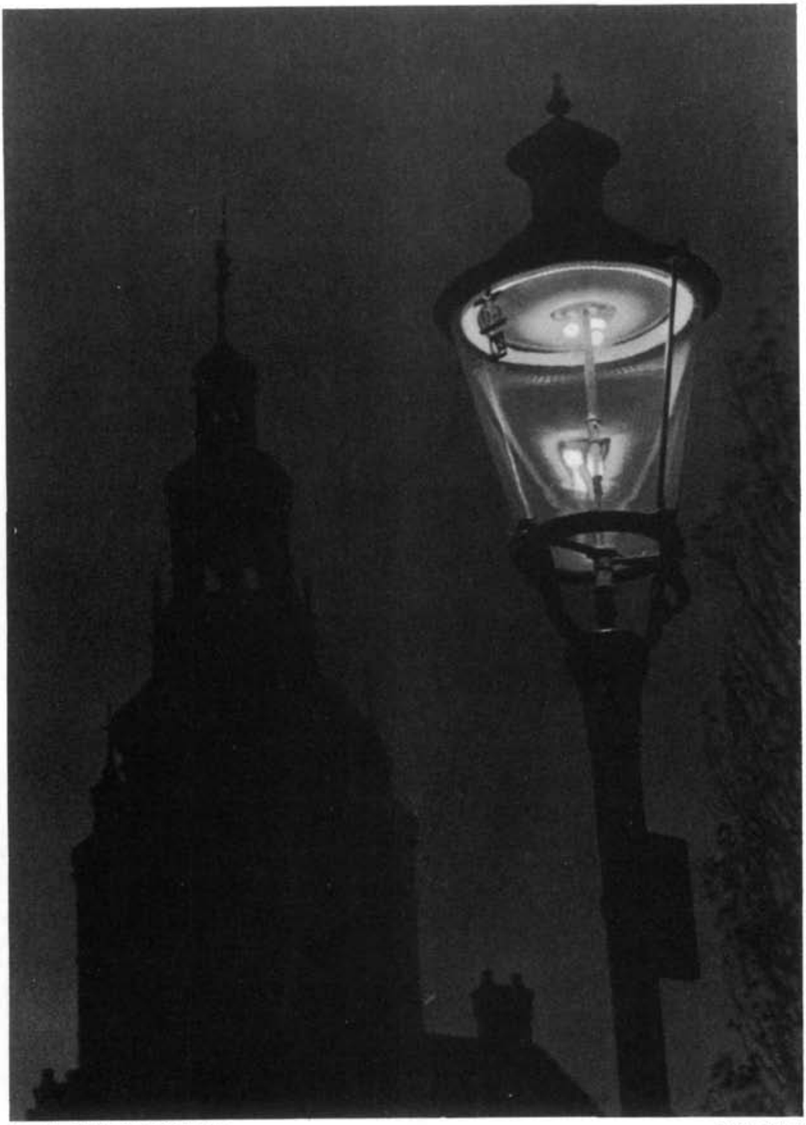
JUNE, 1938



BRASSAÏ PARIS

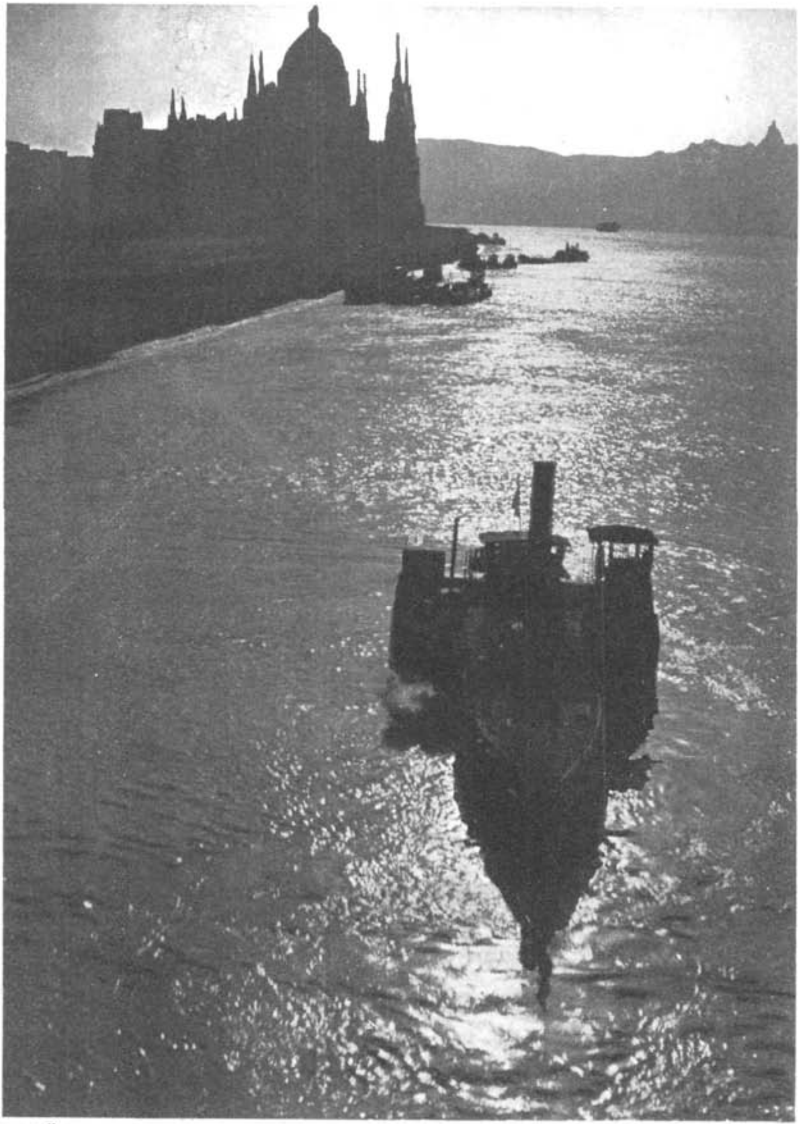
FÊTE DE NUIT

CORONET



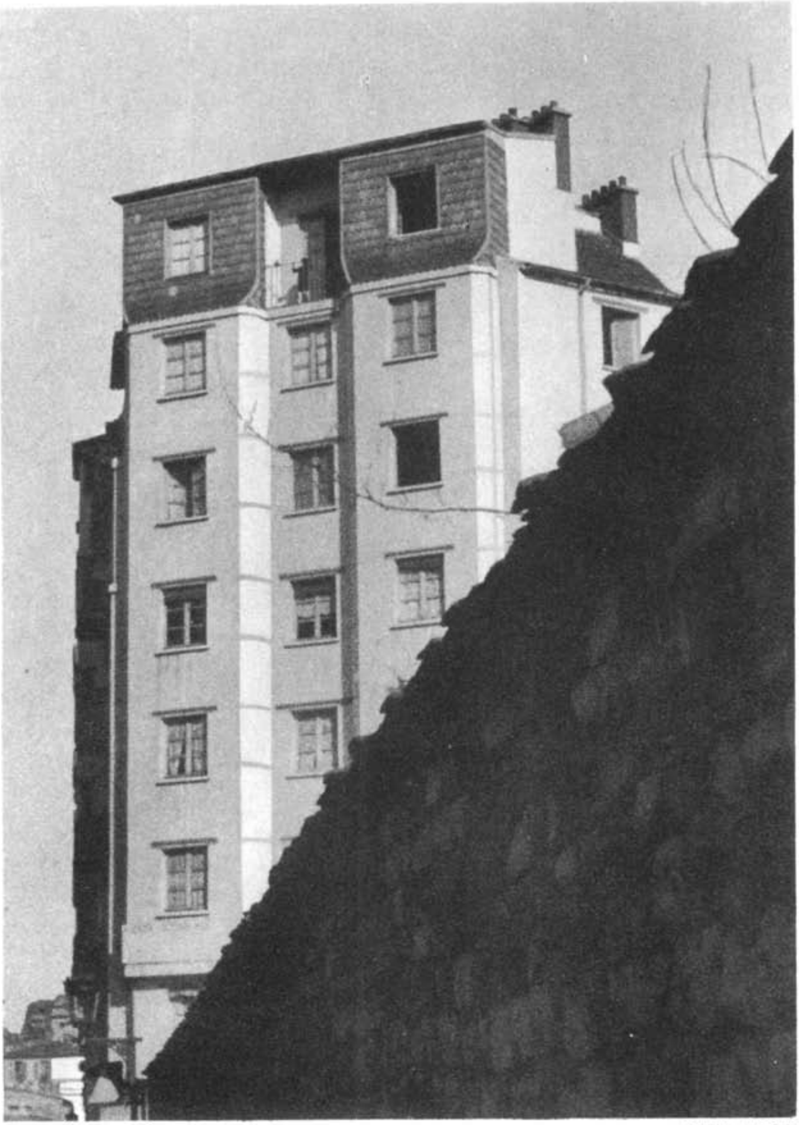
R. H. WOLTERSDORF PRAGUE

CREPUSCULAR



ERNÖ VADAS BUDAPEST

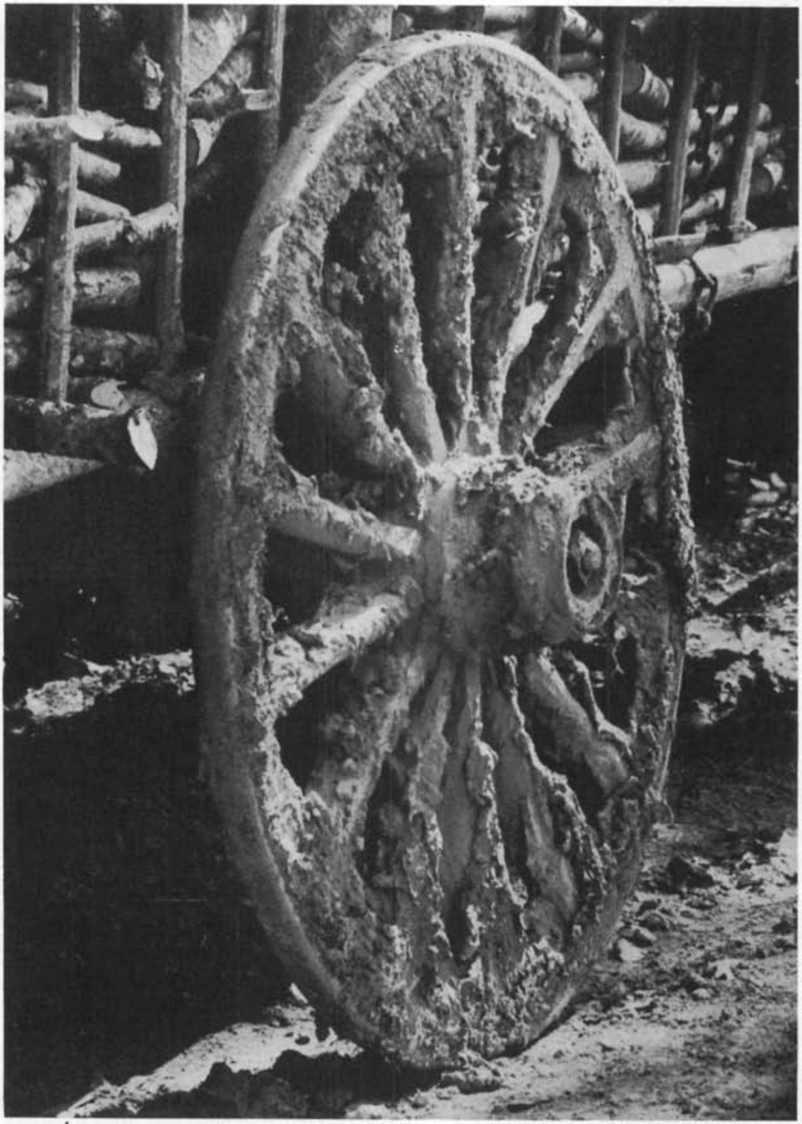
SILVER WAKE



ANDRÉ KERTÉSZ NEW YORK

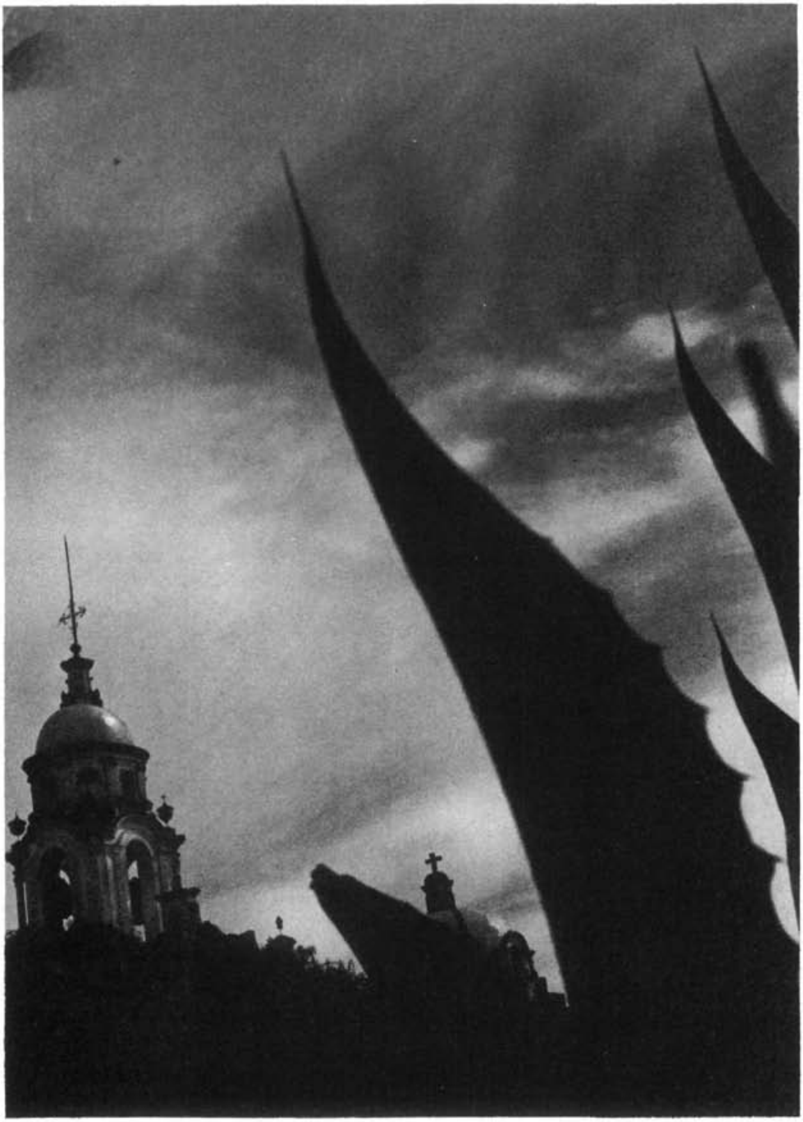
STUDIO APARTMENT

JUNE, 1938



KERTÉSZ, NEW YORK FROM EUROPEAN

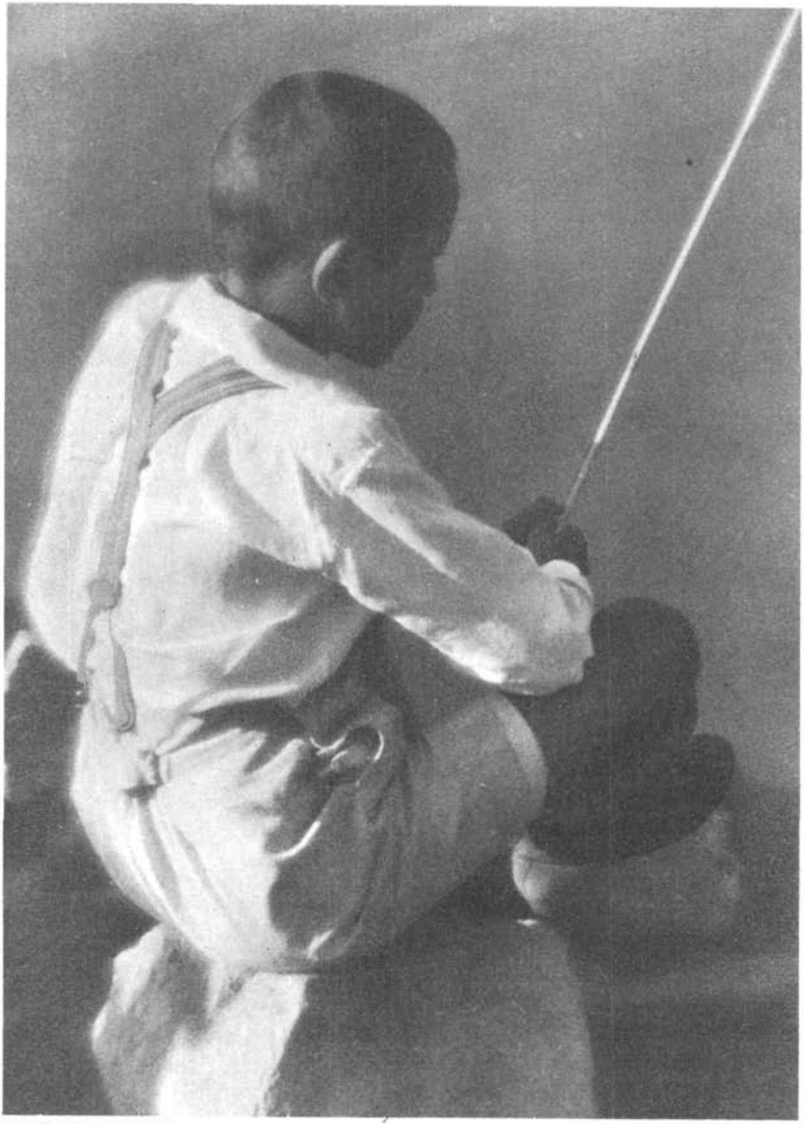
HEAVY GOING



HÉLÈNE DEUTCH CHICAGO

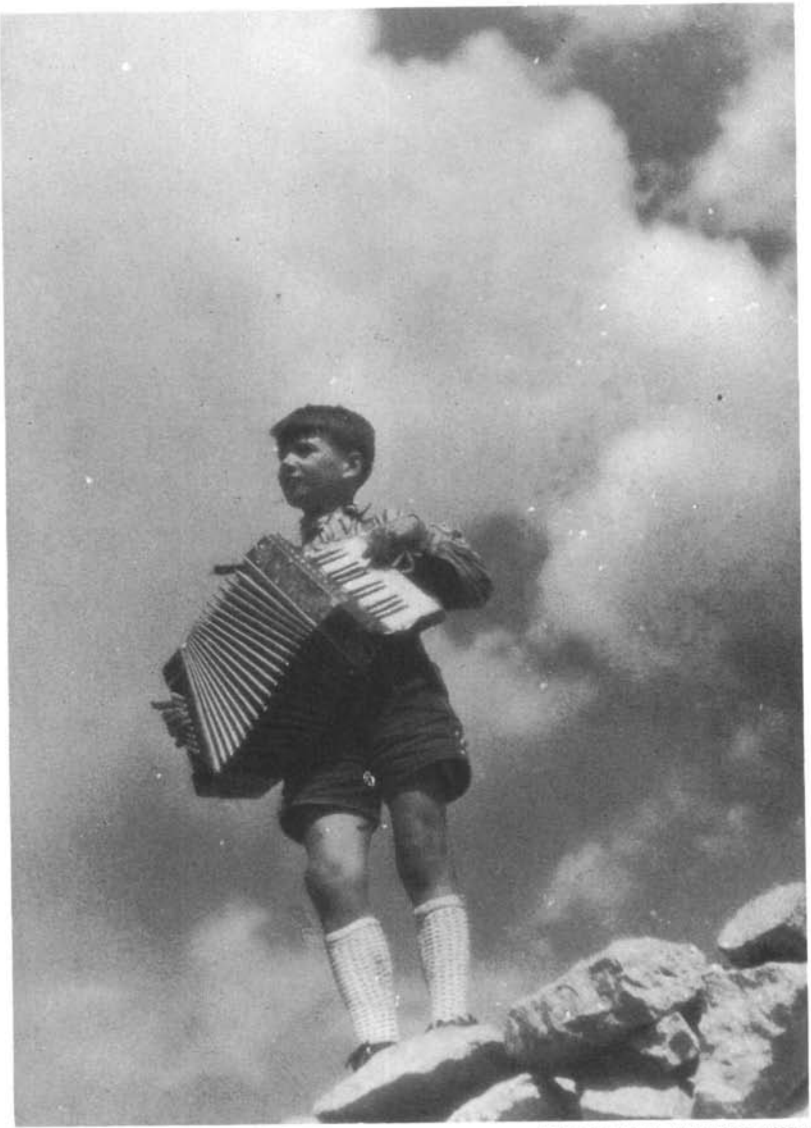
SKYWARD

JUNE, 1938



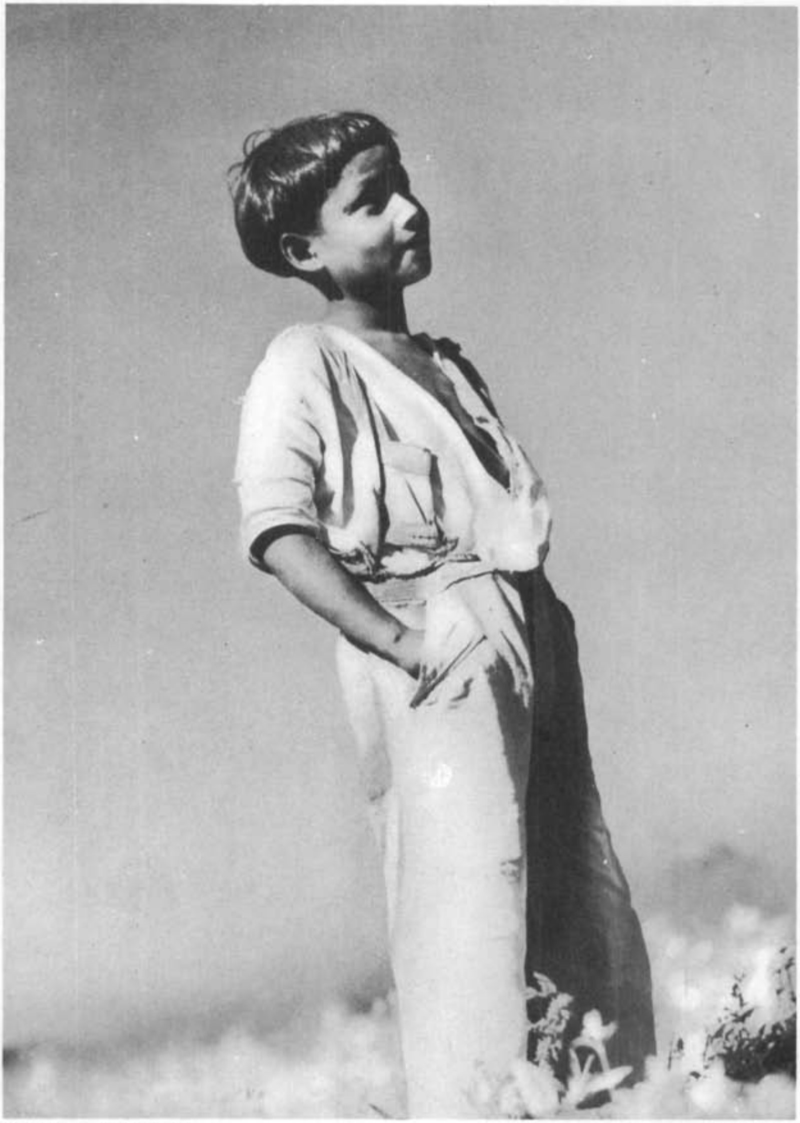
JENÖ DENKSTEIN BUDAPEST

EACH ONE . . .



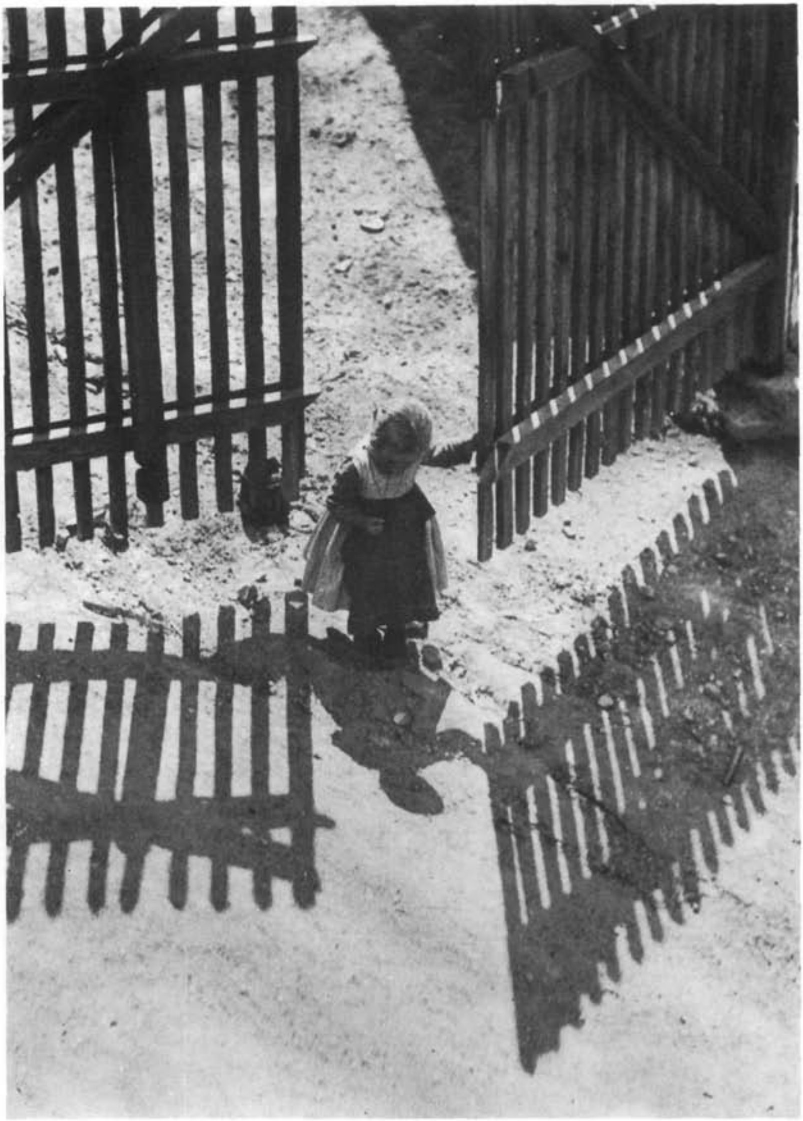
FRANC BAZELJ LJUBLJANA, YUGOSLAVIA

. . . TO HIS TASTE



STEPHEN DEUTCH CHICAGO

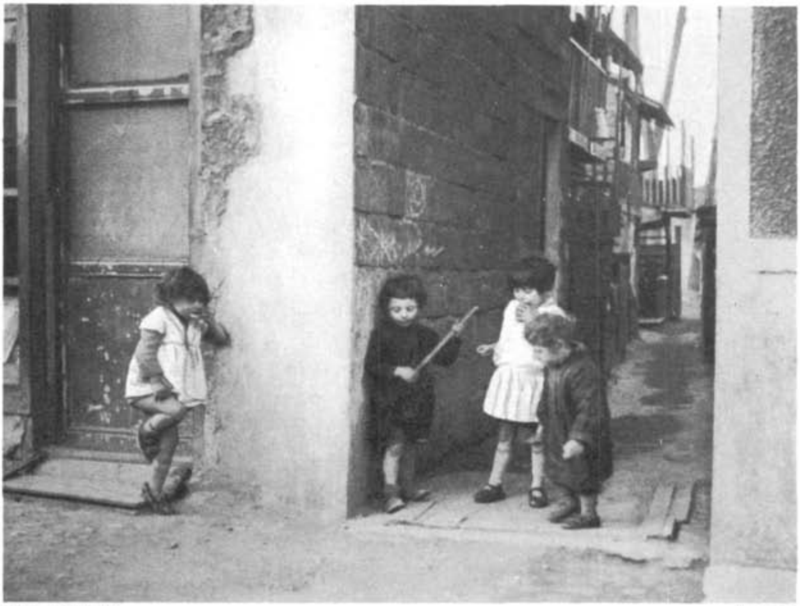
APLOMB



ERNÖ VADAS BUDAPEST

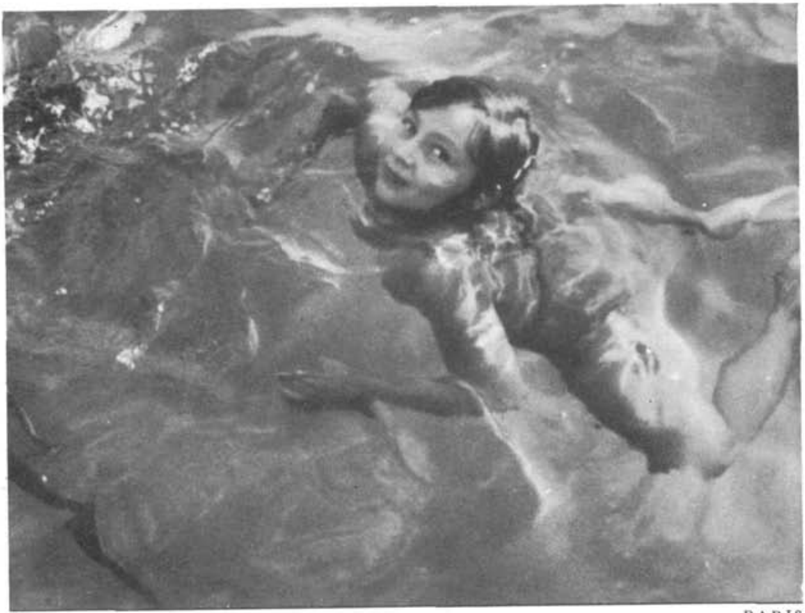
THRESHOLD

JUNE, 1938



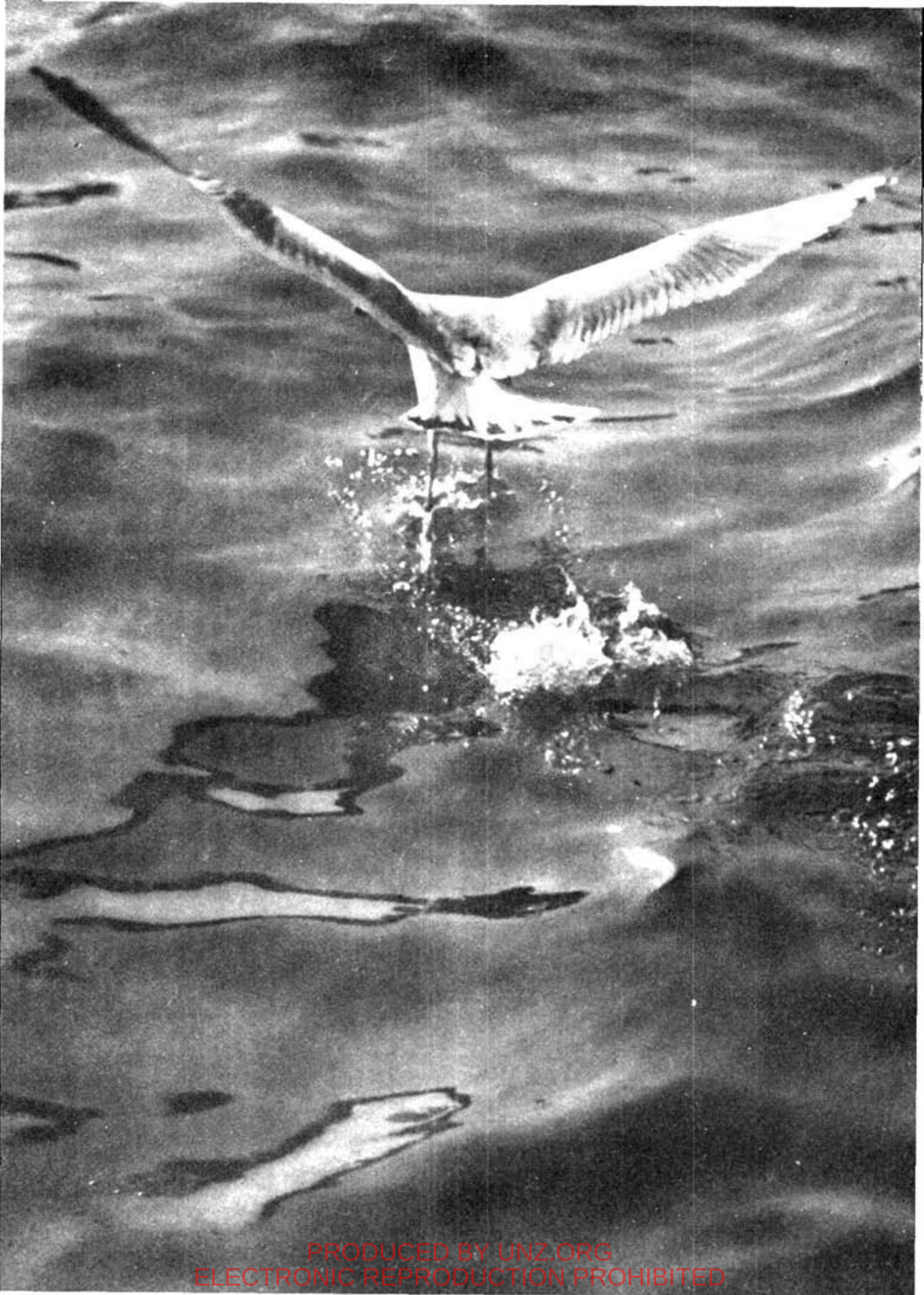
ELI LOTAR PARIS

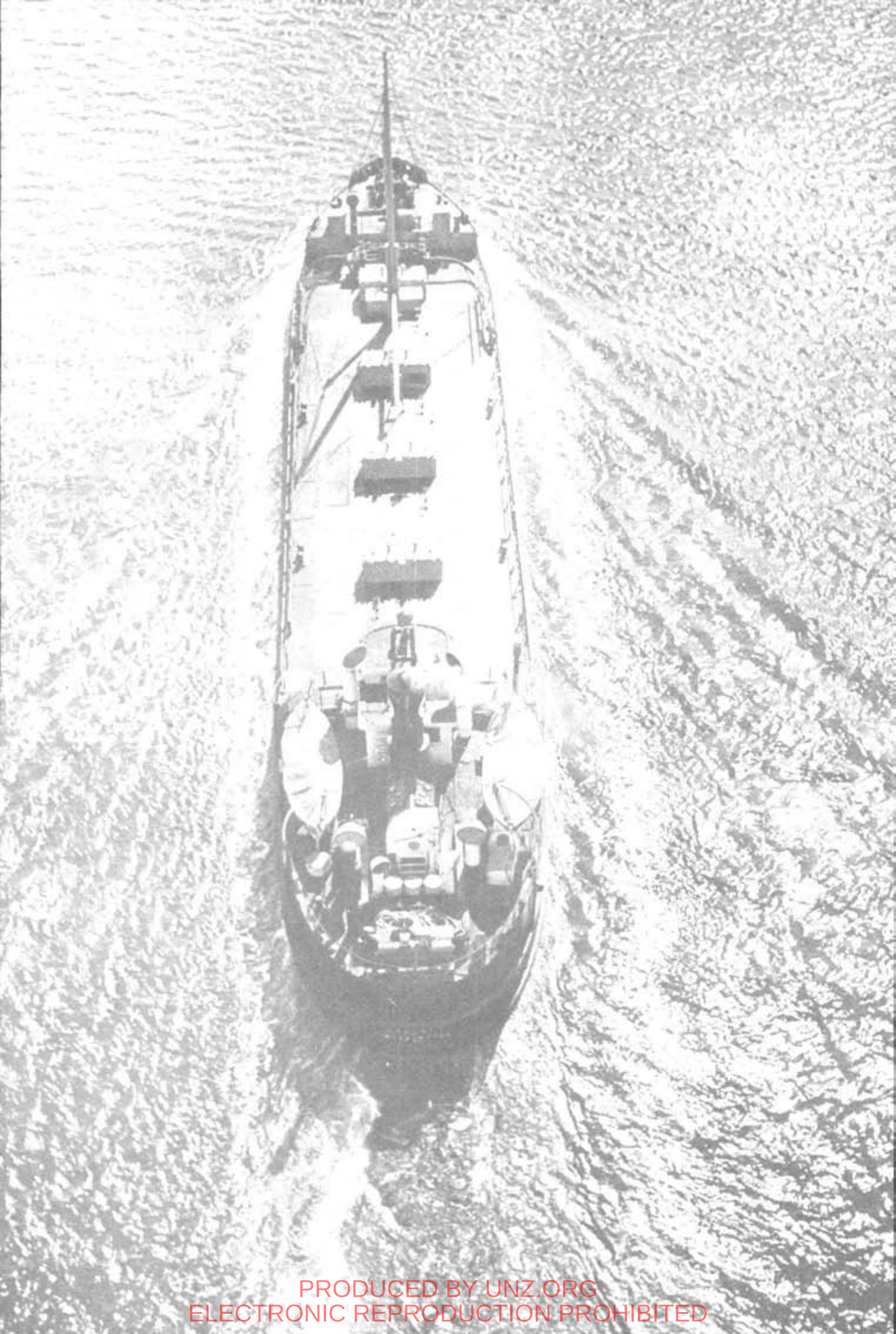
TROUBLE BREWING

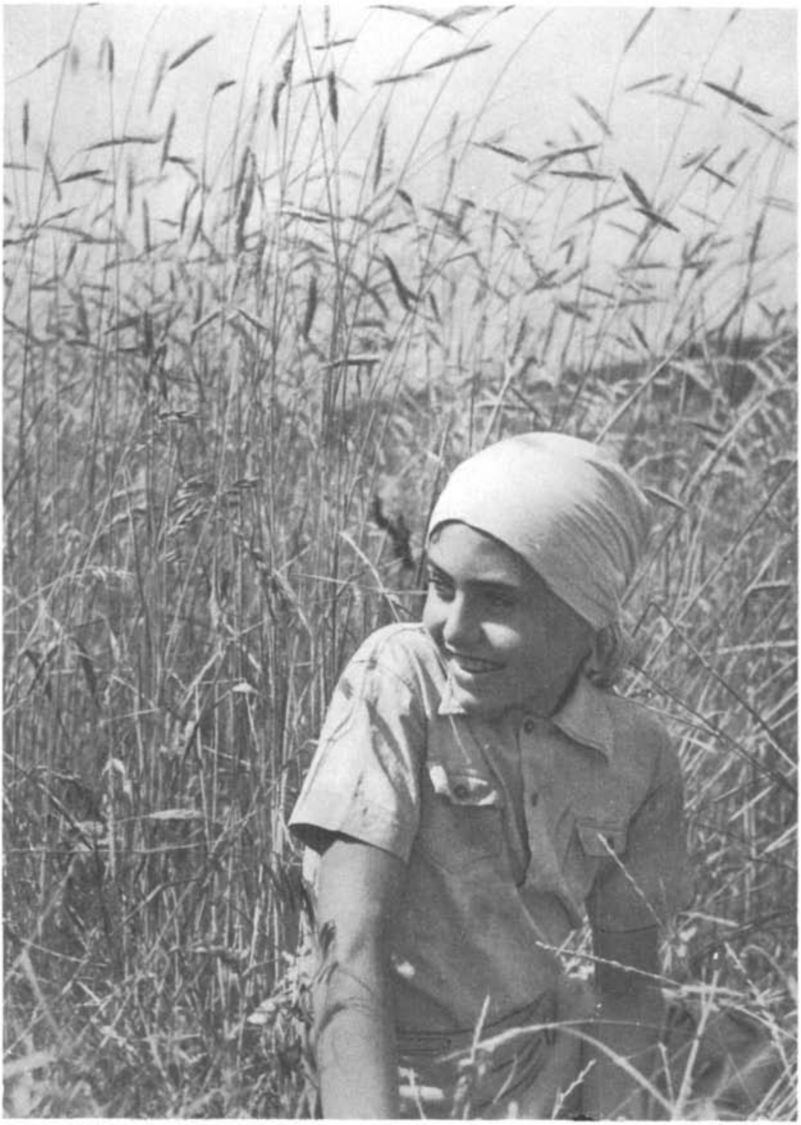


MAKOVSKA PARIS

TADPOLE





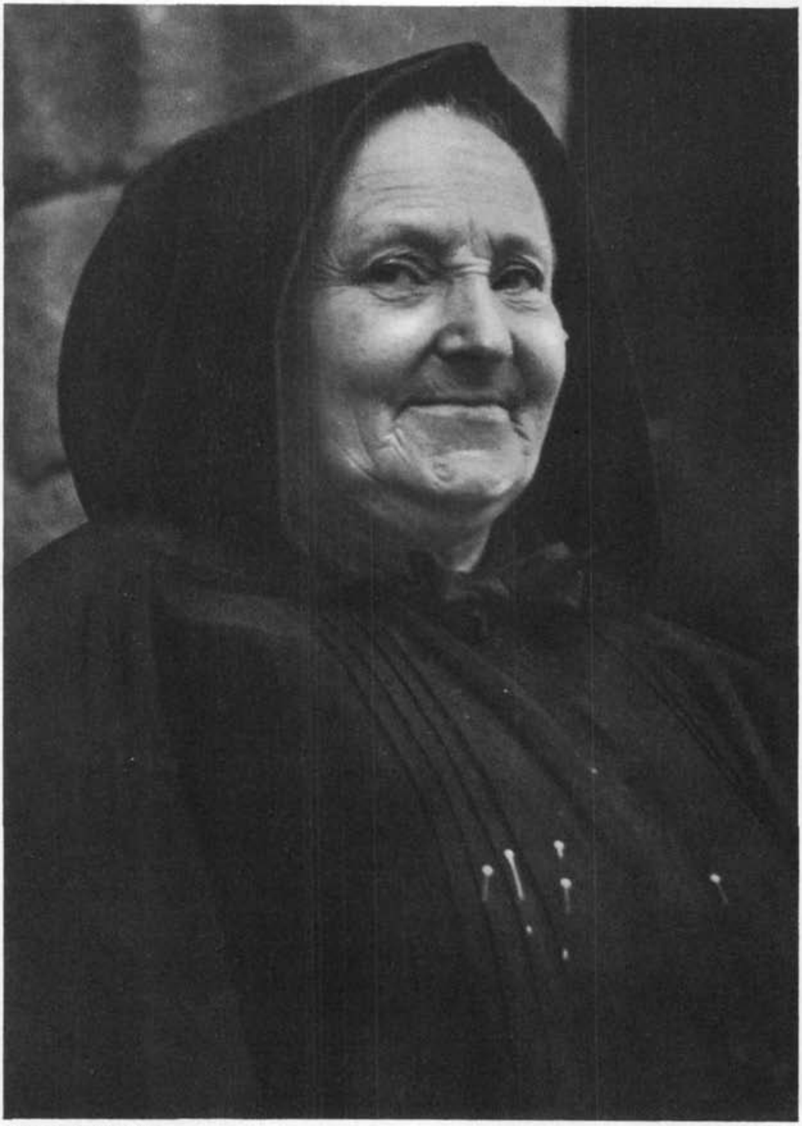


NORA DUMAS PARIS

FOOD

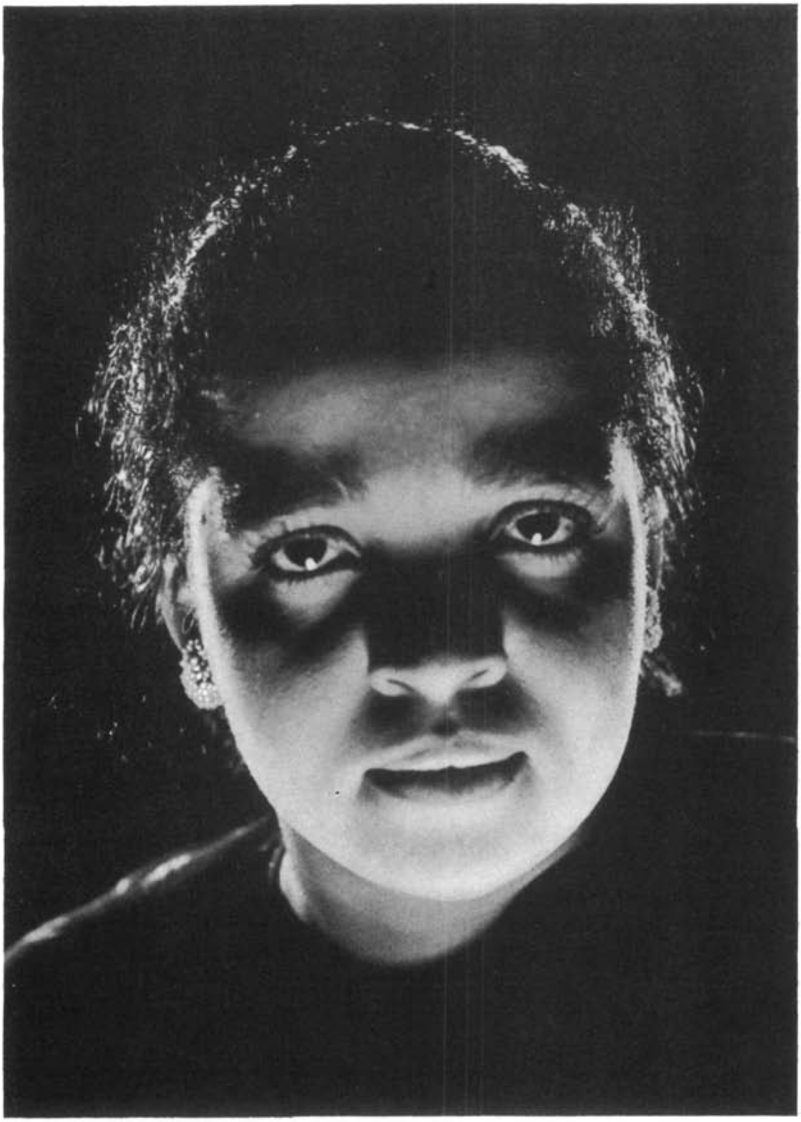
PIERRE-ADAM PARIS

DRINK



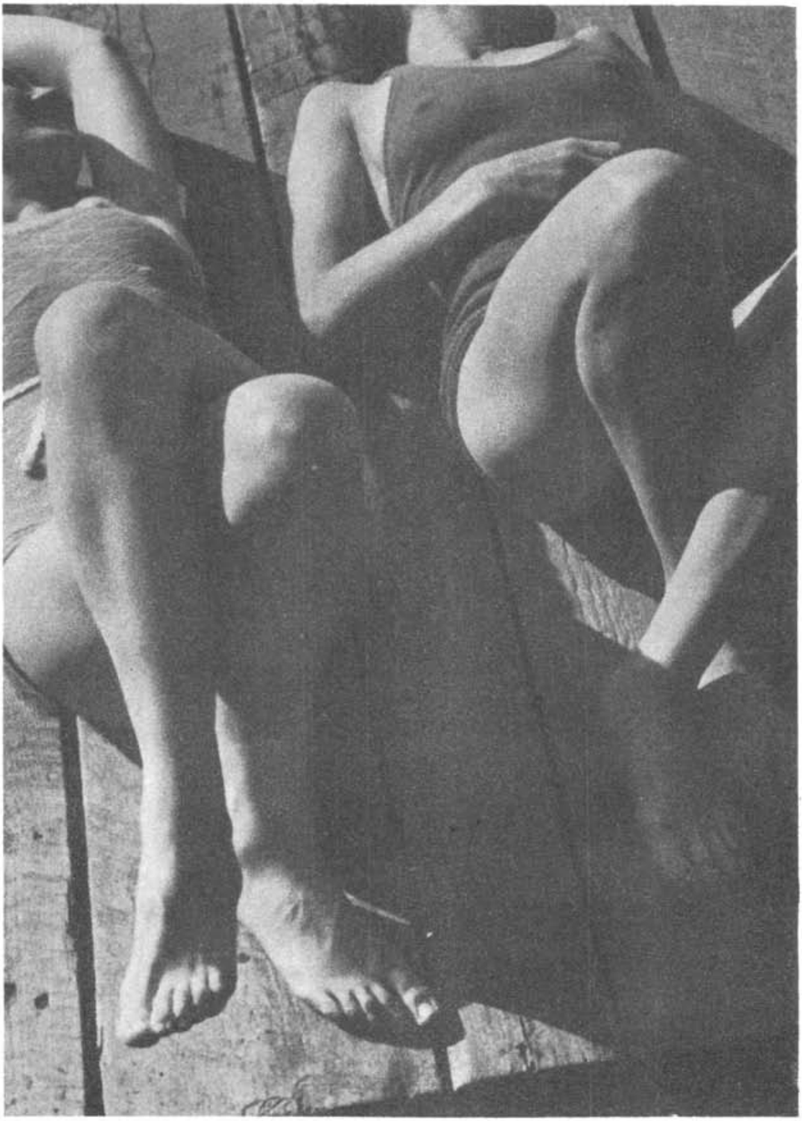
ERGY LANDAU PARIS

VICARIOUS



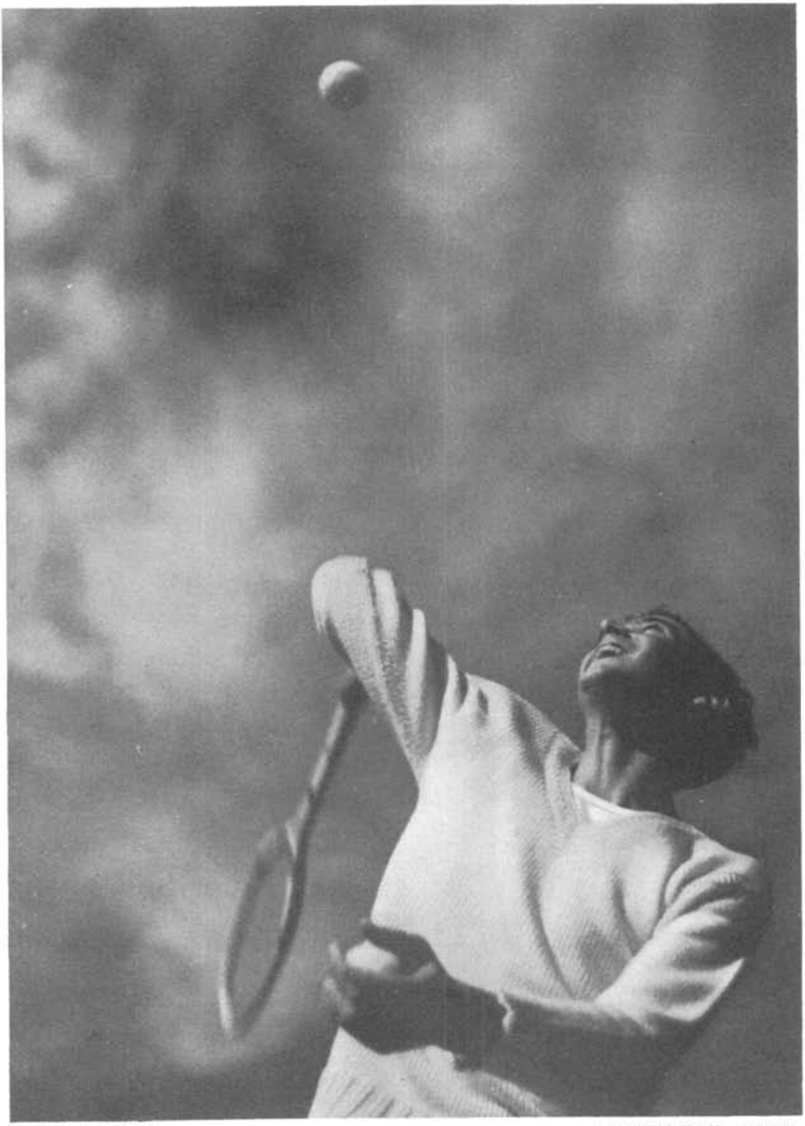
STEPHEN DEUTCH CHICAGO

VITAL



DON WALLACE CHICAGO

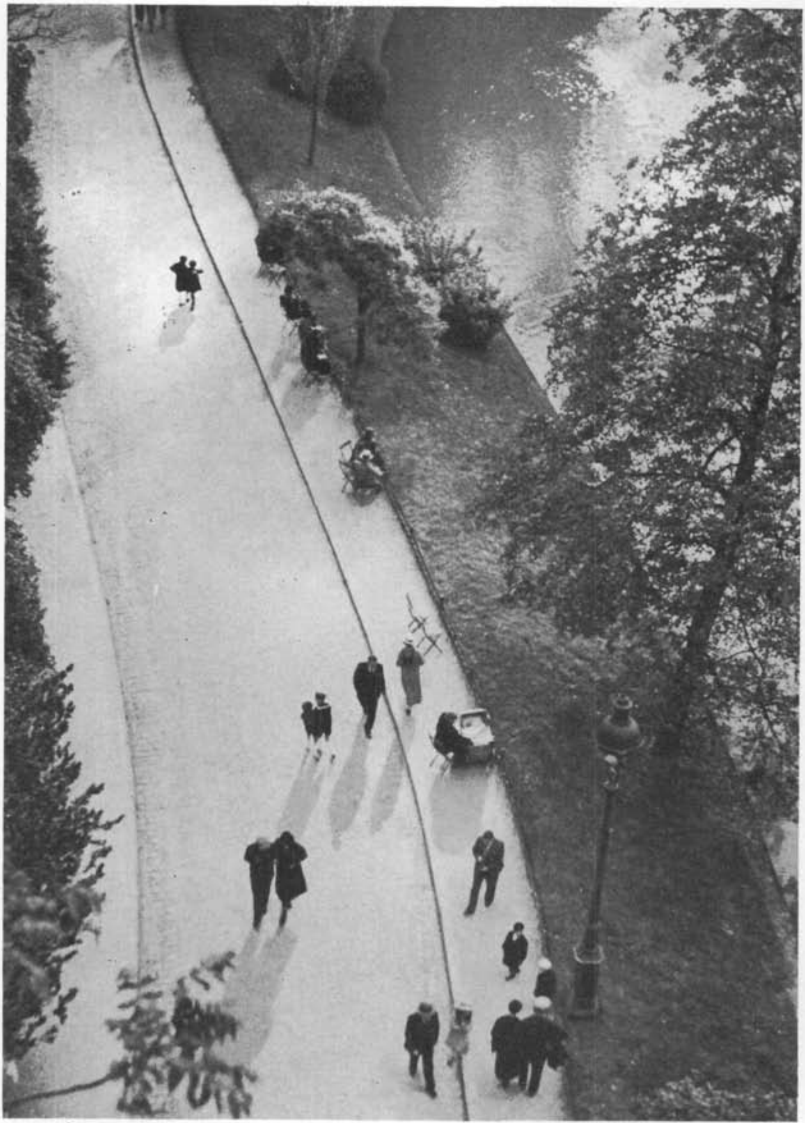
BASK



AGNEW FISHER GREENWICH, CONN.

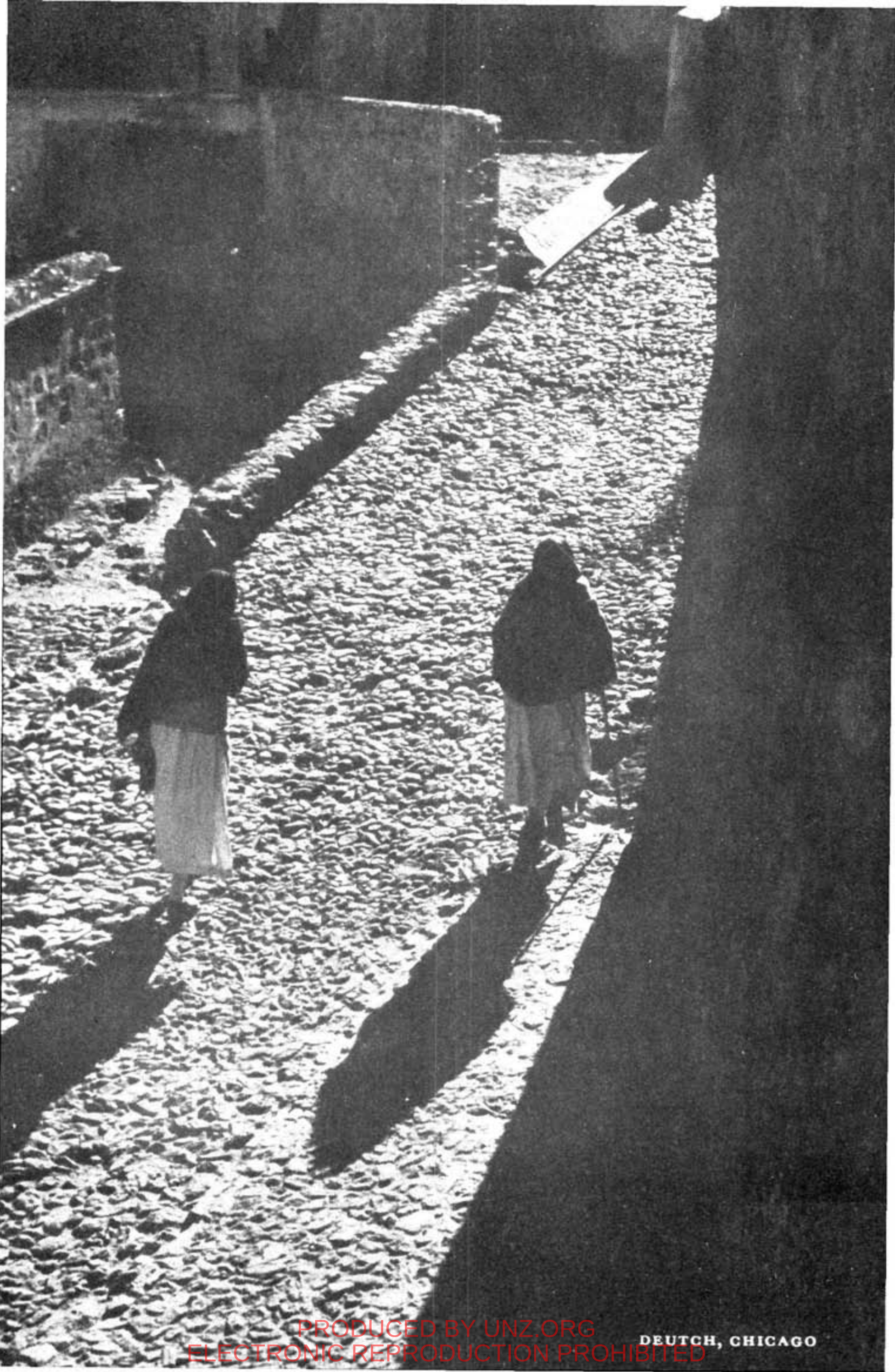
SERVE

JUNE, 1938

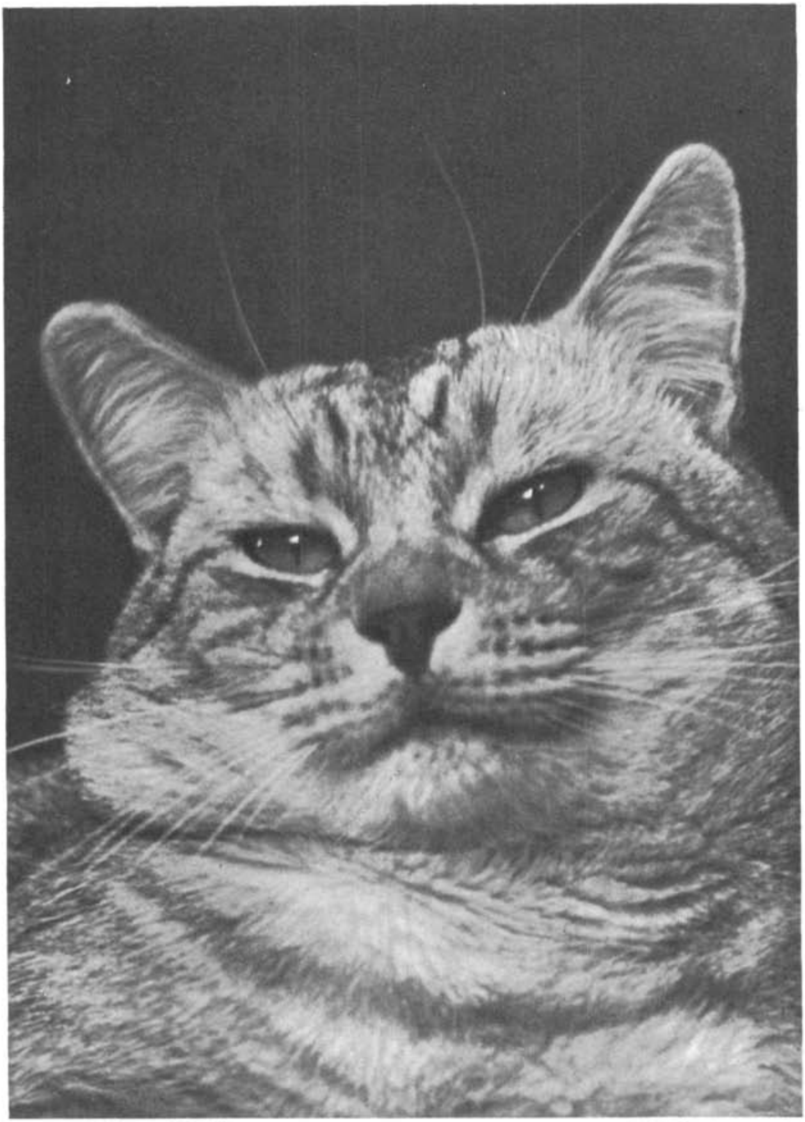


ANDRÉ STEINER PARIS

CROSS SECTION

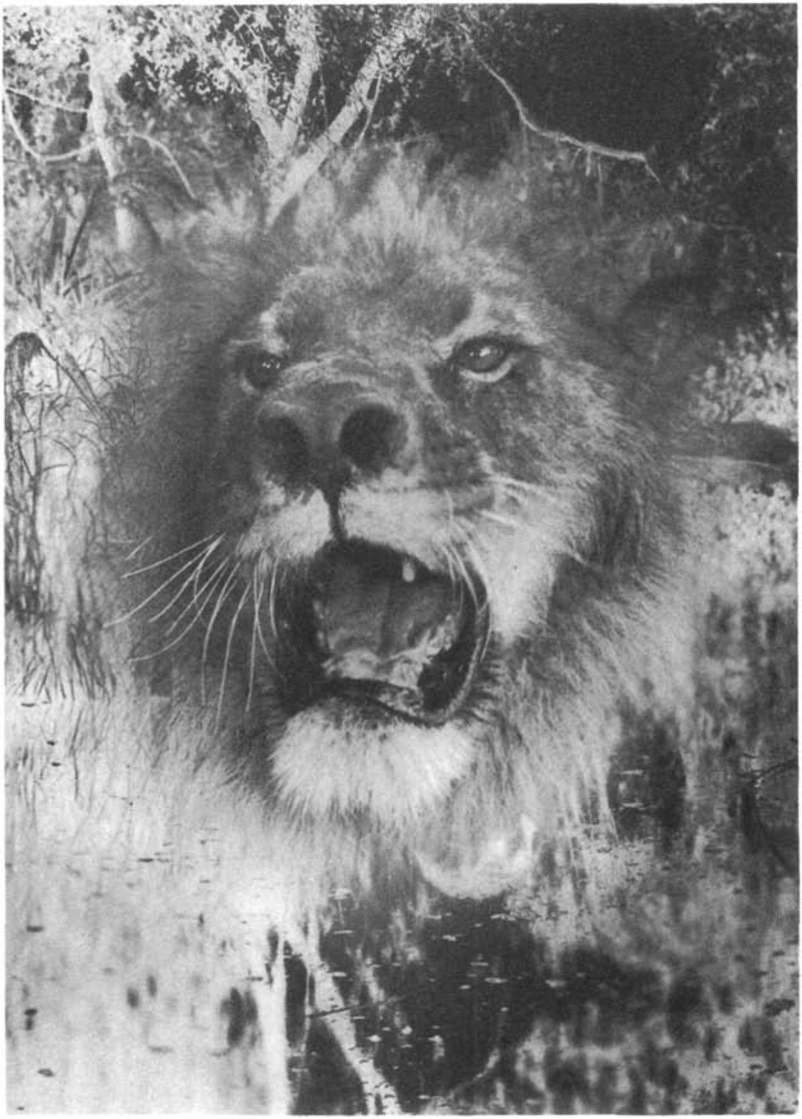


DEUTCH, CHICAGO



DR. LLOYD G. INGLES DURHAM, CALIF.

PURR



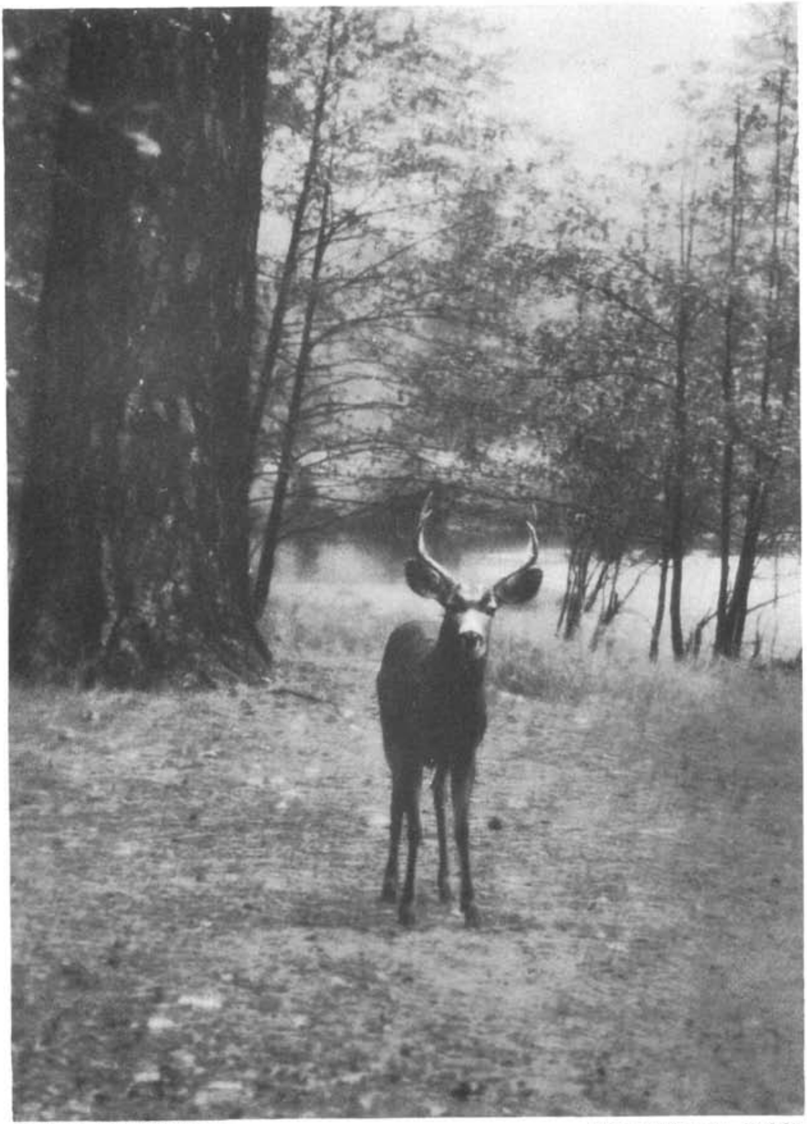
BUDDY LONGWORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

ROAR

JUNE, 1938

HÉLÈNE DEUTCH CHICAGO

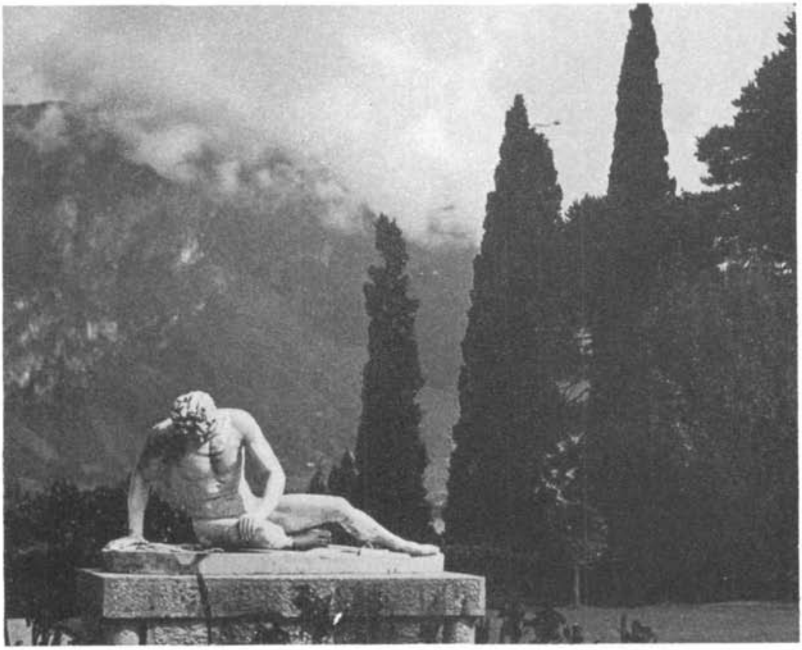
WEIGHED DOWN



BUDDY LONGWORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

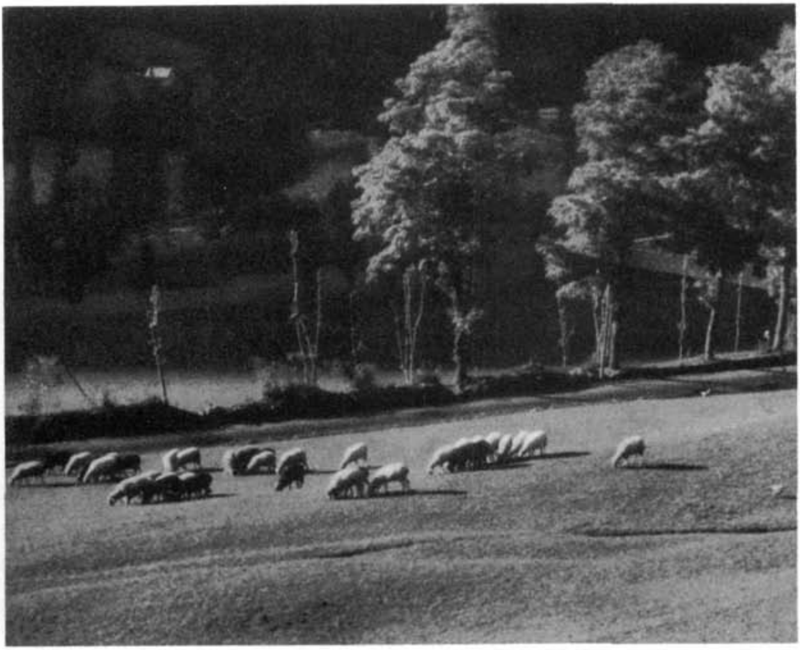
FOOTLOOSE

JUNE, 1938



DR. PAUL A. BISHOP PHILADELPHIA

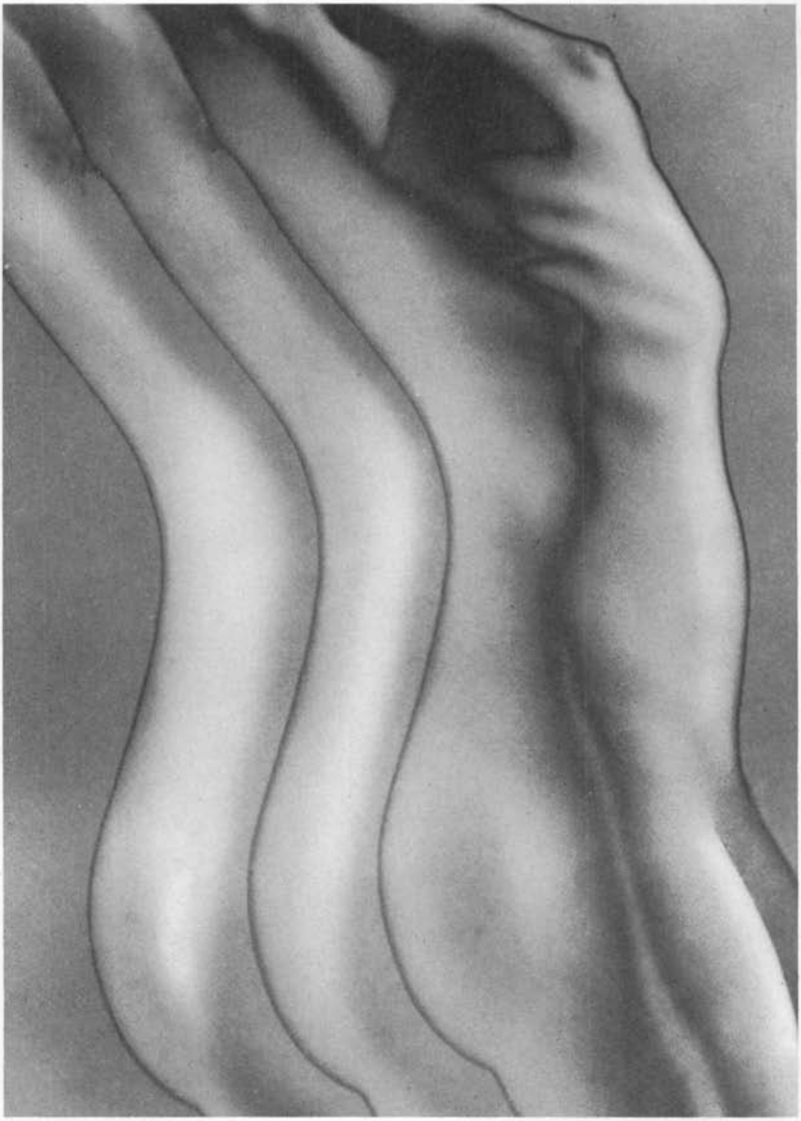
SCULPTURE IN LANDSCAPE



BESTELLN FROM EUROPEAN

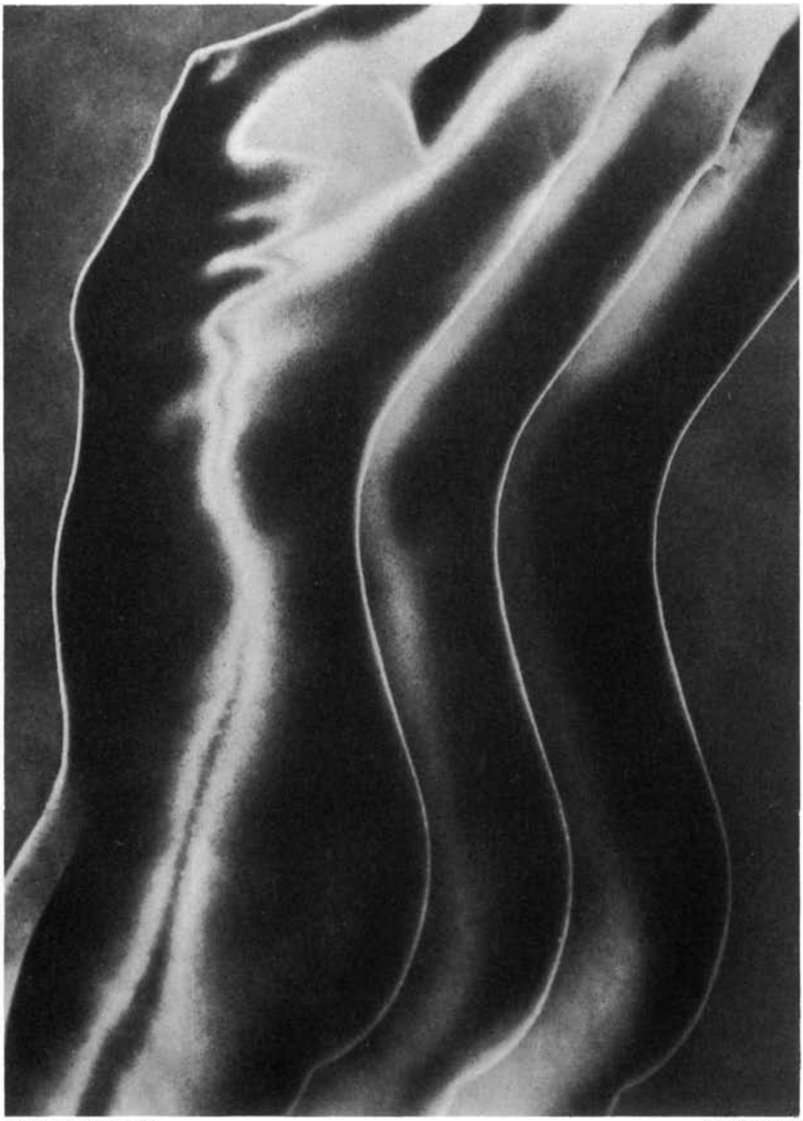
PASTORAL

JUNE, 1938



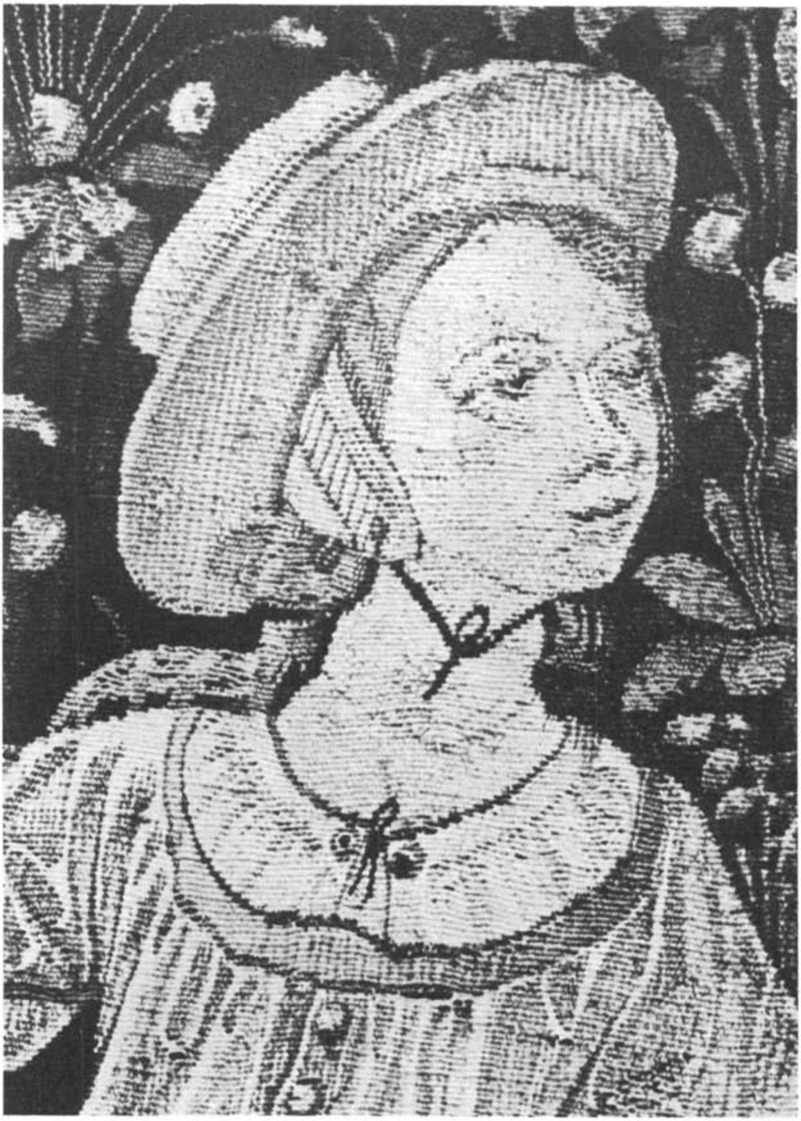
DON WALLACE CHICAGO

TRIAD—I



DON WALLACE CHICAGO

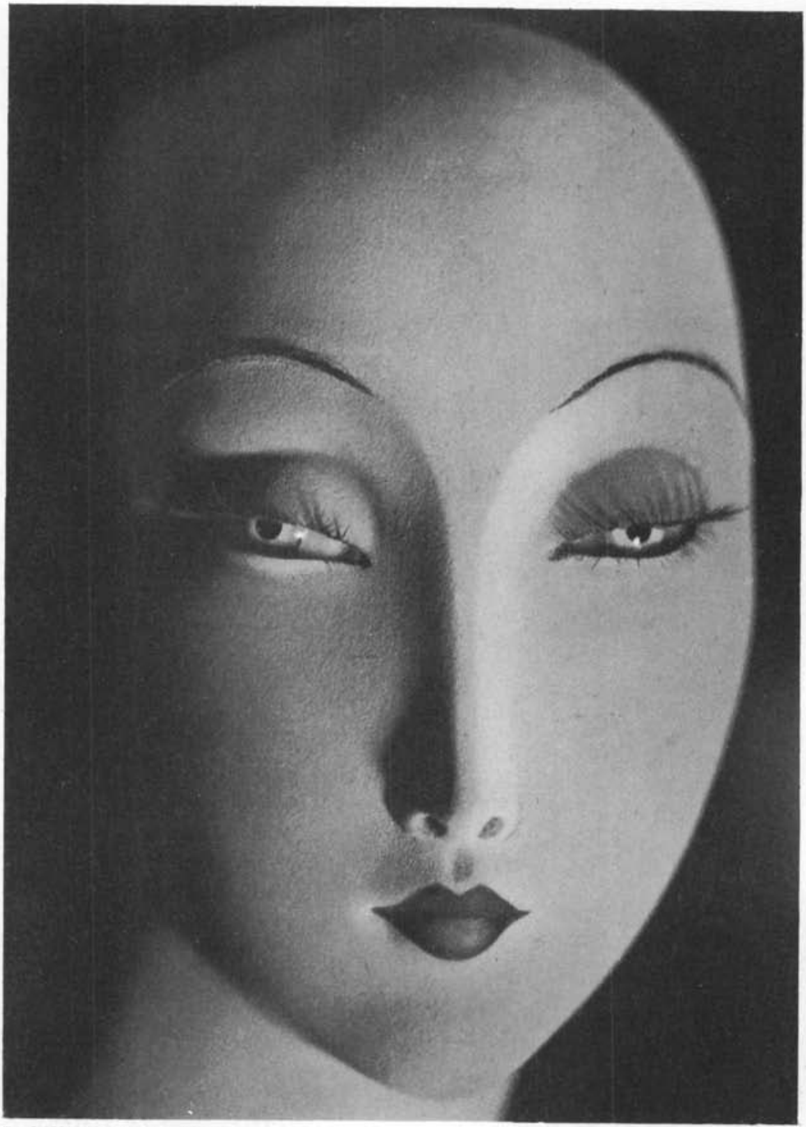
TRIAD—II



ERWIN BLUMENFELD PARIS

PORTRAIT IN TAPESTRY

BLUMENFELD, PARIS



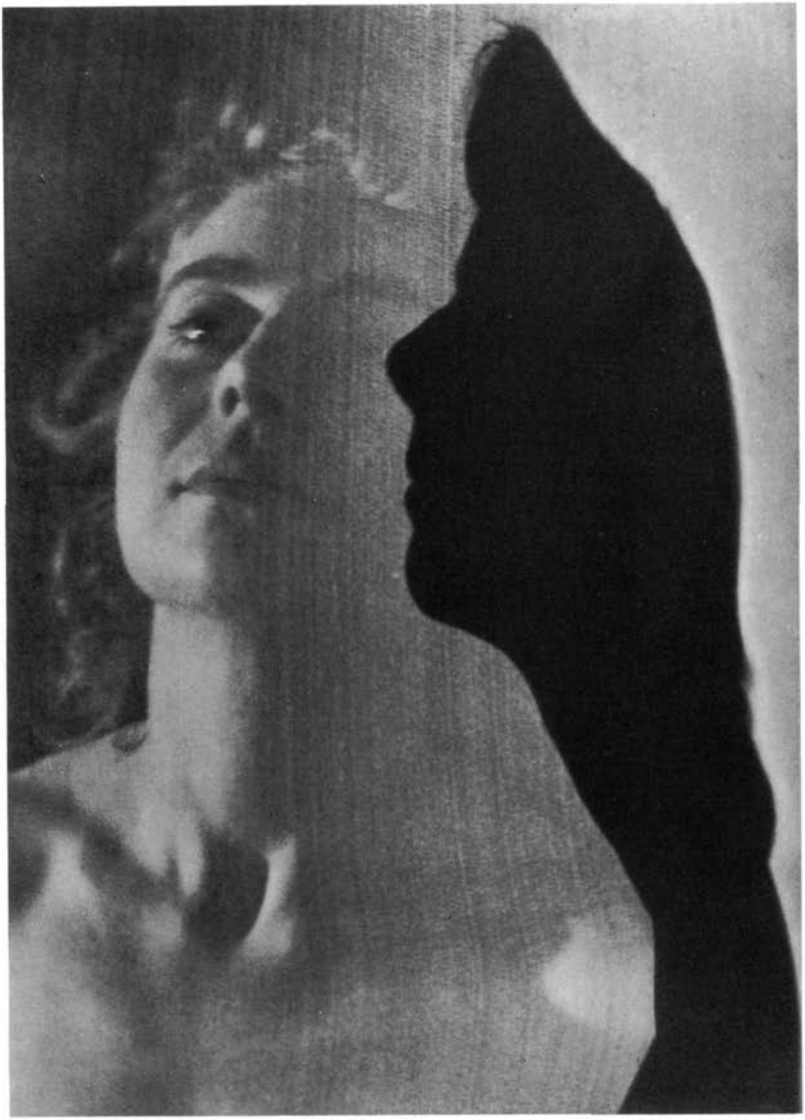
ERWIN BLUMENFELD PARIS

DOLL FACE

BLUMENFELD, PARIS

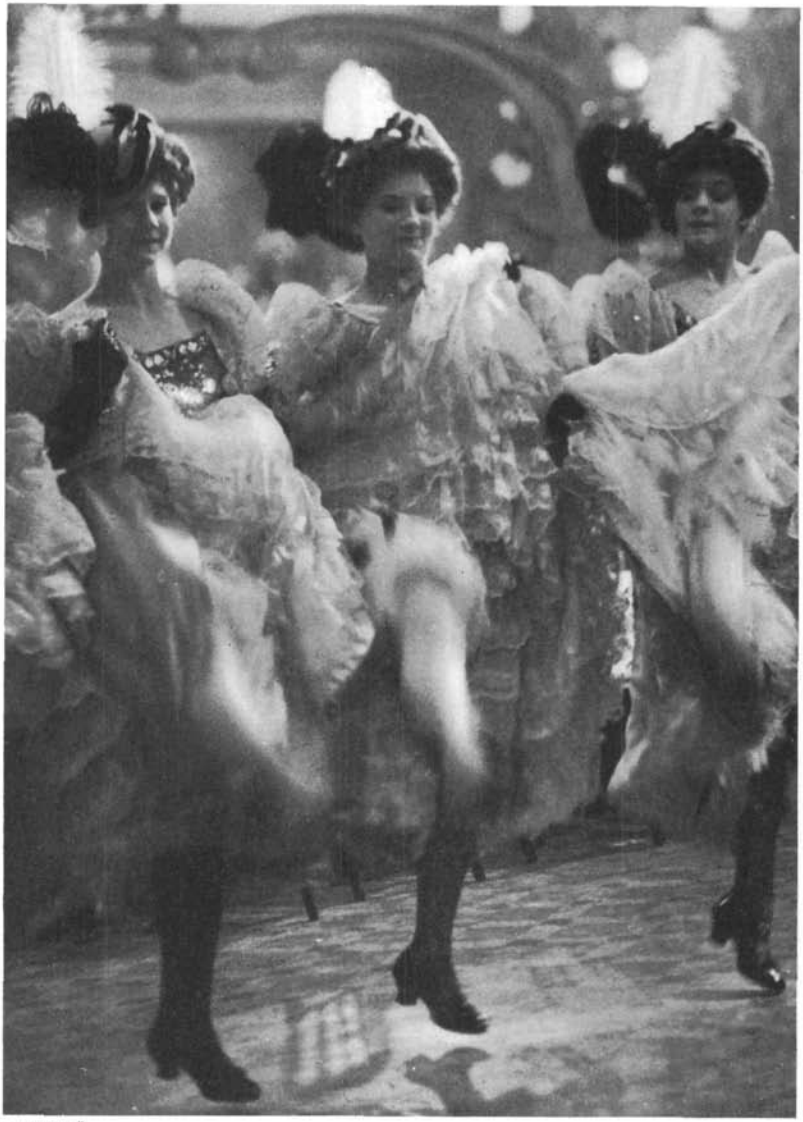
NELL DORR NEW YORK

PIXIE



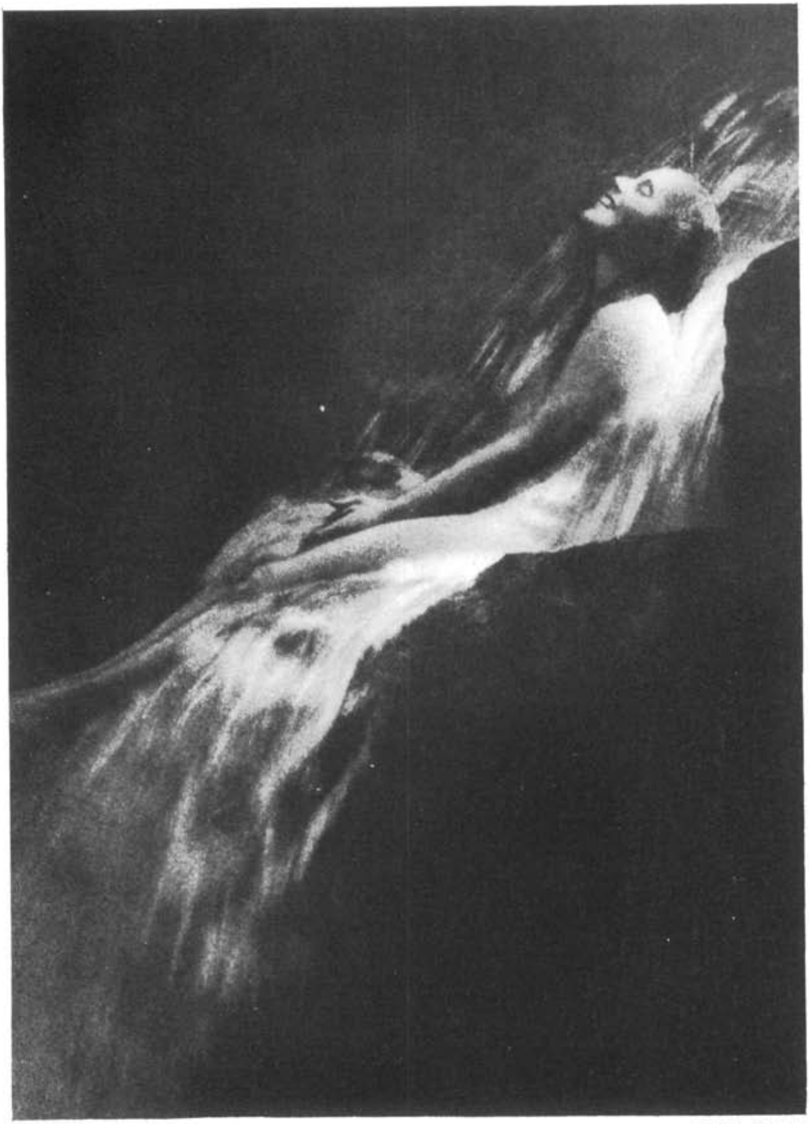
ERWIN BLUMENFELD PARIS

ECTOPLASMIC



BRASSAÏ PARIS

CANCAN

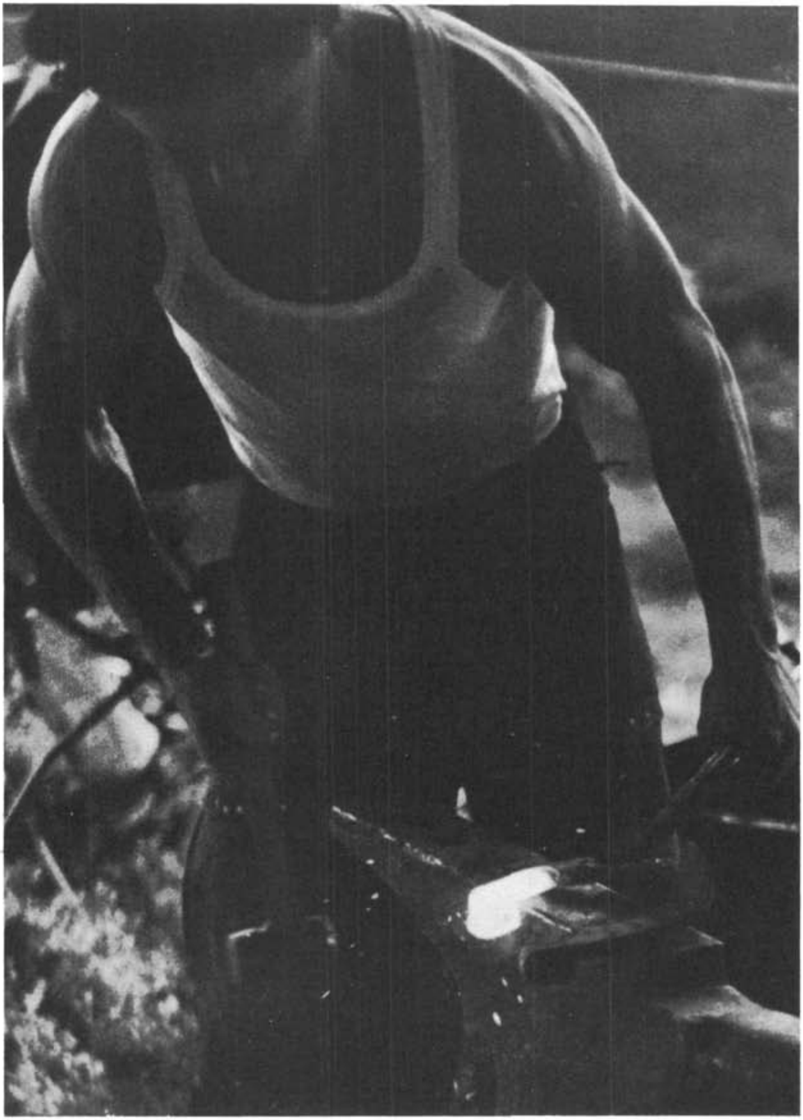


NELL DORR

NEW YORK

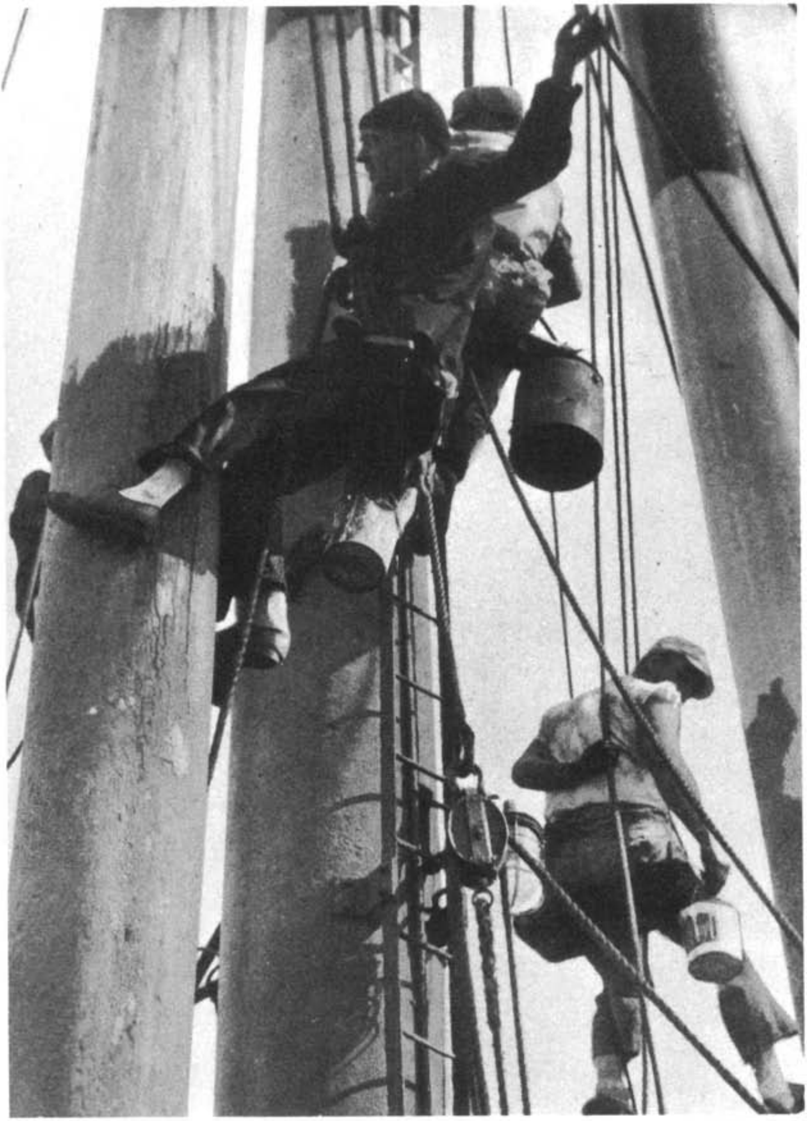
WATERFALL

JUNE, 1938



DON WALLACE CHICAGO

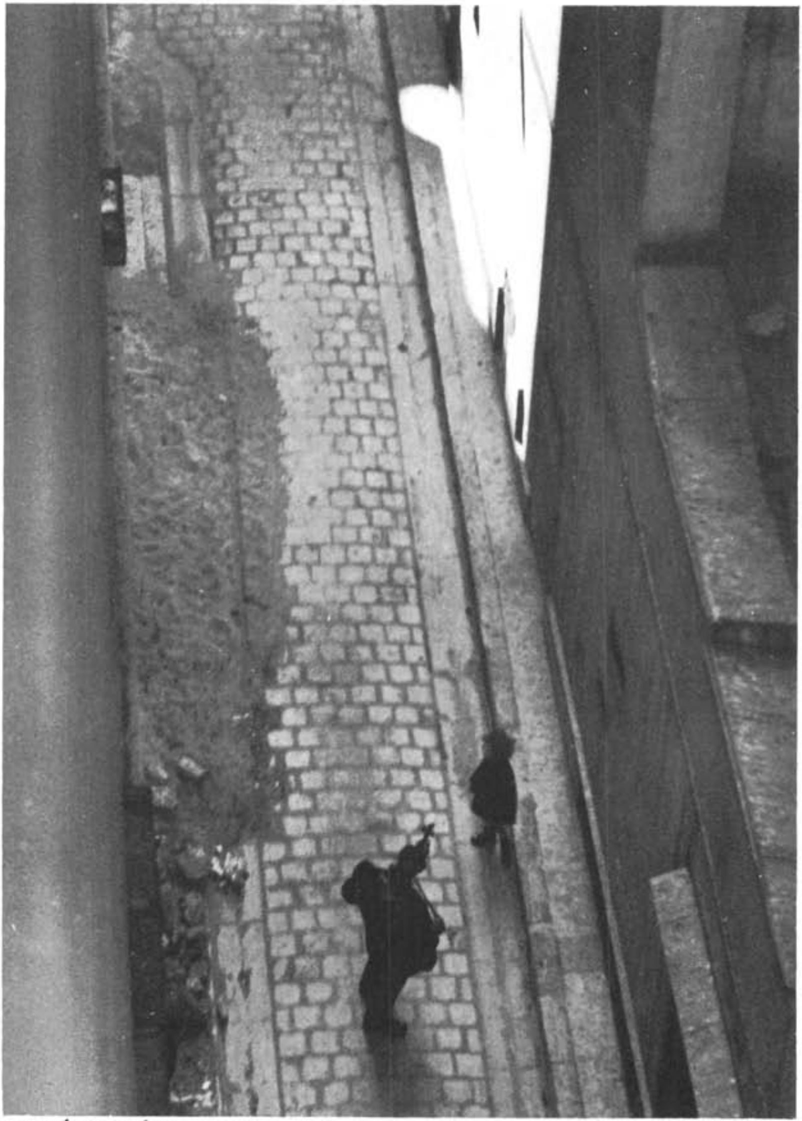
HAMMER AND TONGS



DR. MAXIMILIAN TOCH NEW YORK

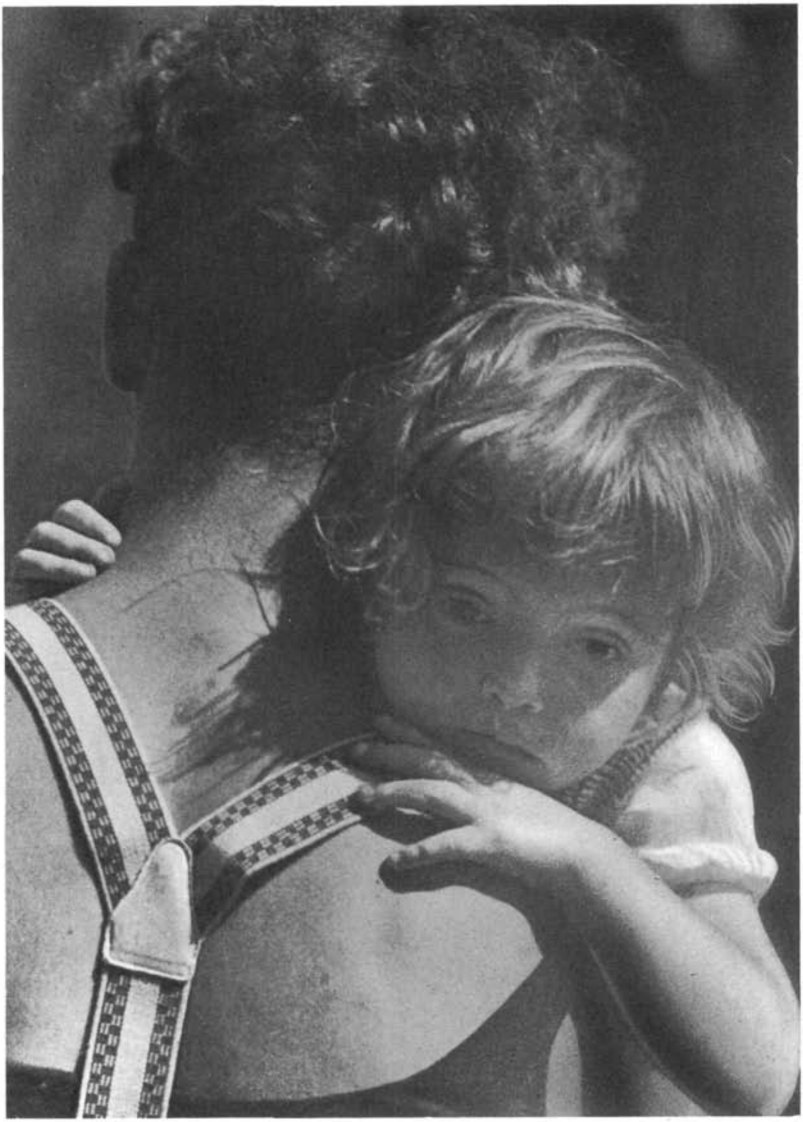
SHIPSHAPE

JUNE, 1938



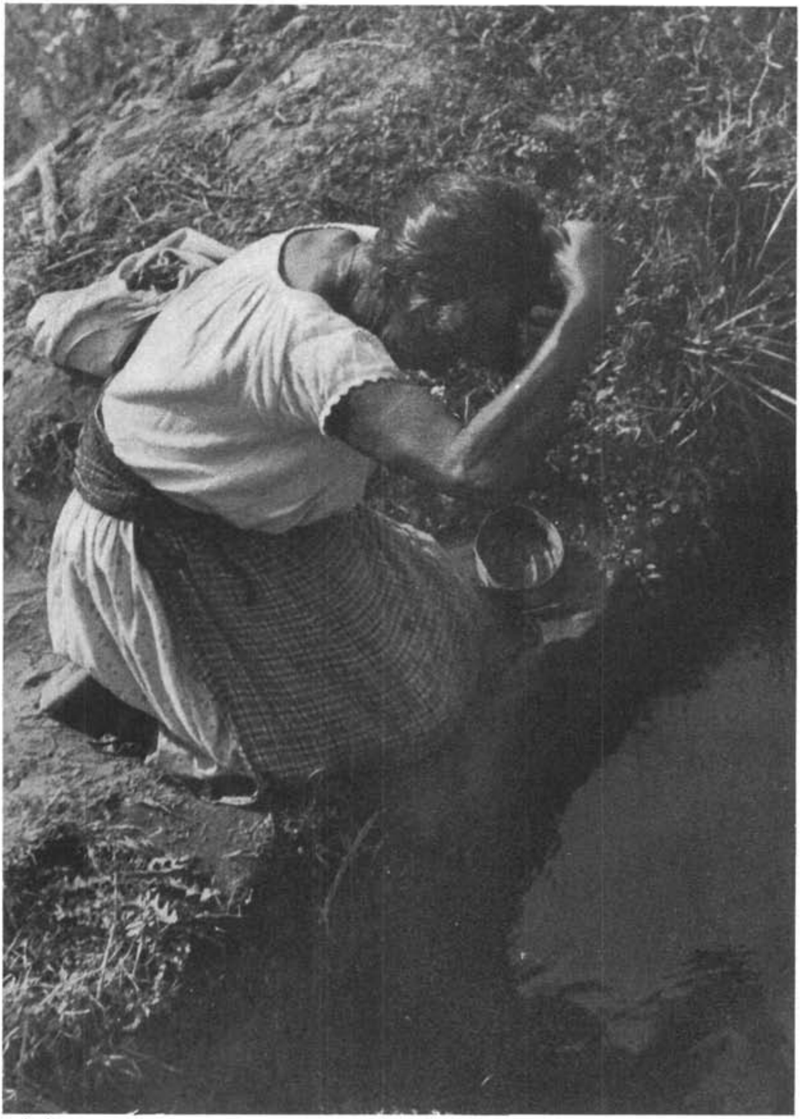
ANDRÉ KERTÉSZ NEW YORK

INCIDENTAL MUSIC



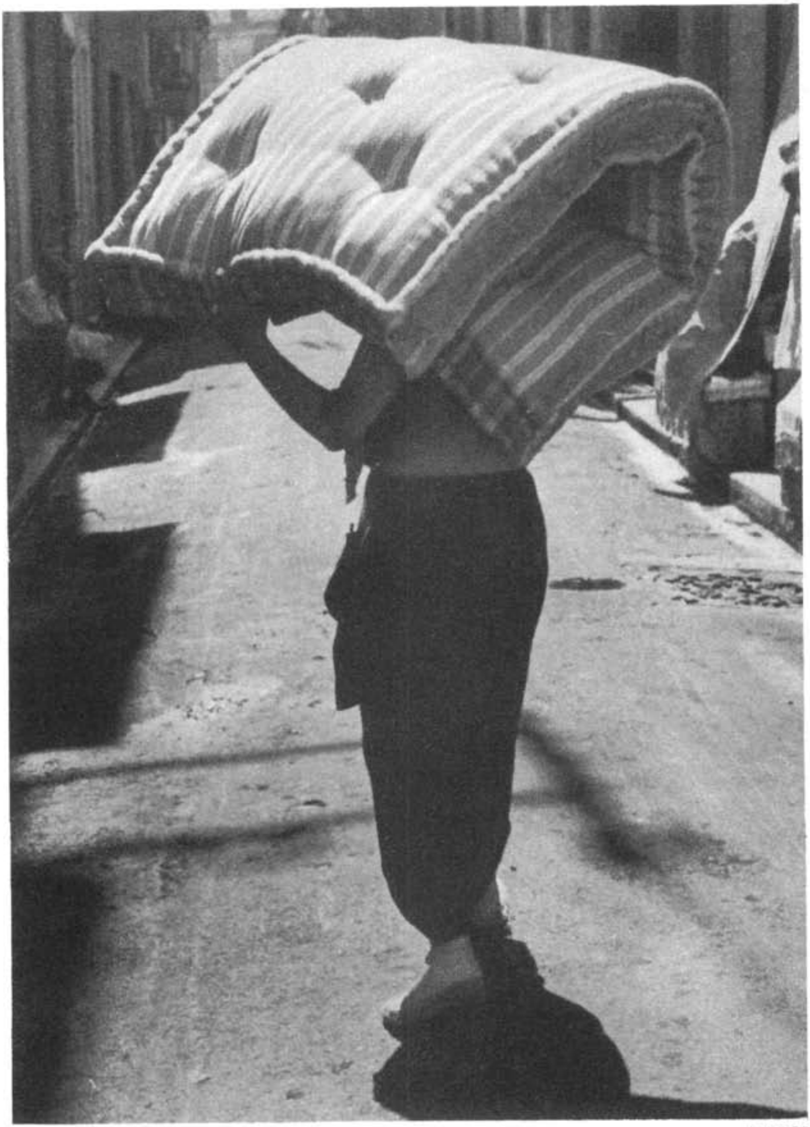
GUSTAV SEIDEN BUDAPEST

PAPOOSE



HÉLÈNE DEUTCH CHICAGO

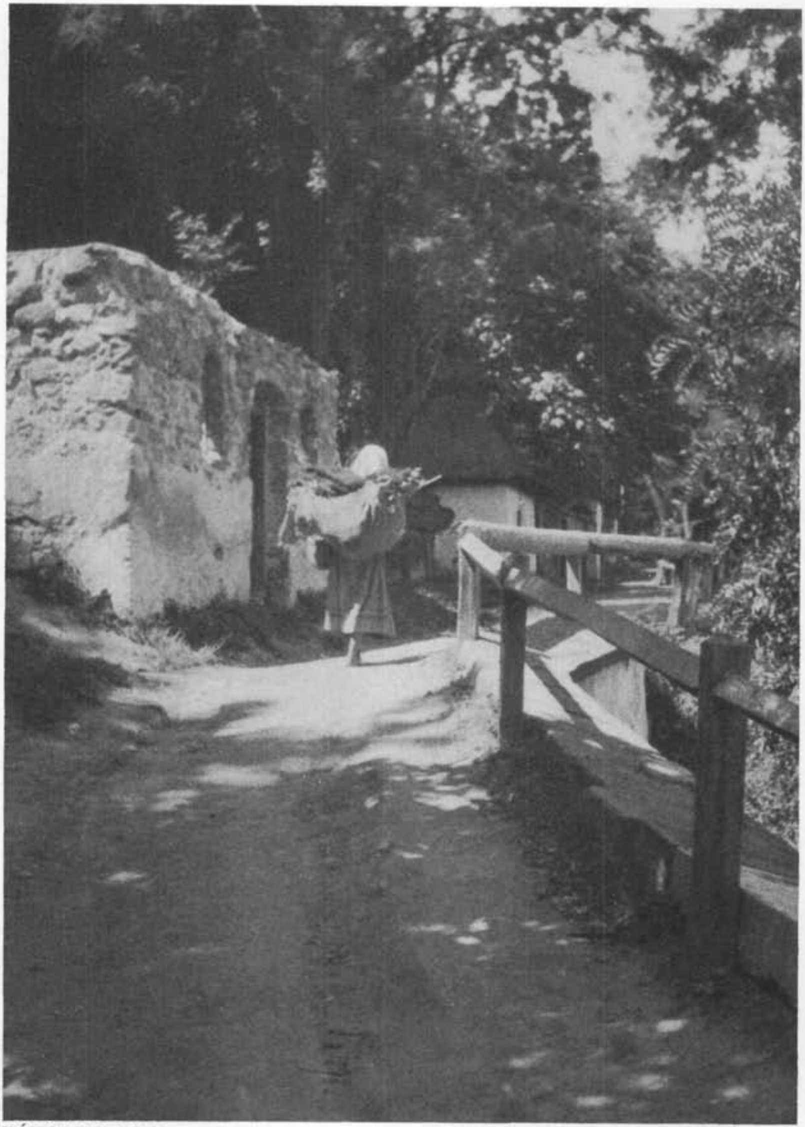
SANCHICHA



MAKOVSKA PARIS

THE TABLES TURNED

JUNE, 1938



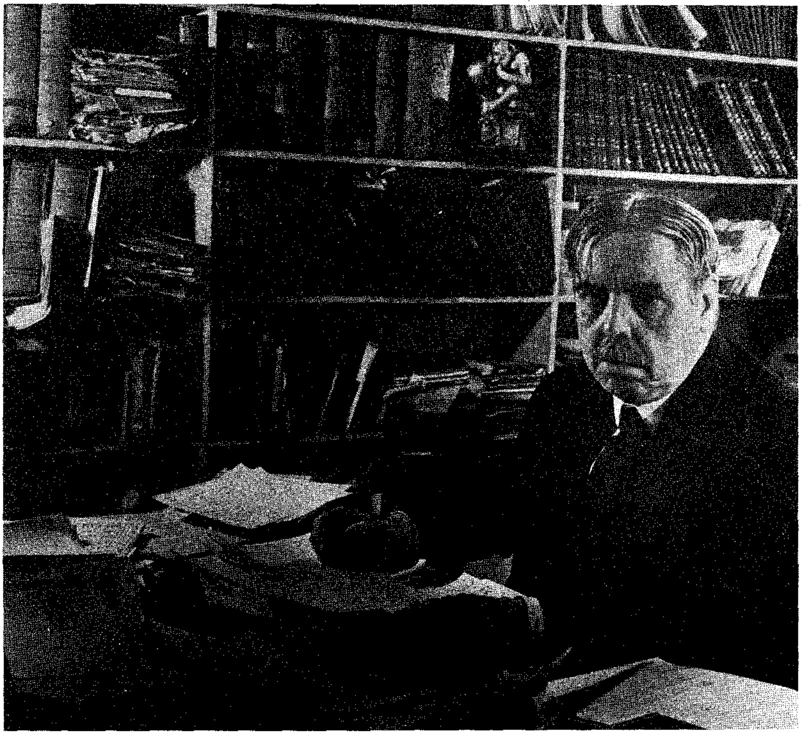
KÁROLY KLETZ MISKOLC, HUNGARY

SALVAGE

MARY ELLEN BUTE

WHOSE FANTASTIC NEW FILMS STAR PING PONG BALLS AND VEGETABLES

IT ALL sounds very abstract, and is. Mary Ellen Bute and Theodore Nemeth are making motion pictures of things you might see in your mind's eye while listening to music. They work in Miss Bute's New York studio—behind a Chinese laundry. Three years ago Radio City Music Hall showed her first film, *Synchromy No. 1*—a series of images floating and dancing to music. Images might be any kind of objects—ping pong balls, cellophane, toys, vegetables, colanders. For Wagner's *Evening Star*, sung by Reinald Werrenrath, their principal actor was a luminous staircase that folded and expanded as if inhaling and exhaling the fresh air of abstraction. Theatre patrons liked it. Human figures are never used. All pictures are taken on a stage no bigger than a dinner plate. Miss Bute does not take full credit. She says the idea is not hers but goes back in its essential conception to Aristotle's theory of poetic motion.



EDWARD LEE THORNDIKE

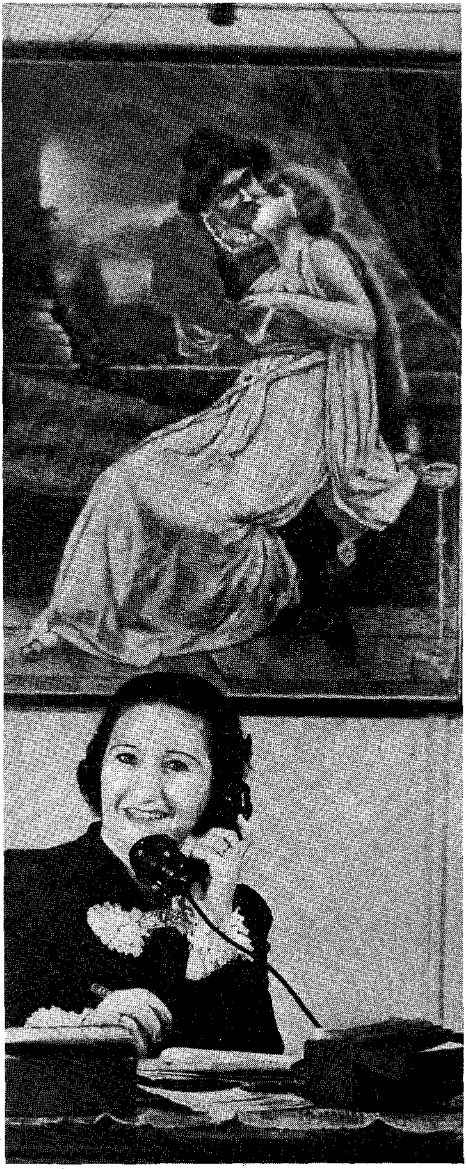
WHOSE NAME=CHANGE IN THE WORLD'S EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM

To most of us, educational psychology seems remote as the Arctic. But each year the field grows in importance. Professor Edward Lee Thorndike is pre-eminent in it, having contributed most to the world's knowledge of how we learn. Data in his forty books have never been successfully refuted. Now, on a $100,000 grant from the Carnegie Corporation, he is completing a gigantic survey of 309 American cities to find whether they are "good" or "bad." Professor Thorndike discovered man's learning power is relatively undiminished up to forty-two. He beat the drum for non-compulsory, pleasant education. Beta tests given to World War soldiers were his design. At sixty-four he has been thirty-eight years on Columbia's faculty. His four children have vindicated him nobly by winning every conceivable scholastic honor.

JACK L. CAIDIN

WHOSE RARE RECORDS MOSTLY COMMAND ONLY MEDIUM-RARE PRICES

WANT $100,000? Find a Jenny Lind recording for the Swedish government. The highest price ever offered for a disc, it has caused misconception of rare record values. "Actually, few bring more than $10," says Jack L. Caidin, the only man whose entire business is selling them. He has the largest collection extant—forty thousand records worth $50,000. Often folk come to his New York shop offering a Caruso for hundreds of dollars, only to learn that most retail at 40c to $1. Red labeled Columbia discs bring about $25 each. Some early Louis Armstrong and Earl Hines records sell at $15. The Edison Company buys from Caidin, as many of their matrixes were destroyed by fire. Formerly a salesman, Caidin opened shop two years ago, inspired by friends' requests to pick up old records on his trips.



DOROTHY JAFFE

WHO GETS FROM $200 TO $1,000 FOR ACTING AS PROFESSIONAL CUPID

PROFESSIONAL matchmaking is one of the oldest businesses, originating with the Jews who often employed a marriage broker (*Shadkan*) when settling in strange communities. Several operate in New York but the only woman *Shadkan* of note is Dorothy Jaffe, who claims credit for arranging 3,000 marriages since 1926. Her business fluctuates with general prosperity. Of 400 names in her card files, sixty per cent are feminine. Each card lists the individual's age, profession, interests, income and qualities most sought in a mate. Information is secured from personal interviews with people attracted by direct mail advertising sent at random to names in directories and teachers' listings. On marriage, a fee ranging from $200 to $1,000 is paid by the couple. Mrs. Jaffe herself married one of her first customers, a lawyer who thought he wanted a school teacher. A portrait of Romeo and Juliet significantly adorns her office.

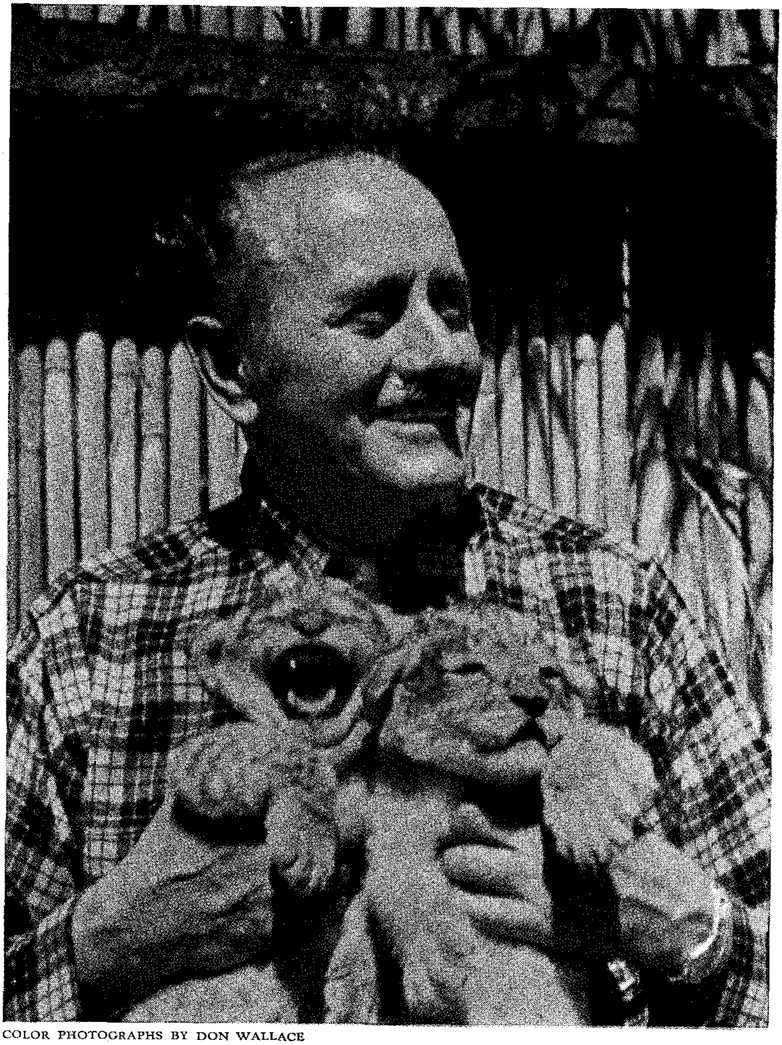
MAJOR A. W. STEVENS

WHO IS EQUALLY ADEPT AT BREAKING ALTITUDE RECORDS AND WINDOWS

CHIEFLY renowned for altitude flying, Major A. W. Stevens, of the U. S. Army Air Corps, considers himself somewhat "altitude addled"—the result of breathing too much oxygen in too thin air. With Major Orvil A. Anderson, he holds the world's altitude record of 72,395 feet, and hopes to go higher. Stevens works and plays hard, often remaining in his laboratory for days at a time, catching an occasional snatch of sleep curled up on his desk. Sometimes he gets in bad—as, for instance, during Air Corps maneuvers when the flashlight bombs he was using to take night pictures from the air broke many windows in Washington and New York. On returning to Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio, he and Major "Johnny" Corkille, noted pilot of Uncle Sam's newest bombers, were met by a welcoming committee and given medals, conferring on them the dubious distinction, "Expert Window-Breaker."

CHARLES GAY

THERE is originality even among animal lovers, which accounts for the fact that every so often somebody drives up to Charles Gay's lion farm near Los Angeles and buys a cub to raise as a domestic pet. The animal lover knows that the lion is tame, but sooner or later a logical doubt arises as to how well informed the animal is on this point. Eventually the cub's snarl becomes a roar; he makes a half-hearted gesture at attack, and the next day some zoo has acquired a new lion free of charge. Thus indirectly, Mr. Gay supplies some of the country's best zoos from his five-acre farm devoted solely to the care and feeding of more than 200 lions. Most of Mr. Gay's sales, however, are made direct to zoos and circuses without benefit of an intermediary. The motion picture studios are also frequent customers, and Mr. Gay is a sort of unofficial casting director for movies using lions.



COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY DON WALLACE

CHARLES GAY

MARLYN STUART

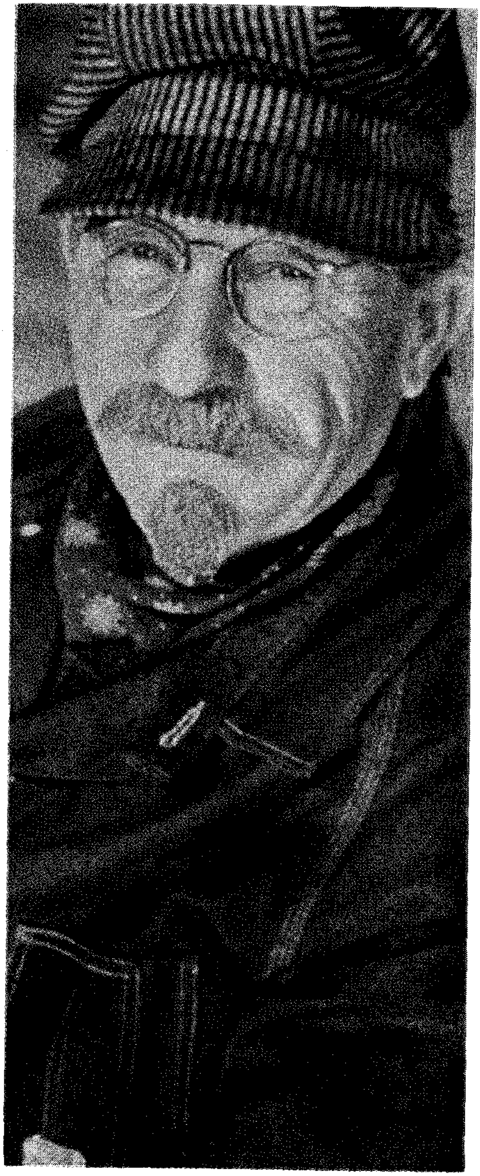
WHOSE JOB ANY BABY COULD DO AND ANY ADULT WOULD ENVY

"MAMMA, that man's here again!" Five words—count them—and Marlyn Stuart has done her week's work. In dulcet tones, overladen with the buttery accents of baby talk, those five words go out over the air waves weekly via the Hollywood Hotel program. But it wasn't all as simple as it sounds. Ken Murray had this bit of business in mind for the program some time before he gave Marlyn the job. Person after person was auditioned, but nobody could manage to baby the line along with quite the desired inflection. Then Murray thought of Marlyn. She was the chorus girl in one of his stage productions who drove everyone in the cast wild with her incessant, though intentional, baby talk. There was a frantic hour before Murray got her on the telephone, then he yelled, "Hurry up, we're having an audition for you—right now. Say, 'Mamma, that man's here again!' " She said it—and got the job.

"DOC" FRAILEY

WHO CONTRIVED LONG AGO TO REALIZE YOUR CHILDHOOD AMBITION

THE ones who want to be railway engineers when they grow up always wind up as merchants, lawyers or what have you. "Doc" Erwin Frailey, engineer on the New York Central's crack Century, had no such juvenile ambition. But he did have a friend who got him a job in the yards and after years of apprenticeship, he became a passenger engineer, one of the most responsible jobs on the line. For the past fifteen years "Doc" has been driving Century engines and now pilots the company's newest and biggest, equipped with all the latest gadgets. Born sixty-six years ago of a German mother and a French father (he has a German mustache and a French goatee, but an All-American smile), he is beyond the retirement age. Up to recently he hadn't wanted to quit, but right now he's harboring a few thoughts about that home in Elkhart, Indiana, where there's a lot of fishing to be done.



ADOLPH KROCH

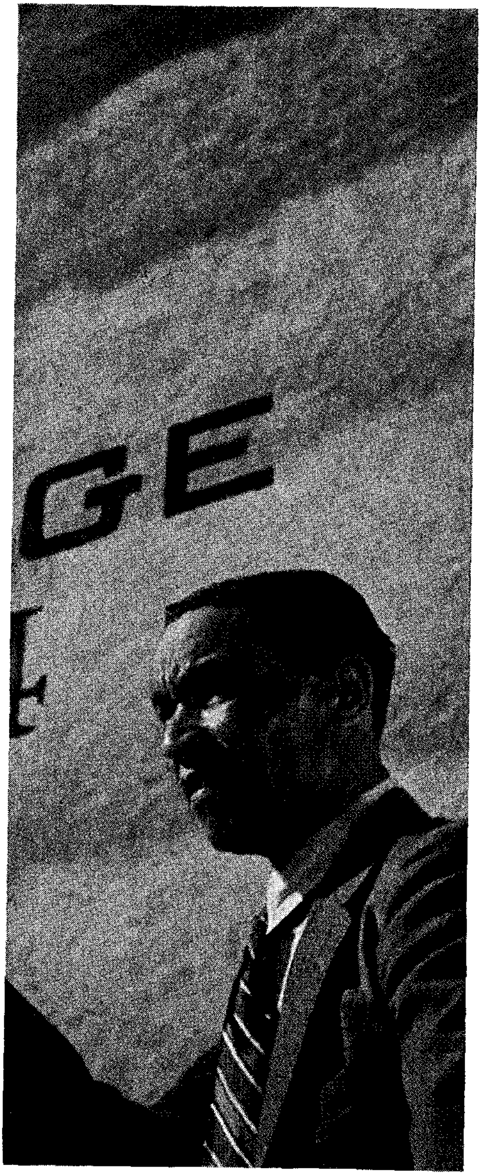
WHO HAD TO COME TO THE LAND OF THE FREE TO OPEN A BOOK SHOP

YEARS ago, Adolph Kroch's father, a prominent Austrian banker, had things pretty well settled for his son. The career was all picked out—banking, of course—and so was an intended bride. Young Kroch vetoed the idea of marriage and made a counter-proposition on the career. His father was horrified on both scores, especially the latter. Adolph could never drag the family name into the mud by entering a profession so ungenteel. He wanted to open a book shop! Adolph emigrated to America where, in 1909, he married a girl of his own choosing. By then he was well on his way to a phenomenal success in the boorish trade of selling books. Today the Kroch bookstore on Chicago's Michigan Avenue is world-famous. By way of hobby, Mr. Kroch collects Japanese netsuke. The man who sold him one, a good luck charm, was killed the next day. The piece is still in Mr. Kroch's possession.

STEVE CLEMENTE

WHO, ACCORDING TO REPORT, HASN'T AN ENEMY IN HOLLYWOOD

THE script called for the actor to run like a white-tail for fifty paces, at which point a knife was to whiz past his head with about a quarter inch to spare. The actor was expressly instructed not to look back during the proceedings, but a natural curiosity got the better of him. He did look back, saw the knife whirling toward him, wavered like a leaf in the breeze—and got it in the thigh. He is Steve Clemente's only casualty to date. Steve is a Yaqui Indian who does most of the knife-throwing for the movies, netting about $150 per throw. Steve makes his own knives so that they will have the proper heft, and it is surprising how many actors and actresses sooner or later have occasion to make a first-hand study of his practically unerring skill. Garbo, Colbert, Beery, Cooper, Raft and a host of lesser lights have watched Steve's knives go by from various close range vantage points.

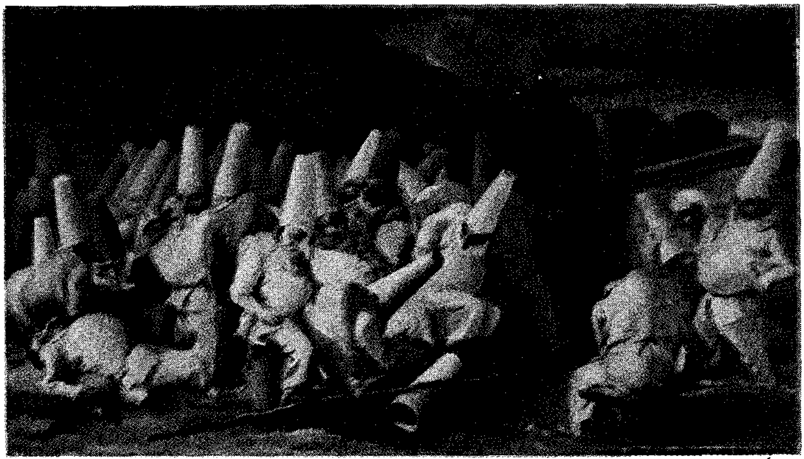


PUNCHINELLO'S MERRY PRANKS

THE SPIRIT OF THE ITALIAN COMEDY AS SEEN IN THE CAPERS OF TIEPOLO'S ANTIC BUFFOON

THERE is a bit of business in *Shoulder Arms* where Charlie Chaplin, having strayed beyond the German lines and on the point of capture, outwits his pursuers by bedecking himself with foliage and pretending that he is a tree. Punchinello, the fantastic legendary character of the Italian Comedy, goes him at least two better. In an equally crucial emergency he pretends that he is a weathercock and whirls about in the breeze, and on another occasion he impersonates a milestone.

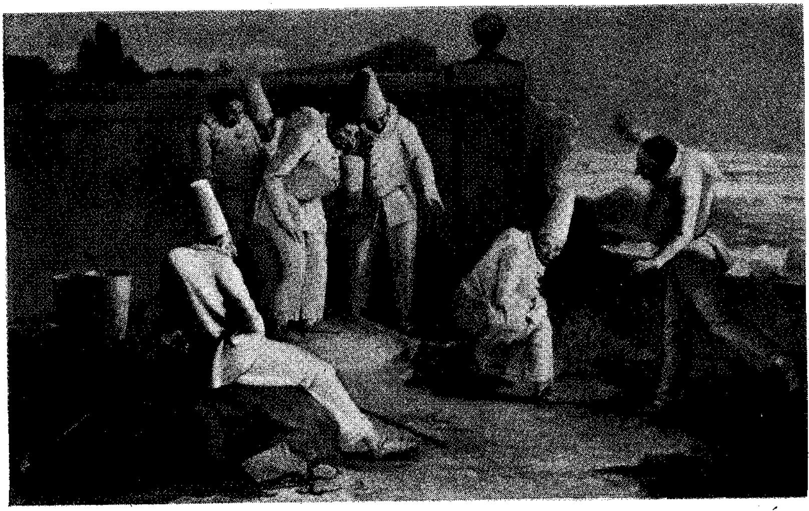
This is less an evidence of plagiarism on the part of Chaplin than direct testimony to the universality of the comic art. Every people in every era have their favorite buffoon. The figure may be real or imaginary but always the formula is the same: he is thrust into a sequence of overwhelming situ-



TIEPOLO EXHIBITION, ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

LENT BY THE DUKE OF TRÉVISE

GROUP OF PUNCHINELLOS



TIEPOLO EXHIBITION, ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

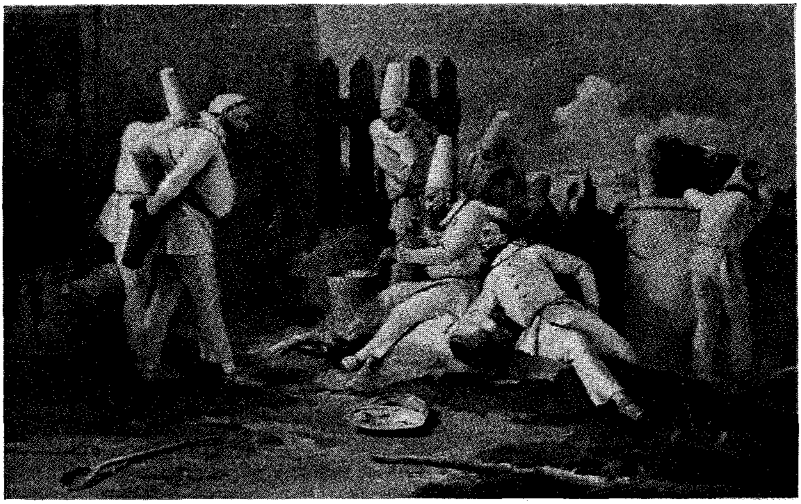
LENT BY THE DUKE OF TRÉVISE

SCENE WITH PUNCHINELLOS

ations which, however exaggerated, have a basis of reality that suggests the common experience of man's struggle against the spiderlike entrapment of his environment. It derives its force from the delusion that when others go down we rise. The pimple on our nose becomes smaller when contrasted to the wen on somebody else's. Our troubles grow less when we are regaled with the grotesquely overdrawn woes of the scapegoat buffoon. And so we laugh—with relief.

There is scope for variation. The buffoon need not necessarily get himself into preposterous straits. He can be the agent whereby comic misfortunes are visited upon others. The principle remains the same: somebody gets into trouble. Either device works. Yet it would seem that the ideal buffoon is one of sufficient versatility to enable the tables to be turned at will, tumbling the carefully stacked cards of man's plans impartially upon his own head and the heads of everyone on whom his life impinges.

Punchinello is an ideal buffoon. The legend of this archetype of the clown is a diverse one. In one version he is born of two fathers, Maccus and Bucco, the first full of wit and impertinence and the other a timid, fawning, silly creature. Punchinello, with his hooked nose and humped back, inherits the worst qualities of both. In him is the conflict of two opposing elements, the antagonistic tempera-



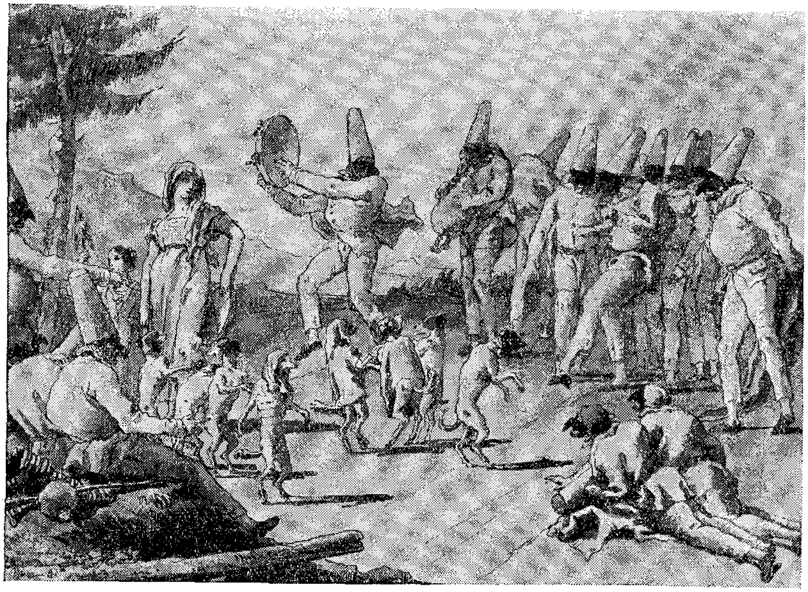
TIEPOLO EXHIBITION, ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO LENT BY P. CAILLEUX

PUNCHINELLOS IN WHITE (GIAMBATTISTA TIEPOLO)

ments of Maccus and Bucco, lending his antics a strange and almost schizophrenic twist, but above all making him both a borrower and a lender of trouble.

This convenient idea of the duality of Punchinello is reinforced by another legend of his origin which has him born in two different quarters of a town at the same time. It is a town situated on the side of a mountain, the uppermost section inhabited by people of refinement and the lower section by rude bumpkins. The "upper" Punchinello is therefore keen and intelligent, while the "lower" Punchinello is coarse and witless.

The natural advantage of a buffoon who could both give and take was perpetuated and improved upon through the years in the Italian Comedy. Sometimes this duality of nature became too much for the interpreters and the expedient was adopted of splitting the two-sided Punchinello into two creatures, each exemplifying the opposing attributes of the clown. There was no violence done to the character as a result of this device. The two Punchinellos never became separate entities, each setting up in business for himself, so to speak, but served to round each other out. They were essential to each other, like the twin wings of a bird, and appeared simultaneously on the stage in perfect compatibility to each other and to the essential spirit of the Punchinello legend.



TIEPOLO EXHIBITION, ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

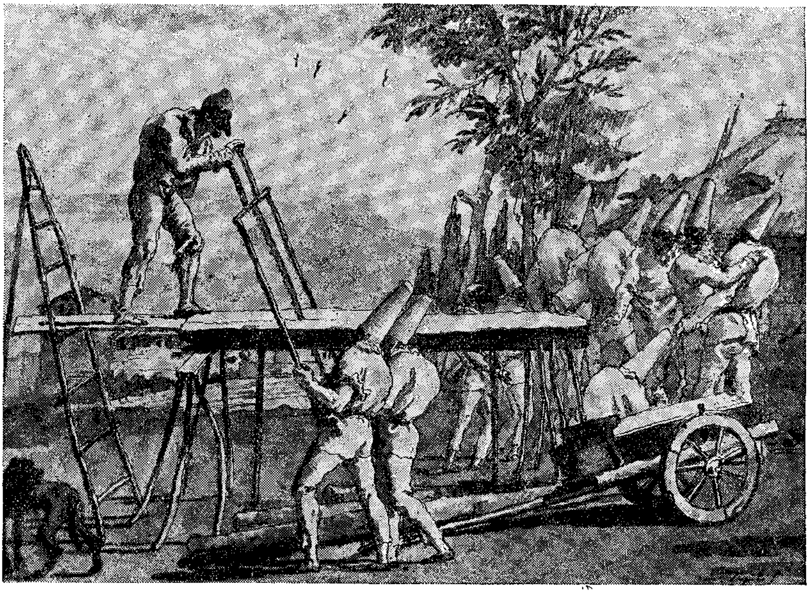
LENT BY THE FOGG MUSEUM OF ART, HARVARD UNIVERSITY (PAUL J. SACHS COLL.)

PUNCHINELLOS WITH DANCING DOGS

The origin of Punchinello's name is almost as ambiguous as his paternity, but at least it can be pinned down to a single word, *pulcine*, meaning chicken. When, how or why this name came to be attached to the character is another matter. Inquiry into the first two interrogatives is fruitless, and exploration into the third yields a multiplicity of mutually consistent explanations—that the buffoon peeped like a frightened chicken, that he was addicted to a peculiar birdlike hop or "hen-step," that his timorous impotence suggested a chicken, that his nose resembled a beak, and finally that the word chicken, used as a term of endearment, came to mean "child" and hence "puppet."

There is another legend concerning Punchinello's origin that attempts to explain why he always appears in a grotesque mask. A group of strolling comedians engaged in a battle of wits with some vintners they met on the road near Acerra. One of the peasants was a malformed wag with a wit as sharp as his long pointed nose. He soon bested the comedians at their own game, and won from them an invitation to join their troupe.

This he accepted with alacrity and



TIEPOLO EXHIBITION, ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

ANONYMOUS PRIVATE COLL.

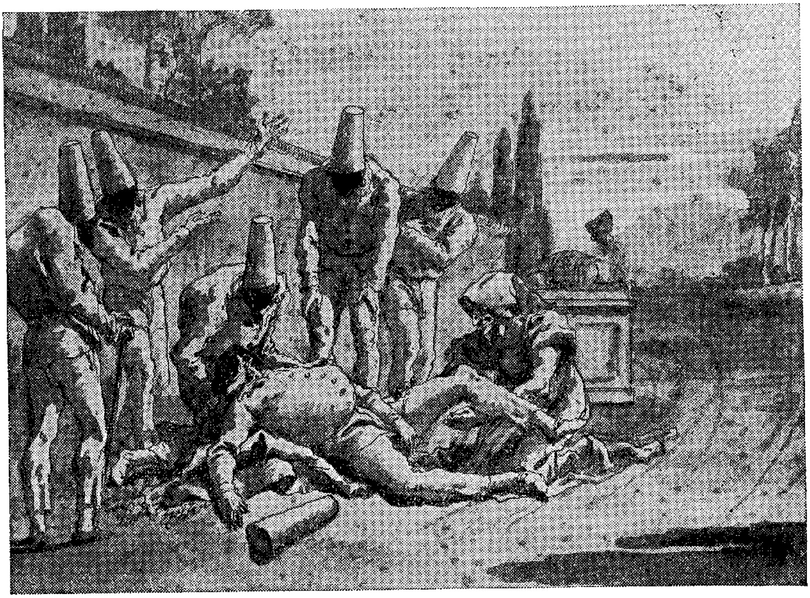
PUNCHINELLOS SAWING WOOD

went off with them wearing only the white peasant shirt and pantaloons that he had on his back. That costume became so much a part of his character that after his death it was imitated by the actors who took his place, wearing as well a mask patterned after the facial peculiarities of the original. The masked comedy had been a popular genre since the 16th century, so the playing of Punchinello in a beak-nosed mask was no great departure from tradition.

★ ★ ★

This, then, is the character that Giandomenico Tiepolo seized upon as the artistic plaything of his declining years and put through the fantastic paces that mark the drawings on these pages. For the major portion of his life he would certainly have been the last man in the world that one would suspect of turning to anything nearly so prankish.

For forty-three years of his existence Domenico had been under the ponderous thumb of his more famous father, Giambattista Tiepolo, the great baroque painter. There was no rancor on Domenico's part; whatever he did, his father did better and that was all there was to it. Domenico was content

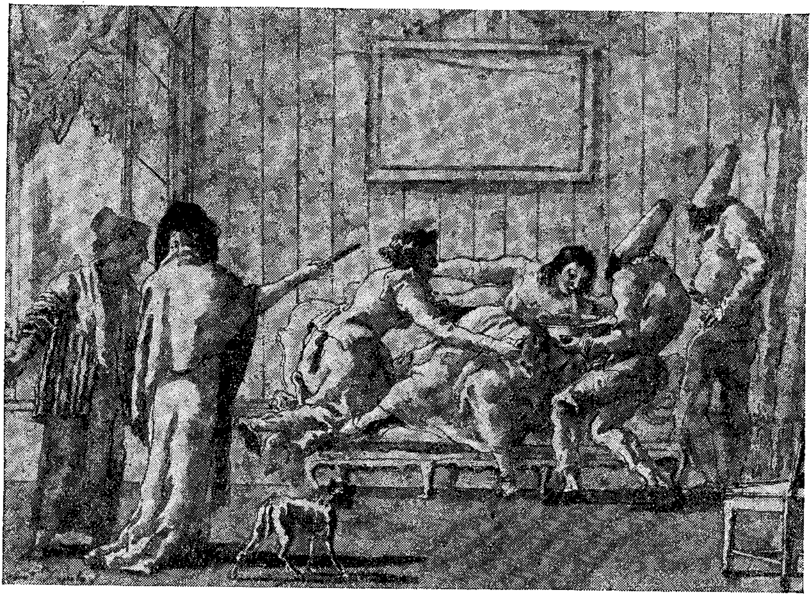


TIEPOLO EXHIBITION, ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO LENT BY MR. DAN FELLOWS PLATT

PUNCHINELLO LYING ON THE GROUND

to work at his father's right hand, assisting him in his vast projects. Aware of Giambattista's superiority, he was no less proud of his genius, and once when he copied one of the elder Tiepolo's works in an etching, he inscribed upon the plate, "What the father painted, the son engraved in a most respectful spirit." The son's work commanded lower prices than the father's as a matter of course. If a Tiepolo was wanted by a church not rich enough to pay Giambattista, Domenico was willing to take the commission at a fraction of the price: "a Tiepolo for the poor."

There was the warmest devotion between father and son, and the element of repression was a subtle one, so subtle as apparently not even to have become articulated in the mind of the younger. What subconscious effect this foregone conclusion of inferiority must have had on Domenico's psychology, we can only guess. But there is ample evidence of the artistic defections to which it gave rise. For Domenico never could achieve a true feeling for the baroque; and yet, since this was the established Tiepolo style, he perforce painted in it, doggedly using every conceivable studio trick at his command to make it come off.



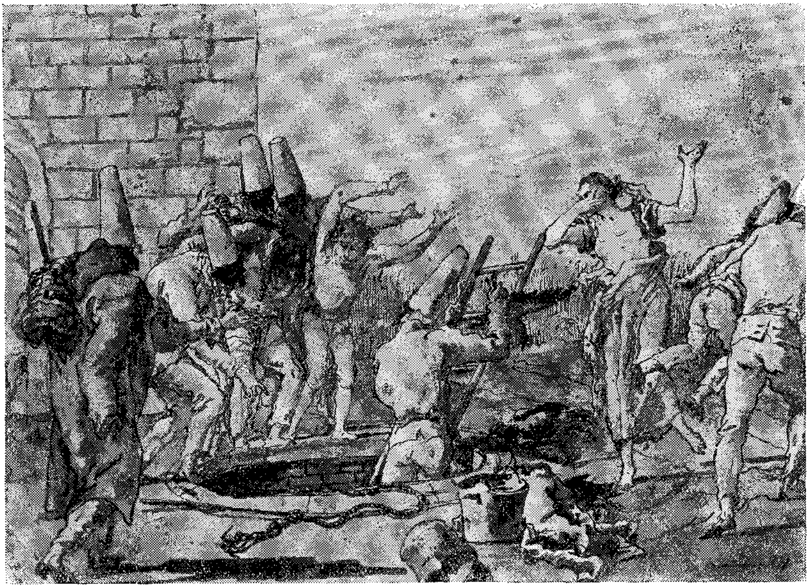
TIEPOLO EXHIBITION, ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

LENT BY MR. ROBERT LEHMAN

PUNCHINELLO'S INDISPOSED MISTRESS

In 1770 Giambattista Tiepolo suddenly died. Domenico was forty-three years old. It would seem he was at last free, but the influence of a lifetime was to wear off gradually, not dissipate itself in a sudden burst of self-liberation. The first project to which he turned, after his father's death, was to make painstaking engraved copies of Giambattista's works. Then he began slowly to free himself from the elder Tiepolo's influence. Primarily, he developed to a high point the pen and wash technique in which he had earlier shown tentative signs of originality.

Yet it was not until the end of a seventeen-year period following his father's death, which brought with it Domenico's retirement, that this overgrown orphan really started to paint in accordance with his own notions and not with those of a self-imposed tradition. He retired to his villa near Mirano, and there he was able to step out of the professional Tiepolo manner and give expression to the originality that was stifled for so many years. A playfulness and ironic humor suddenly came to the fore, and when Domenico's painting put an antic disposition on, Punchinello was the perfect emblem for this gay new mood.



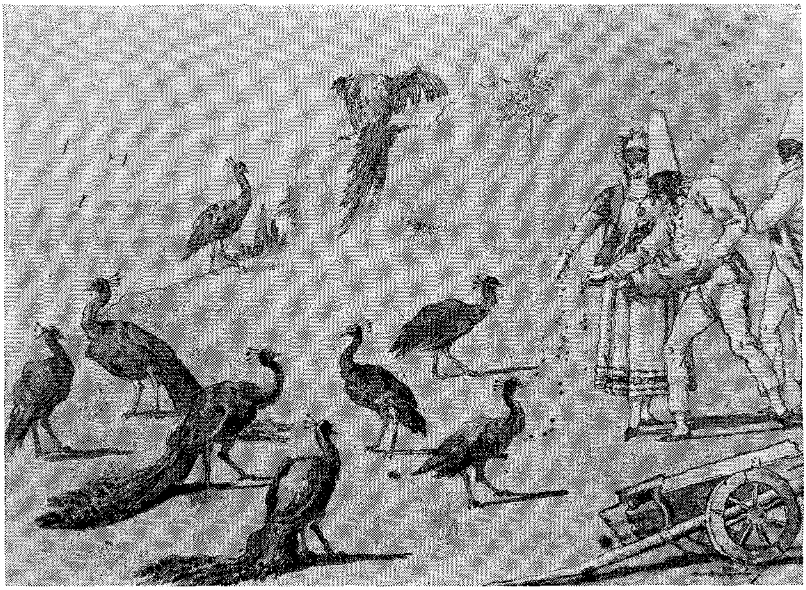
TIEPOLO EXHIBITION, ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO LENT BY MR. OSBERT SITWELL

THE SERVANT CAST INTO THE WELL

In attempting to explain the linking of two such antitheses as Giandomenico Tiepolo and Punchinello, it must be remembered that however much the artist may have been repressed by his great father's tradition, he was still an 18th century Venetian. And Punchinello was as much the meat of any citizen of that time and place as the Katzenjammer Kids, in a pale way, are of ours.

The fun-loving side of Punchinello's nature, his gaiety and playfulness, especially endeared him to the Venetians of the 18th century. A famous French astronomer noted that Punchinello was the real ruler of private life, art, the theatre, and even the church of Venice. At this time Venice was the pleasure city of Europe. Politically it was enfeebled, and its importance was on the decline, but instead of lamenting the passing of glory, the Venetians cultivated an enviable reputation for the carnival spirit, perhaps acting on the supposition that down at the heels was a far cry from down at the mouth.

In Domenico's drawings Punchinello was expressive of what went on in the Venice of that day. Such was the buffoon's popularity that he not only became a part of the people but



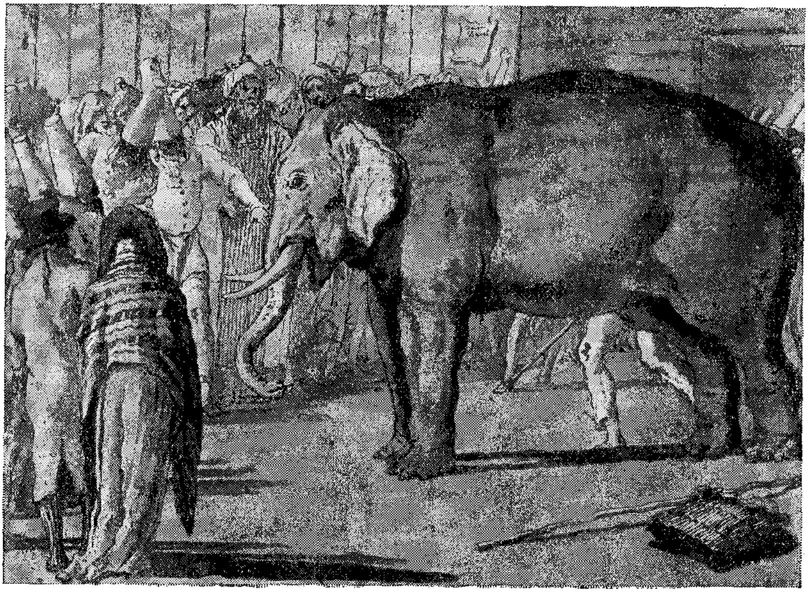
TIEPOLO EXHIBITION, ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO LENT BY MR. PHILIP HOFER

FEEDING THE PEACOCKS

they in turn seemed to take on some of his attributes. Commenting on this, a writer in 1860 said, "Only thirty years ago there was not a single individual who did not have a touch of Punchinello in his character."

This is probable enough, since Punchinello was an extremely versatile rogue whose scope was as broad as his popularity was far-reaching. He was by turns a magistrate, poet, doctor, tailor, barber, hunter and circus performer, but unlike the English Punch or French Guignol who sprang from him, he was rarely a husband or father of a family. Eccentric bachelordom was best suited to his prankishness and coarse sensuality.

Thus, Domenico found the means ready at hand wherewith to embody the carnival spirit of Venice. Both Giambattista and Domenico had used this subject before, Giambattista in drawings and in the *Scherzi*, and Domenico in two earlier realistic canvases. In the series of Domenico's old age, however, not only was the medium different but so were the entire mood and tone. This ultimate saga of Punchinello's pranks is set forth in a group of 103 pictures headed "Amusement for the children." Whether the artist really



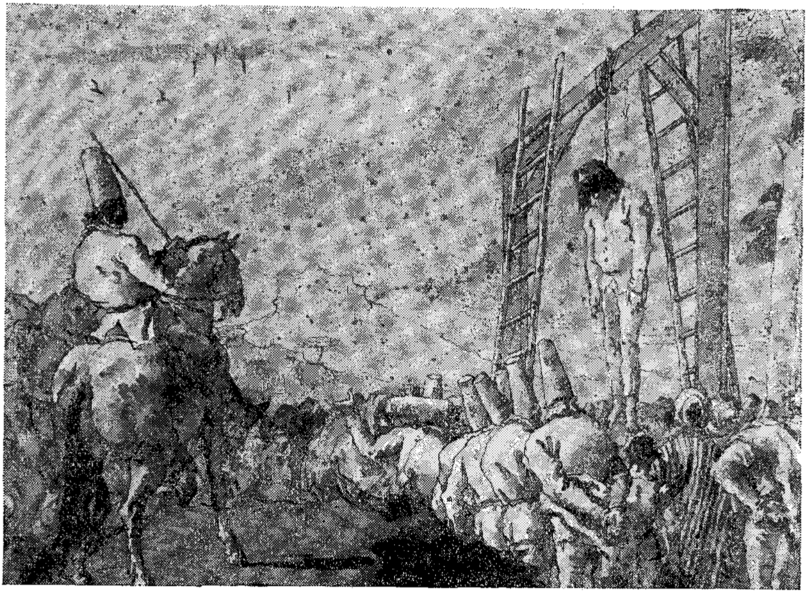
TIEPOLO EXHIBITION, ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO LENT BY THE PIERPONT MORGAN LIBRARY

PUNCHINELLO WITH AN ELEPHANT

intended the series as a children's picture book, or whether the title was merely an artful touch, is not known. At any rate the collection shows that at last, removed from his father's influence in his final years, Domenico had found his true forte. As a portrayer of the whimsical, putting Punchinello and his motley crew of companions through the complete gamut of their tricks, he was utterly natural.

In these drawings Domenico was sketching purely for his own amusement and in his own way. The "official" Tiepolo style called for a round, flowing rhythm. Domenico replaced it with a hasty, irregular stroke redrawn over and over to gain movement. It was Giambattista's aim to endow his pictures with a suggestion of limitless space and pervading radiance; Domenico utilized for his Punchinello series a dramatic light and shadow that gave the drawings an intensified energy and feeling of fantasy.

In a way the two Tiepolos, the elder with his splendorous murals and the younger with his vivid sketches, mirrored the opposing trends of the two ends of the 18th century. Giambattista stood near the beginning and has been



TIEPOLO EXHIBITION, ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

LENT BY MR. DAN FELLOWS PLATT

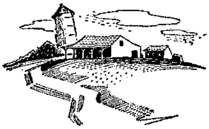
PUNCHINELLO HANGED

called "the last of the great succession." But he was not strictly in the line of Giorgione and Titian. For all his virtuosity, for all the promise of his new forms of expression just at a time when it seemed that everything had been done, he was a symptom of the malady that had overtaken Italian art. The closer the realistic movement approached, the farther he backed away from it, and he was in the main empty, stagy and lacking in sound design.

But Domenico, who survived the turn of the century by four years, was in his smaller way a symbol of a happier era. In him we sense the complete transformation of the rococo into something more energetic and vital that had its effect on artists of no less a stamp than Goya. In the legend, the law finally caught up with Punchinello and thought to put an end to his pranks by means of the gallows; but he had the last laugh when his specter, complete with beaked-nose and sugar loaf hat, came back to keep alive the spirit of the human comedy. The repercussions have not yet died down, and the best of them echo in the belated work of Giandomenico Tiepolo. —Bernard Geis

A NOTE ON VERDI

IN HIS DAY THE MOST WHISTLED COMPOSER IN ITALY, AND STILL GOOD BOX OFFICE ANYWHERE



AUSTRIAN and Russian troops descended on the village of Le Roncole, at the edge of the plain of Lombardy near the foot of the Apennines. The cringing peasants sought refuge in the church, but its barnacled doors soon gave way, leaving them at the mercy of the drunken and infuriated soldiers. One woman, hugging a year-old *bambino* to her breast, remembered a hidden staircase to the belfry. There she crouched under a pile of timber, not daring to breath or to stir. By nightfall only a few huddled bodies and a blood-stained floor told of the outrage.

Then she crept down, the future composer of *Otello* and *Falstaff* asleep in her arms. Christened Giuseppe Fortunino Francesco Verdi—in Illinois he would have been known as plain "Joe" Green—the baby grew to be an intelligent and obedient youth, timid and a bit reserved, serious beyond his age. The thing which excited him most was the occasional appearance in the street of a grind-organ, an instrument he was to furnish with an inexhaustible repertoire.

Though he lived in a rough peasant hovel he had a spinet. His father found him beating it with a hammer because he could not find again the C-major chord he had enjoyed yesterday.

At ten he became the village organist. At eighteen a scholarship to the *Conservatorio* of Milan was refused him, so he began study with Lavigna. At twenty-six, by which time he had acquired a wife and two children, his first opera was produced at La Scala and he had a contract for three more.

"After that," wrote Verdi later, "my troubles began. My little boy fell ill! Then, my little girl! My poor wife! In two months three coffins left my house. I was alone, alone! My family destroyed; and in the midst of this I had to write a comic opera." It was a fiasco and the young Verdi abandoned his art.

Within two years, however, the La Scala impresario had slipped a Biblical libretto under his arm and he was turning out tunes again, off at last on the most lucrative composing career in history. In the decade between his thirtieth and fortieth year, he jotted down melodies for fifteen melodramas, *Rigoletto*, *Trovatore*, and *Traviata* among them. Failures alternated with successes—some of his earliest libretti were not more than dime novels set to music—but in the end he was the most whistled composer in Italy, having to keep tunes like *La Donna é mobile* out of rehearsals lest they get to the populace before opening night.

Verdi wrote for the box office in a country where the Barnum and Bailey public and the *Trovatore* public were identical, where the presentation of an opera was a historic event, in a time when a plank plus a tune spelled success. Rossini and Donizetti had warbled for the fashionables. Verdi sang for a new public, the people.

Verdi had no "mission," no nebulous abstractions, no super-manhood to propound. He was neither theorist nor propagandist. For him, art was not spelled with a capital "A." It was a practical thing out of which human beings, with very definite likes and dislikes, got pleasure. In Italy, popularity was the touchstone of an opera's worth and Verdi was tops in popularity.

His music, in addition to being liked, was associated with the young nation's bold bid for freedom. The populace, groaning under Austrian misrule, put themselves into every operatic situation and sang melody after melody of his as their own cry for freedom. Against this vocal propaganda, the censor was powerless. The name of Verdi became symbolic: when the crowds cheered "*Viva Verdi!*" they thought "*Viva Vittorio Emmanuele Re D'Italia!*"

The composer himself was neither a politician nor an admirer of politicians. Aside from patriotic gestures, he participated but little in actual preparations. But his fiery, vigorous music, as well as the armies of Garibaldi, served to bring his country freedom and unity.

When he was thirty-five, Verdi bought the Villa Sante Agata, not far from his native Le Roncole. There he spent his last fifty years, leaving only to supervise the production of new operas and to spend the bitter months in Genoa (where the inhabitants have a reputation for keeping to themselves). Verdi was not exactly a recluse, but he preferred quiet among his cypresses and the companionship of his dogs and horses to the intrigues and applauding throngs of opera houses. He refused to enter a theatre except to help in the production of his operas, never for the mere purpose of exhibiting himself. He hated publicity and on one occasion improvised a sling for his arm to have an excuse for refusing an autograph. He wrote the critic, Filippi, who was departing for the first performance of *Aïda:*

> You at Cairo? Nothing, of course, could be more important for *Aïda* in the way of publicity. But to me it seems that art practised in this manner is no longer art but a trade, a diversion, a sport, something to run after, to be made, if not successful, at least notorious at any cost! I always remember with joy the early days in which, almost without friends, without personal mention, with-

> out preparations, without any kind of influence, I came before the public with my operas ready to be shot at, only too glad if I were able to make some kind of favorable impression. And now what a pother about an opera! Journalists, singers, players, choristers, and directors, all have to contribute their stone to the edifice of publicity, to make in this way a cornice of nonsensical trifles that add nothing to the merit of an opera and may quite possibly detract from its real value. It is deplorable. . . . All I desire for this opera is a good and, especially, an intelligent production from the vocal, instrumental, and scenic point of view.

Next to the successful production of his operas, farming interested Verdi. Wherever he was, he was writing detailed instructions to his bailiff about the care of horses, the painting of irrigation pipes, the use of machines. He wanted an up-to-date farm, equipped with the latest devices.

Up at five, he went out after his milkless coffee on a tour of inspection noting how the maize was planted, the grapes tended, visiting the stables and paddock. The rest of the day he read or wrote, and after an occasional game of cards or billiards, everyone retired at ten. "Solitude and study: that is my life," wrote Verdi. The routine of Sante Agata was exactly suited to Verdi's temperament, and undoubtedly did much to preserve him and his virility.

His companion there was Giuseppina Strepponi, who was with him nearly twenty years before they were formally married. She—his "Peppina"—had sung in *Nabucco*, had advised him in the beginning what royalties to ask, had persuaded him to like the country, to be keen on fresh air and sun bathing, had brought about his friendship with Manzoni and hence the *Requiem*, and, to the end, she sang his melodies while the ink was still fresh on his manuscript.

Their open *liaison* caused considerable stir in Catholic Italy, but Verdi refused to modify his conduct. He wrote his former father-in-law:

> I have nothing to conceal. In my house lives a free, independent lady who loves solitude as much as I do . . . Neither she nor I are guilty before the law. I expect that this lady be regarded in my house with as much respect as myself; no, with even more, for her behavior, her refined ways and her mind entitle her to it.

"Peppina" was wise. No gossip concerning her ever reached the public. From the day she entered Verdi's home she never again set foot on the stage. She would not have it said he used his influence with impresarios or critics. At a time when Berlioz, for example, was traveling from town to town with his mistress, using his good name to secure her engagements, Verdi's mistress stayed at home.

She held their long, childless marriage together with remarkable tact. When Verdi was writing, she agreed to everything he did and said. She never made religion an issue, but attended Mass alone every Sunday and prayed that he would grow to share her simple beliefs. She "understood" when Teresa Stolz, the Milan *Aïda*, became more than a friend to Verdi. She made friends with the singer, ignored unpleasant situations, and kept Verdi with her to the end. When she died, he founded the House of Rest for old musicians in Milan, where the two are buried. It was, as he often said, "his favorite work."

* * *

Verdi was a healthy man with an iron nature and all the honorable traits of the North Italian peasant: integrity, austerity, simplicity, independence. His strongly built and delicately finished figure was not restless. He was calm, full of an effortless energy. With great wealth, he had little need for show or luxury. He liked and was accustomed to having his own way. He reserved the privilege of withdrawing an opera even after the dress rehearsal and sometimes did so.

He traveled little, kept his center of gravity within himself, and found his stimulus there. He developed by himself, exchanging an excess of his natural gifts for the wisdom to supply his deficiencies. He subtilized and refined his early formula to such an extent that the ordinary listener fails to see any resemblance between his earliest and his latest operas.

Verdi was not influenced by the music of other men, especially his foreign contemporaries. He never went to a library to examine a composition, and he readily admitted that looking at music meant little to him. He had no scores in his house, except his own. This was not pride, nor vanity, nor indifference. It was the feeling that his own development had best be left to itself.

Musical ideas came to him easily; his only difficulty was to write them down quickly enough. In early years, he scored his operas during rehearsals. He never considered the effect they would have on fellow artists. "I have a duty toward the public," he said.

He was secretive about his writing, never promising a work until he knew he could deliver it. His greatest operas, *Otello* and the dateless *Falstaff* came years after his admirers had given up hope of further music from his pen.

The first, the work of a man of seventy-four, seethes with the passion of middle manhood. The second, from the pen of a greybeard of eighty, breathes the spirit of youth. Both are masterpieces. Both return to the ideal of the early Italian pioneers of music-drama: the music must grow out of and be expressive of the dramatic situation. Both are worthy settings of Shakespeare, whom Verdi considered "the greatest authority on the heart of man." They had not been equaled when they were written and they have not been equaled since.

With them, Verdi took his place as the supreme master of Italian song, the most gifted intuitive genius of opera since Mozart. He began with spontaneous song. He ended with fullness of insight and perfect mastery of workmanship. —Carleton Smith

GOOD FELLOWS ALL

IT WAS ALWAYS FAIR WEATHER FOR THE PEWTER MUGGERS EVER SINCE THAT AUTUMN DAY IN 1898

EVERYONE knows *When Good Fellows Get Together*. If there are cheery songs ringing out, this is probably the first and very likely the last, to be sung. It is, without question, the most popular song of its type sung in America today; but very few of those who sing it or beat time to its lilting rhythm know its curious history.

It would be impossible to write the history of this song without first telling something about the little dining club for which it was written in 1898. The full name of this little dining society which flourished in Boston, in the Gay Nineties, was The Association of the Pewter Mug. In some respects the Pewter Mug was the drollest and most curious organization of which the writer ever had the honor of being a member. Everything about it was different. In the first place, it had only one officer; and even he was not chosen annually, but simply kept on, automatically and perennially, like a reigning monarch, until the end of his life. He was known as the Exarch.

The Exarch was a veritable Poobah. He was president, secretary, treasurer, entertainment committee and, to a large extent, membership committee. His office was in his waistcoat pocket; for that would hold the members' dues. The Mug never exacted any regular dues, for each member paid his own reckoning at the dinners he attended; and there were no club expenses except for the printing of the notices of the monthly dinners. This was, in a way, an extravagance; for the membership was so small—not over forty—that printed notices were not really necessary; but type was traditionally resorted to because the notices were never twice alike in form. The Exarch knew a great deal about type and printing and he always had something new up his sleeve in the way of a surprise. The notices he sent out were always original in character. One month they were disguised as a quack medicine advertisement of the cheapest sort. The circular purported to be in praise of a patent medicine that was inclosed; and, sure enough, there was a smaller envelope covering a three-grain gelatine capsule. Within the capsule was a wad of very thin paper on which had been printed the date and place and time of the dinner.

It has been said that the Mug had no regular and stated dues; but tradition and custom gave the Exarch the right to collect sufficient money to pay for the printing of his amusing notices. When the treasury was low or empty, he was empowered by common consent to demand of any member whom he might meet by chance in the street or on Boston Common, or in the old Tremont House or Parker's, whatever sum he chose, provided he did not ask for more than three dollars. If the member had with him the amount asked and could get home after paying it, he was bound to honor the demand. If not, he was excused from making the payment; and the incident was closed, then and there. Our Exarch, however, knew pretty well where he could find most of his flock any afternoon around five or five-thirty, and so he was never embarrassed by lack of funds with which to pay our printer.

Mug dinners were never held twice in succession in the same place. There were, in those days, in Boston, plenty of rather amusing places where one could get a very passable dinner for a dollar and pay extra for the claret or Sauterne commonly drunk with them. There was much drinking done in those days; and the supposed necessity for it was attributed to the winter-long chill produced by the East Wind which was, and still is, of the nature of a Boston institution.

There was one feature of our after-dinner "stunts" almost too absurd to be credible: they were precisely the same, year in and year out. The same stories were told, almost word for word, year after year. One of our members who had been trying to learn, with small success, to be an amateur ventriloquist, used to imitate the sounds made by barnyard fowls and other domestic creatures. Another, whose name is known to every clergyman in the land, used to give a capital imitation of a sermon preached by Father X—, rector of the highest of high churches in town, on the text: "The righteous man flourisheth like a palm tree."

These efforts were always applauded just as vigorously as if they were being heard for the first time. As the years went by, so accurately were they reproduced from dinner to dinner, that they gradually took on the character of a strict and formal ritual.

Little or nothing has been said of the membership of our strange little club. It was, if my memory serves, an outgrowth of an older circle known as the Visionists. It was the avowed aim of the Visionists to escape from the slavery of Time; and for that reason there was no clock in their rooms and only artificial light was admitted to them. Members, on entering, were required to leave their watches at the door, lest, being reminded of the lateness of the hour, they might leave before the spirit moved them to be off.

The late Herbert Small, founder of the publishing house of Small, Maynard & Co., was the Exarch. Bliss Carman, the Canadian poet and literary partner of his friend Richard Hovey, was an outstanding member of the Pewter Mug; and Hovey, whenever he was in town, attended its festivities. Then there was Fred Field Bullard, who wrote the music for the words of *When Good Fellows Get Together.*

Late in the autumn of 1898 Herbert Small published Hovey's volume of poems entitled *Along the Trail.* Shortly after its publication he brought it to one of our Mug dinners. Going up to Fred Field Bullard, he said:

"Fred, here's a copy of Dick's new volume of poems. Take a look at this little lyric. You read it over and see if you can't write some music for it. If you can, let me know and we'll have a piano put into our private dining room next month and we'll all sing the thing to your music."

By this time Fred was reading the verses, holding the book in one hand and beating time with the other. Presently he was all smiles.

"Why, yes, Herbert," he replied. "The thing *is* singable, easily singable. Just give me a few days and I'll see what I can do with it."

Fred was as good as his word; for next month, when we came to our Mug dinner we found a piano in the room with music on the rack. At the proper time the Exarch announced that Fred Bullard had just completed music for our new club song; and that if everyone would gather round we should give the music its first try-out.

Fred sat down at the piano and we all pressed around him. The words most of us already knew by heart. Fred played the air through. It was so simple and fitted the words so admirably that it registered in our minds almost at once. Even the singing of the first stanza was not a failure; but when we broke into the last, it almost seemed like an old, familiar song we had always known.

Our enthusiasm was unbounded. As a matter of course, we sang the entire song over a second time. Then we returned to the dinner table to attack our crackers and Camembert; but so full of the lilt of our new song were we that presently Bullard was dragged back to the piano and we were all singing it again as lustily as if it had been an old favorite.

Presently Fred had the song published; it rapidly attained considerable local popularity; but it was too good to remain hidden in Boston. Steadily it traveled westward. The words were so good, the music was so good and the combination was so perfect that once heard rousingly sung, it was never forgotten. Today it is sung wherever Americans gather together in goodfellowship.

Fred Bullard unhappily died while still a young man, before he had a chance to demonstrate his musical genius to the full. Other compositions are to his credit but it is by his music for *When Good Fellows Get Together* that he will always be remembered.

—FREDERICK SOUTHGATE BIGELOW

In addition to its photograph and art sections, Coronet publishes as many articles and short stories as any general magazine. Its circulation is in the upper reaches of the class field. So in everything except length and width, Coronet is a big magazine.

But either because of its pocket size, or because of the nature of its content, or both, there has grown up between the magazine and its readers an intimacy that is usually reserved only for those "little magazines" that cater to some small specialized segment of the nation's readership. This is a welcome enough circumstance, manifesting itself in an unusually heavy reader-editor correspondence.

The main burden of the correspondence, it might be noted, seems to revolve around the theme, "If you don't see it, ask for it." We sometimes wonder who's editing the book, anyway, but we never fail to follow up a suggestion for a new feature to a point where we either incorporate it in the magazine or are in a position to explain why maybe it wasn't such a good idea in the first place.

This explains, to a major extent, the currently changing face of Coronet. The art subjects are becoming more varied and more vital, taking on a modern temper. They are now accompanied by more text, too. (You asked for it. Remember?)

The articles have undergone a similar change, on the side of vitality. The fiction remains unchanged—as good as it ever was. However smug it may sound, we thought before and think now that you would be hard put to it to find a better representation of the "artistic" short story, as opposed to the slick, cloying "commercial" short story, in any magazine.

Reader-editors will note, especially in this issue, the higher percentage of illustrated stories and articles. This is in direct response to "repeated requests for same," all of which we consider were very much in order. But if you want still more, you have only to say the word.

The photograph section has picked up—slightly. More than a thousand photographs are submitted to Coronet every month by the best camera artists in the world, and from these prints the cream is skimmed for each issue. They ought to be good, and we feel they always were. Only right now they seem to be a little better, through no fault of our own or, for that matter, of our unofficial reader-editor staff.

Then there are the various new features, such as the "Portfolio of Personalities" and the monthly theatre presentation. While features such as these spring from specific suggestions, general recommendations from readers are just as valuable in determining the basic content of the magazine.

But remember, we don't say Coronet is getting perfect. All we say is that if it's getting better, we owe it all to you.

* * *

The new issue of Coronet appears on the 25th of each month.

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for
JUNE
1938

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ARNOLD GINGRICH
EDITOR

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